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Charles Dudley Warner







CHARLES SUMNER.

AN IRISH MANUSCRIPT.

Richard II. in Ireland, from the Harleian manuscripts, showing scenes
at the conference between Richard, and the Irish chieftain
who called himself King of Leinster.



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ANCIENT AND MODERN

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CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

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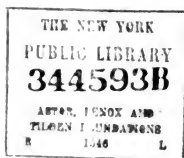
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SULLY-PRUDHOMME

(RENÉ FRANÇOIS ARMAND PRUDHOMME)

(1839-)

BY FIRMIN ROZ



SULLY-PRUDHOMME, born in Paris, May 16th, 1839, is the poet who best represents the last third of the century. But he represents it as a poet; that is, in beauty and in nobleness, in its most intimate aspirations, in its purest sorrows, in its most beautiful impulses.

The spirit so freely poured out in romantic lyricism seemed, after an enchanted rest in the picturesque poetry of Théophile Gautier and the fancy of Théodore de Banville, to reawaken and come to itself again. After the period during which it found the fullest expression, and that during which it had seemed to forget its own existence, behold it meditating in the midst of tumult, and seeking illumination to guide its way henceforth more prudently. Leconte de Lisle examines the history of the beliefs of humanity, and sets forth the different forms of the Divine dream and of the conception of life, in the 'Poèmes Antiques' (1853) and the 'Poèmes Barbares' (1859); which made him, in the absence of Victor Hugo, then in exile, the acknowledged master of French poetry. Around him are grouped the poets who were soon to take the name of "Parnassians," after the publication of their verses by the publisher Lemerre in the collection 'Parnasse Contemporain' (1866). Sully-Prudhomme, younger by twenty years, came by another way. A very tender sensibility was united in him to very serious reflection. His education had favored these natural tendencies. Reared by a mother in mourning, who was never consoled for the death of an adored husband,—for whom she had waited ten years, and whom she lost after four years of marriage,—the child had been placed in school very young, and had already suffered from "the first loneliness." Later, preparation for the École Polytechnique had developed in him a taste



SULLY-PRUDHOMME

for the sciences, and had revealed to him the secrets of their exact methods. A malady of the eyes obliged him to abandon his studies just as they were about to be crowned with success. But his mind retained their impress. The deepest feeling and the most scrupulous thinking henceforth shared his inspiration; or to express it better, mingled in and imbued an original poetry which is both analytic and living, scholarly and emotional. Now sentiment dominates, illuminated by a ray of careful thought (see 'L'Agonie,' which we cite); now it is the idea developed, but colored, warmed, penetrated, by feeling. Such are the delightful collections of the first fifteen years: 'Stances et Poèmes' (1865), 'Les Épreuves' (The Tests: 1866), 'Les Solitudes' (1869), 'Les Vrais Tendresses' (The True Affections: 1875).

But the philosophical thinking of Sully-Prudhomme did not find satisfaction in the close analyses or penetrating intuitions which these poems translated. The conflict of reason and the heart, which is the drama of our time, tortured the poet. He resolved to consecrate to it his dearest vigils. From this noble effort two grand philosophical poems resulted: 'La Justice' and 'Le Bonheur' (1888). Doubtless philosophic poetry already existed in our literature: 'Jocelyn' and the 'Chute d'un Ange,' some parts of the 'Contemplation,' 'Eloa,' 'Moïse,' and 'Les Destinées,' are masterpieces. But Sully-Prudhomme has done something different. For imaginative dreams of philosophy he has substituted methodical investigation; slow, prudent, but always anxious, and hence worthy of poetry. And his ambition has been precisely to reconcile poetry with scientific research. In order to adapt himself to the difficulties of this task,— "to demand from the strongest and most exact of poets the secret of subjecting the verse to the idea,"—he began by translating verse by verse, with rigorous exactness and without altering its strong beauty, the first book of Lucretius. Then he began upon his great poem, 'La Justice.' This poem, very symmetrical in composition, comprises eleven "vigils," preceded by a prologue and followed by an epilogue. After seeking justice in the universe without finding it, the poet discovers it at last in the heart of man, which is its inviolable and sacred temple. The first six vigils form the first part of the volume 'Silence au Cœur' (Heart, Be Silent); the last five are grouped in a second part entitled 'Appel au Cœur' (Appeal to the Heart). Each vigil is a dialogue between "The Seeker," who pitilessly analyzes every idea or every fact in a sonnet, and "A Voice," which consoles and reassures him by revealing the divine aspect of all things.

'Le Bonheur' (Happiness) is a symbolic epic. Faustus and Stella, set free from earth, seek the happiness which they had vainly pursued here below. Neither emotional "Intoxication" nor "Thought" can realize this ideal so imperiously claimed by all hearts. The third

CHARLES SUMNER

(1811-1874)



CHARLES SUMNER was born in Boston, January 6th, 1811. His name is inscribed on the roll of men of letters; but it is indeed writ larger, and more familiarly known, upon a somewhat different page. There can be no doubt, however, that the effective orator has an honored place among literary artists. In fact some men, weary of fictitious pathos and useless tears, might be tempted to give the highest honors, even in the art of expression, not to epic poet or romancer, but to him who in a vital crisis sways a doubting Senate or a reluctant mob to heroic decision and action. And this learned jurist, this many-sided indefatigable scholar, this Puritanic reformer and persistent doctrinaire, was an inspiring orator, a powerful preacher of political ethics and civic righteousness.

Perhaps there has been no more typical example of that earlier Bostonian culture, with its high standards, than Charles Sumner. He knew nothing of such early hardships, such a struggle for intellectual life, as Lincoln's. He followed his grandfather and his father from the best classical schools to Harvard College, where he graduated in 1830. When he came of age he was already Judge Story's favorite pupil. At twenty-five he was widely known, even to European scholars, through his learned essays in the *Jurist*, and had published several volumes of legal 'Reports' which are still standard works of reference. His interest was deepest in the large problems of international law. In England, thanks to Judge Story's enthusiastic letters and his own modest worth, he had such popularity and social success as no young American of private station had ever enjoyed. He was repeatedly invited to a seat beside the judges in the highest English courts.

From his three happy years in England, France, Italy, and Germany (1837-1840), he returned to the rather uncongenial and unremunerative practice of law in his native Boston. He was not only learned in history and kindred fields, but a trained connoisseur in music and art as well. Naturally he was one of the favorites in the brilliant circle centring about the Ticknors. His lifelong friendships with Longfellow, and others of the group, were already firmly knit. A casual remark of his at this period indicates an ambition to become some day president of Harvard College. Judge Story's dying

desire was that Charles Sumner should fill his chair in the Harvard Law School.

But in that very year, this industrious many-sided scholar had suddenly discovered the sterner purpose for which his life had thus far been the preparation. He was invited to deliver the Fourth of July oration, in the presence of the citizen militia, on the eve of the war of conquest against Mexico. His speech, on 'The True Grandeur of Nations,' was a fervent protest against all war as a survival of barbarism.

In the next autumn—eight years later than his old schoolmate Phillips—he plunged into the Abolition agitation. His speech in November 1845 at once gave him a leading place in the political wing of the movement. The social ostracism and ridicule he had to face cannot have disturbed his lofty soul. The partial abandonment of his cherished studies no doubt cost him an inward struggle. But there was no hesitation, when the call grew clear to him.

“(Forego thy dreams of lettered ease;
Lay thou the scholar's promise by:
The rights of man are more than these.)
He heard, and answered: ‘Here am I.’”

It was in 1851 that a fusion of Free-Soilers and Democrats made Sumner United States Senator from Massachusetts. He succeeded Webster, and Clay left the Senate on the day Sumner entered it. Mr. Carl Schurz makes effective use of this dramatic coincidence in his noble Eulogy.

Sumner held his seat in the Senate until his death; his chair being kept vacant by his State for three years during his slow recovery from the famous assault on him in his seat in the Senate chamber, by Preston Smith Brooks of South Carolina. His assailant rained blows upon his head with a bludgeon, while his victim was trying to extricate himself from his seat until he fell senseless and bloody upon the floor.

Through all changing conditions, almost single-handed at first, then as leader of a triumphant party, again alienated from nearly all his old associates, Sumner advocated always the ideal rights of man, the cause of the weak against the strong. He had no conception of political delay, of concealment, of compromise. He was not a practical legislator even. Very few measures were enacted into law in the form in which he presented them. He had in large measure the scornful intolerance of the devoted reformer. Even as a preacher, his lack of humor or wit would have seemed a heavy handicap. Yet he was on the one hand the most welcome guest of gentle, scholarly Longfellow; and on the other the favorite counselor of shrewd,

humorous, self-taught Abraham Lincoln, who, with all his sure-footed caution, never chafed under Mr. Sumner's impetuous advocacy of the most advanced ideal measures. Perhaps no civilian, save Lincoln himself, molded in so large measure the issues of that most vital crisis in our national history.

From the fifteen stately volumes that record Charles Sumner's life work, it would hardly be possible to select a page without some allusion to the cause to which that life was so freely given. It has seemed desirable for a literary work to select chiefly from some of his other utterances, like the early Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard, commemorating four friends then recently departed.

There is an important biography of Sumner by his friend and literary executor, Edward L. Pierce. The best brief summary of his career is the Eulogy delivered at Boston by Senator Schurz. Besides the exquisite dirge written for his friend's funeral, the poet Longfellow includes Sumner in the little group of 'Three Friends' to whom a sheaf of sonnets is devoted. Whittier also greeted repeatedly in generous verse his fellow-warrior and beloved comrade.

IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR

THE sentiment that "In time of peace we must prepare for war," has been transmitted from distant ages when brute force prevailed. It is the terrible inheritance, *damnosa hæreditas*, which painfully reminds the people of our day of their relations with the past. It belongs to the rejected dogmas of barbarism. It is the companion of those harsh rules of tyranny by which the happiness of the many has been offered up to the propensities of the few. It is the child of suspicion and the fore-runner of violence. Having in its favor the almost uninterrupted usage of the world, it possesses a hold on popular opinion which is not easily unloosed. And yet the conscientious soul cannot fail, on careful observation, to detect its mischievous fallacy,—at least among Christian States in the present age: a fallacy the most costly the world has witnessed; which dooms nations to annual tributes, in comparison with which all that have been extorted by conquests are as the widow's mite by the side of Pharisaical contributions. So true is what Rousseau said, and Guizot has since repeated, that "A bad principle is far worse than a bad fact:" for the operations of the one are finite, while those of the other are infinite.

I speak of this principle with earnestness; for I believe it to be erroneous and false, founded in ignorance and barbarism, unworthy of an age of light, and disgraceful to Christians. I have called it a principle; but it is a mere *prejudice*,—sustained by vulgar example only, and not by lofty truth,—in obeying which we imitate the early mariners, who steered from headland to headland and hugged the shore, unwilling to venture upon the broad ocean, where their guide was the luminaries of heaven.

Dismissing from our minds the actual usage of nations on the one side and the considerations of economy on the other, let us regard these preparations for war in the unclouded light of reason, in a just appreciation of the nature of man, and in the injunctions of the highest truth; and we cannot hesitate to brand them as pernicious. They are pernicious on two grounds; and whoso would vindicate them must satisfactorily answer these objections: first, because they inflame the people who make them, exciting them to deeds of violence, otherwise alien to their minds; and secondly, because, having their origin in the low motive of distrust and hate, they inevitably, by a sure law of the human mind, excite a corresponding feeling in other nations. Thus they are, in fact, not the preservers of peace, but the provokers of war.

In illustration of the first of these objections, it will occur to every inquirer, that the possession of power is always in itself dangerous, that it tempts the purest and highest natures to self-indulgence, that it can rarely be enjoyed without abuse; nor is the power to employ force in war, an exception to this law. History teaches that the nations possessing the greatest armaments have always been the most belligerent; while the feeble powers have enjoyed for a longer period the blessings of peace. The din of war resounds throughout more than seven hundred years of Roman history, with only two short lulls of repose; while smaller States, less potent in arms, and without the excitement to quarrels on this account, have enjoyed long eras of peace. It is not in the history of nations only that we find proofs of this law. Like every moral principle, it applies equally to individuals. The experience of private life in all ages confirms it. The wearing of arms has always been a provocative to combat. It has excited the spirit and furnished the implements of strife. Reverting to the progress of society in modern Europe, we find that the odious system of private quarrels, of hostile meetings

even in the street, continued so long as men persevered in the habit of wearing arms. Innumerable families were thinned by death received in these hasty and unpremeditated encounters; and the lives of scholars and poets were often exposed to their rude chances. Marlowe, "with all his rare learning and wit," perished ignominiously under the weapon of an unknown adversary; and Savage, whose genius and misfortune inspired the friendship and the eulogies of Johnson, was tried for murder committed in a sudden broil. "The expert swordsman," says Mr. Jay, "the practiced marksman, is ever more ready to engage in personal combats than the man who is unaccustomed to the use of deadly weapons. In those portions of our country where it is supposed essential to personal safety to go armed with pistols and bowie knives, mortal affrays are so frequent as to excite but little attention, and to secure, with rare exceptions, impunity to the murderer; whereas at the North and East, where we are unprovided with such facilities for taking life, comparatively few murders of the kind are perpetrated. We might, indeed, safely submit the decision of the principle we are discussing to the calculations of pecuniary interest. Let two men, equal in age and health, apply for an insurance on their lives,—one known to be ever armed to defend his honor and his life against every assailant, and the other a meek, unresisting Quaker: can we doubt for a moment which of these men would be deemed by the insurance company most likely to reach a good old age?"

The second objection is founded on that law of the human mind in obedience to which the sentiment of distrust or hate—of which these preparations are the representatives—must excite a corresponding sentiment in others. This law is a part of the unalterable nature of man, recognized in early ages, though unhappily too rarely made the guide to peaceful intercourse among nations. It is an expansion of the old Horatian adage, "*Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi*" (If you wish me to weep, you must yourself first weep). Nobody can question its force or its applicability; nor is it too much to say that it distinctly declares that military preparations by one nation, in time of professed peace, must naturally prompt similar preparations by other nations, and quicken everywhere within the circle of their influence the spirit of war. So are we all knit together, that the feelings in our own bosoms awaken corresponding feelings in the bosoms of others; as harp answers to harp in its softest vibrations; as deep responds to deep in the might of its passions.

What within us is good invites the good in our brother,—generosity begets generosity; love wins love; peace secures peace: while all within us that is bad challenges the bad in our brother,—distrust engenders distrust; hate provokes hate; war arouses war.

Life is full of illustrations of this beautiful law. Even the miserable maniac, in whose mind the common rules of conduct are overthrown, confesses its overruling power; and the vacant stare of madness may be illumined by a word of love. The wild beasts confess it; and what is the story of Orpheus, whose music drew in listening rapture the lions and panthers of the forest, but an expression of its prevailing influence? It speaks also in the examples of literature. And here, at the risk of protracting this discussion, I am tempted to glance at some of these instructive instances,—hoping, however, not to seem to attach undue meaning to them, and especially disclaiming any conclusions from them beyond the simple law which they illustrate.

Looking back to the early dawn of the world, one of the most touching scenes which we behold, illumined by that auroral light, is the peaceful visit of the aged Priam to the tent of Achilles to entreat the body of his son. The fierce combat has ended in the death of Hector, whose unhonored corse the bloody Greek has already trailed behind his chariot. The venerable father, after twelve days of grief, is moved to efforts to regain the remains of the Hector he had so dearly loved. He leaves his lofty cedarn chamber, and with a single aged attendant, unarmed, repairs to the Grecian camp by the side of the distant sounding sea. Entering alone, he finds Achilles within his tent, in the company of two of his chiefs. Grasping his knees, he kisses those terrible homicidal hands which had taken the life of his son. The heart of the inflexible, the angry, the inflamed Achilles, touched by the sight which he beholds, responds to the feelings of Priam. He takes the suppliant by the hand, seats him by his side, consoles his grief, refreshes his weary body, and concedes to the prayers of a weak, unarmed old man, what all Troy in arms could not win. In this scene, which fills a large part of the book of the *Iliad*, the poet with unconscious power has presented a picture of the omnipotence of that law of our nature making all mankind of kin, in obedience to which no word of kindness, no act of confidence, falls idly to the earth.

Among the legendary passages of Roman history, perhaps none makes a deeper impression than that scene after the Roman

youth had been consumed at Allia, and the invading Gauls under Brennus had entered the city; where we behold the venerable senators of the republic—too old to flee, and careless of surviving the Roman name—seated each on his curule chair in a temple, unarmed, looking, as Livy says, more august than mortal, and with the majesty of the gods. The Gauls gaze on them as upon sacred images; and the hand of slaughter, which had raged through the streets of Rome, is stayed by the sight of an assembly of unarmed men. At length a Gaul approaches, and with his hands gently strokes the silver beard of a senator, who, indignant at the license, smites the barbarian with his ivory staff; which was the signal for general vengeance. Think you that a band of savages could have slain these senators, if the *appeal to force* had not first been made by one of their own number? This story, though recounted by Livy, and also by Plutarch, is properly repudiated by Niebuhr as a legend; but it is none the less interesting, as showing the law by which hostile feelings are necessarily aroused or subdued. The heart of man confesses that the Roman senator provoked death for himself and his associates.

Other instances present themselves. An admired picture by Virgil, in his melodious epic, represents a person venerable for piety and deserts, assuaging by words alone a furious populace which had just broken into sedition and outrage. Guizot, in his 'History of French Civilization,' has preserved a similar instructive example of the effect produced by an unarmed man, in an illiterate epoch, who, employing the word instead of the sword, subdued an angry multitude. And surely no reader of that noble historical romance the 'Promessi Sposi' can forget that finest scene, where Fra Cristoforo, in an age of violence, after slaying a comrade in a broil, in unarmed penitence seeks the presence of the family and retainers of his victim, and by his dignified gentleness awakens the admiration of those already mad with the desire of vengeance. Another example, made familiar by recent translations of 'Frithiof's Saga,' the Swedish epic, is more emphatic. The scene is a battle. Frithiof is in deadly combat with Atlé, when the falchion of the latter breaks. Throwing away his own weapon, he says:—

"Swordless foeman's life
Ne'er dyed this gallant blade."

The two champions now close in mutual clutch; they hug like bears, says the poet:—

“Tis o’er: for Frithiof’s matchless strength
Has felled his ponderous size;
And ’neath that knee, at giant length,
Supine the Viking lies.
‘But fails my sword, thou Berserk swart!’
The voice rang far and wide,
‘Its point should pierce thy inmost heart,
Its hilt should drink the tide.’
‘Be free to lift the weaponed hand,’
Undaunted Atlé spoke:
‘Hence, fearless quest thy distant brand!
Thus I abide the stroke.’”

Frithiof regains his sword, intent to close the dread debate, while his adversary awaits the stroke; but his heart responds to the generous courage of his foe,—he cannot injure one who has shown such confidence in him:—

“This quelled his ire, this checked his arm,
Outstretched the hand of peace.”

SOME CHANGES IN MODERN LIFE

AUSPICIOUS omens from the past and the present cheer us for the future. The terrible wars of the French Revolution were the violent rending of the body which preceded the exorcism of the fiend. Since the morning stars first sang together, the world has not witnessed a peace so harmonious and enduring as that which now blesses the Christian nations. Great questions between them, fraught with strife, and in another age sure heralds of war, are now determined by mediation or arbitration. Great political movements, which only a few short years ago must have led to forcible rebellion, are now conducted by peaceful discussion. Literature, the press, and various societies, all join in the holy work of inculcating good-will to man. The spirit of humanity now pervades the best writings, whether the elevated philosophical inquiries of the ‘Vestiges of Creation,’ the ingenious but melancholy moralizings of the ‘Story of a Feather,’ or the overflowing raillery of Punch. Nor can the

breathing thought and burning word of poet or orator have a higher inspiration. Genius is never so Promethean as when it bears the heavenly fire of love to the hearths of men.

In the last age, Dr. Johnson uttered the detestable sentiment that he liked "a good hater." The man of this age must say that he likes "a good lover." Thus reversing the objects of regard, he follows a higher wisdom and a purer religion than the renowned moralist knew. He recognizes that peculiar Christian sentiment, the brotherhood of mankind, destined soon to become the decisive touchstone of all human institutions. He confesses the power of love, destined to enter more and more into all the concerns of life. And as love is more heavenly than hate, so must its influence redound more to the true glory of man, and to his acceptance with God. A Christian poet—whose few verses bear him with unflagging wing on his immortal flight—has joined this sentiment with prayer. Thus he speaks in words of uncommon pathos and power:—

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Surely the ancient law of hate is yielding to the law of love. It is seen in the manifold labors of philanthropy, and in the voyages of charity. It is seen in the institutions for the insane, for the blind, for the deaf and dumb, for the poor, for the out-cast,—in the generous efforts to relieve those who are in prison,—in the public schools, opening the gates of knowledge to all the children of the land. It is seen in the diffusive amenities of social life, and in the increasing fellowship of nations. It is seen in the rising opposition to slavery and to war.

There are yet other special auguries of this great change, auspicating, in the natural progress of man, the abandonment of all international preparations for war. To these I allude briefly, but with a deep conviction of their significance.

Look at the past, and observe the change in dress. Down to a period quite recent, the sword was the indispensable companion of the gentleman, wherever he appeared, whether in the street or in society; but he would be thought a madman or a

bully who should wear it now. At an earlier period the armor of complete steel was the habiliment of the knight. From the picturesque sketch by Sir Walter Scott in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' we may learn the barbarous constraint of this costume:

"Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword, and spur on heel;
They quitted not the harness bright,
Neither by day, nor yet by night;
They lay down to rest
With corslet laced,
Pillowed on buckler cold and hard;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,

And they drunk the red wine through the helmet barred."

But this is all changed now.

Observe also the change in architecture and in domestic life. The places once chosen for castles or houses were in savage, inaccessible retreats, where the massive structure was reared, destined to repel attacks and to inclose its inhabitants. Even monasteries and churches were fortified, and girdled by towers, ramparts, and ditches; while a child was often stationed as a watchman, to observe what passed at a distance, and announce the approach of an enemy. The homes of peaceful citizens in towns were castellated, often without so much as an aperture for light near the ground, but with loop-holes through which the shafts of the crossbow might be aimed. From a letter of Margaret Paston, in the time of Henry VII. of England, I draw a curious and authentic illustration of the armed life of that period. Addressing in dutiful phrase her "right worshipful husband," she asks him to procure for her "some crossbows and wyndnacs" (grappling irons) "to bind them with, and quarrels" (arrows with a square head), also "two or three short pole-axes to keep within doors"; and she tells her absent lord of the preparations made apparently by a neighbor,— "great ordnance within the house; bars to bar the door crosswise, and wickets in every quarter of the house to shoot out at, both with bows and hand-guns." Savages could hardly live in greater distrust of each other. Let now the poet of chivalry describe another scene:—

"Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
Waited the beck of the warders ten;

Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
And with Jedwood axe at saddle-bow;
A hundred more fed free in stall:
Such was the custom at Branksome Hall."

This also is all changed now.

PERORATION OF THE ORATION ON
THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS

DELIVERED IN BOSTON JULY 4TH, 1845

THAT future which filled the lofty visions of the sages and bards of Greece and Rome, which was foretold by the prophets and heralded by the evangelists,—when man, in happy isles or in a new Paradise, shall confess the loveliness of peace,—may be secured by your care; if not for yourselves, at least for your children. Believe that you can do it, and you can do it. The true golden age is before you, not behind you. If man has been driven once from paradise, while an angel with a flaming sword forbade his return, there is another paradise, even on earth, which he may form for himself, by the cultivation of knowledge, religion, and the kindly virtues of life: where the confusion of tongues shall be dissolved in the union of hearts; and joyous nature, borrowing prolific charms from the prevailing harmony, shall spread her lap with unimagined bounty, and there shall be a perpetual jocund spring, and sweet strains borne on "the odoriferous wing of gentle gales," through valleys of delight, more pleasant than the vale of Tempe, richer than the garden of the Hesperides, with no dragon to guard its golden fruit.

Let it not be said that the age does not demand this work. The robber conquerors of the past, from their fiery sepulchres, demand it; the precious blood of millions unjustly shed in war, crying from the ground, demands it; the voices of all good men demand it; the conscience even of the soldier whispers, "Peace." There are considerations, springing from our situation and condition, which fervently invite us to take the lead in this work. Here should bend the patriotic ardor of the land; the ambition of the statesman; the efforts of the scholar; the pervasive influence of the press; the mild persuasion of the sanctuary; the

early teachings of the school. Here, in ampler ether and diviner air, are untried fields for exalted triumphs more truly worthy the American name than any snatched from rivers of blood. War is known as the *last reason of kings*. Let it be no reason of our Republic. Let us renounce, and throw off forever, the yoke of a tyranny more oppressive than any in the annals of the world. As those standing on the mountain-tops first discern the coming beams of morning, let us, from the vantage-ground of liberal institutions, first recognize the ascending sun of a new era! Lift high the gates, and let the King of Glory in,—the King of true Glory,—of Peace. I catch the last words of music from the lips of innocence and beauty:—

“And let the whole earth be filled with His glory!”

It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story, that there was at least one spot, the small island of Delos, dedicated to the gods, and kept at all times sacred from war. No hostile foot ever sought to press this kindly soil; and the citizens of all countries here met, in common worship, beneath the ægis of inviolable peace. So let us dedicate our beloved country; and may the blessed consecration be felt, in all parts, everywhere throughout its ample domain! The *temple of honor* shall be surrounded, here at last, by the temple of concord, that it may never more be entered through any portal of war; the horn of abundance shall overflow at its gates; the angel of religion shall be the guide over its steps of flashing adamant; while within its enraptured courts, purged of violence and wrong, Justice, returned to the earth from her long exile in the skies, with mighty scales for nations as for men, shall rear her serene and majestic front; and by her side, greatest of all, Charity, sublime in meekness, hoping all and enduring all, shall divinely temper every righteous decree, and with words of infinite cheer shall inspire those good works that cannot vanish away. And the future chiefs of the Republic, destined to uphold the glories of a new era, unspotted by human blood, shall be “the first in *peace*, and the first in the hearts of their countrymen.”

But while seeking these blissful glories for ourselves, let us strive to extend them to other lands. Let the bugles sound the truce of God to the whole world forever. Let the selfish boast of the Spartan women become the grand chorus of mankind, that they have never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. Let the

iron belt of martial music which now encompasses the earth, be exchanged for the golden cestus of peace, clothing all with celestial beauty. History dwells with fondness on the reverent homage that was bestowed, by massacring soldiers, upon the spot occupied by the sepulchre of the Lord. Vain man! to restrain his regard to a few feet of sacred mold! The whole earth is the sepulchre of the Lord; nor can any righteous man profane any part thereof. Let us recognize this truth, and now, on this Sabbath of our country, lay a new stone in the grand temple of universal peace, whose dome shall be as lofty as the firmament of heaven, as broad and comprehensive as the earth itself.

SPIRIT OF CLASSICAL AND OF MODERN LITERATURE

From the Phi Beta Kappa Oration of 1846, entitled 'The Scholar, the Jurist, the Artist, the Philanthropist'

THE classics possess a peculiar charm as the models—I might almost say the masters—of composition and thought in all ages. In the contemplation of these august teachers of mankind, we are filled with conflicting emotions. They are the early voice of the world, better remembered and more cherished still than all the intermediate words that have been uttered,—as the language of childhood still haunts us, when the impressions of later years have been effaced from the mind. But they show with unwelcome frequency the tokens of the world's childhood, before passion had yielded to the sway of reason and the affections. They want the highest charm of purity, of righteousness, of elevated sentiments, of love to God and man. It is not in the frigid philosophy of the Porch and the Academy that we are to seek these; not in the marvelous teachings of Socrates, as they come mended by the mellifluous words of Plato; not in the resounding line of Homer, on whose inspiring tale of blood Alexander pillowed his head; not in the animated strain of Pindar, where virtue is pictured in the successful strife of an athlete at the Isthmian games; not in the torrent of Demosthenes, dark with self-love and the spirit of vengeance; not in the fitful philosophy and intemperate eloquence of Tully; not in the genial libertinism of Horace, or the stately atheism of Lucretius. No: these must not be our masters; in none of these are we to seek

the way of life. For eighteen hundred years, the spirit of these writers has been engaged in constant contest with the Sermon on the Mount, and with those two sublime commandments on which hang all the law and the prophets. The strife is still pending. Heathenism, which has possessed itself of such siren forms, is not yet exorcised. It still tempts the young, controls the affairs of active life, and haunts the meditations of age.

Our own productions, though they may yield to those of the ancients in the arrangement of ideas, in method, in beauty of form, and in freshness of illustration, are far superior in the truth, delicacy, and elevation of their sentiments,—above all, in the benign recognition of that peculiar Christian revelation, the brotherhood of mankind. How vain are eloquence and poetry, compared with this heaven-descended truth! Put in one scale that simple utterance, and in the other all the lore of antiquity, with all its accumulating glosses and commentaries, and the last will be light and trivial in the balance. Greek poetry has been likened to the song of the nightingale, as she sits in the rich, symmetrical crown of the palm-tree, trilling her thick-warbled notes; but even this is less sweet and tender than those words of charity to our "neighbor," remote or near, which are inspired by Christian love.

THE DIGNITY OF THE JURIST

INTO the company of jurists Story has now passed; taking a place not only in the immediate history of his country, but in the grander history of civilization. It was a saying of his, often uttered in the confidence of friendship, that a man may be measured by the horizon of his mind,—whether it embraced the village, town, country, or State in which he lived, or the whole broad country, ay, the circumference of the world. In this spirit he lived and wrought; elevating himself above the present both in time and place, and always finding in jurisprudence an absorbing interest. Only a few days before the illness which ended in his death, it was suggested to him, in conversation with regard to his intended retirement from the bench, that a wish had been expressed by many to see him a candidate for the highest political office of the country. He replied at once, spontaneously and

without hesitation, that "The station of President of the United States would not tempt him from his professor's chair, and the calm pursuit of jurisprudence." Thus spoke the jurist. As a lawyer, a judge, a professor, he was always a jurist. While administering justice between parties, he sought to extract from their cause the elements of future justice, and to advance the science of the law. He stamped upon his judgments a value which is not restrained to the occasions on which they were pronounced. Unlike mere medals,—of curious importance to certain private parties only,—they have the currency of the gold coin of the republic, with the image and superscription of sovereignty, wherever they go, even in foreign lands.

Many years before his death, his judgments in matters of Admiralty and Prize had arrested the attention of that illustrious judge and jurist, Lord Stowell; and Sir James Mackintosh, a name emblazoned by literature and jurisprudence, had said of them that they were "justly admired by all cultivators of the law of nations." His words have often been cited as authority in Westminster Hall,—a tribute to a foreign jurist almost unprecedented, as all persons familiar with English law will recognize; and the Chief Justice of England has made the remarkable declaration, with regard to a point on which Story had differed from the Queen's Bench, that his opinion would "at least neutralize the effect of the English decision, and induce any of their courts to consider the question as an open one."

ALLSTON IN ITALY

TURNING his back upon Paris and the greatness of the Empire, he directed his steps to Italy, the enchanted ground of literature, of history, and of art; strown with richest memorials of the past, filled with scenes memorable in the story of the progress of man, teaching by the pages of philosophers and historians, vocal with the melody of poets, ringing with the music which St. Cecilia protects, glowing with the living marble and canvas, beneath a sky of heavenly purity and brightness, with the sunsets which Claude has painted, parted by the Apennines,—early witnesses of the unrecorded Etruscan civilization,—surrounded by the snow-capped Alps, and the blue classic waters of

the Mediterranean Sea. The deluge of war which submerged Europe had here subsided; and our artist took up his peaceful abode in Rome, the modern home of art. Strange change of condition! Rome, sole surviving city of antiquity, who once disdained all that could be wrought by the cunning hand of sculpture,—

* "*Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem; vivos ducent de marmore vultus,*"—

who has commanded the world by her arms, by her jurisprudence, by her church,—now sways it further by her arts. Pilgrims from afar, where neither her eagles, her prætors, nor her interdicts ever reached, become the willing subjects of this new empire; and the Vatican stored with the precious remains of antiquity, and the touching creations of a Christian pencil, has succeeded to the Vatican whose thunders intermingled with the strifes of modern Europe.

At Rome he was happy in the friendship of Coleridge, and in long walks in his instructive company. We can well imagine that the author of 'Genevieve' and the 'Ancient Mariner' would find especial sympathies with Allston. We behold these two natures, tremblingly alive to beauty of all kinds, looking together upon those majestic ruins, upon the manifold accumulations of art, upon the marble which almost spoke, and upon the warmer canvas; listening together to the flow of the perpetual fountains fed by ancient aqueducts; musing together in the Forum on the mighty footprints of History; and entering together, with sympathetic awe, that grand Christian church whose dome rises a majestic symbol of the comprehensive Christianity which shall embrace the whole earth. "Never judge of a work of art by its defects," was one of the lessons of Coleridge to his companion; which, when extended by natural expansion to the other things of life, is a sentiment of justice and charity, of higher value than a statue of Praxiteles, or a picture of Raphael.

* "*Others will mold more deftly the breathing bronze, I concede it,
Or from the block of marble the living features may summon.*"

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG

(1688-1772)

BY FRANK SEWALL

THE universal recognition of the epochal significance of the latter half of the eighteenth century would seem almost to corroborate Swedenborg's declaration that at that time there was transpiring in the spiritual world a great general judgment which was to mark the transition from an old to a new age. What in the political world was effected by the French Revolution, had its counterpart in the intellectual transformations to which the two great lights that shone forth in the northern firmament—Emanuel Swedenborg in Stockholm, and Immanuel Kant in Königsberg—were potent contributors. Both were epoch-makers: both, having acquired a universal survey of the world's learning and philosophical methods up to their time, brought the minds of men abruptly to a chasm over which they pointed to realms hitherto unexplored,—the realities that transcend the bodily senses. With Kant the transcendence was critical,—God, the Soul, and Immortality were not "constitutive" but only "regulative" elements of knowledge, incapable of demonstration or negation; with Swedenborg the transcendence was positive—into a world of things "heard and seen." Were Swedenborg merely the seer, or one of the many who have "seen visions" and left an account of them, his name, however regarded by his followers, could have no place in a history of letters or of philosophic thought. His extraordinary experience of intromission, as he claims, into open intercourse with angels and spirits for a period of some thirty years, cannot be said to constitute a philosophical moment in itself, being unique and incapable of classification. It is only the system of universal laws governing the relations of the two worlds, which he claims to have brought to light,—especially the law of Discrete Degrees and their Correspondence,—that gives his writings their philosophic value, and that entitles



EMANUEL SWEDENBORG

them, by the side of Kant's philosophy of criticism, to appeal to the world as the philosophy of revelation.

Like Kant, Swedenborg's early studies and investigations had almost universal range. The tastes of both inclined them to the classics, to invention, to the study of fire and iron, of tides and winds, and of the starry heavens. The so-called Nebular Hypothesis, until lately attributed to Kant as having a prior claim in its discovery to La Place, is now at length admitted by undisputed authority to have been anticipated by Swedenborg in his 'Principia' nearly thirty years before Kant.*

Unlike Kant, however, in one respect, who never traveled farther than forty miles from Königsberg, Swedenborg was as extensive a traveler literally as in the researches of his magnificent intellect. France, Italy, Germany, Holland, and England were familiar from his many journeyings. His books were published under noble patronage in foreign cities. His 'Opera Philosophica et Mineralia' were recognized by the scholars of Paris and St. Petersburg. There was nothing of the cramped "philosoph" of the German lecture-room about either the man or his writings; rather a princely largeness and frankness, as of one whose nature vibrated in body and mind in harmony with a large system of things. Emerson says of him, "He no doubt led the most real life of any man then in the world."

The son of a pious father, Jasper Svedberg, Bishop of Skara in West Gothland, Swedenborg was born at Stockholm on the 29th of January, 1688. Living as a child in a sphere so devout that his parents thought at times "that an angel spoke through his lips," on his graduation as Doctor of Philosophy at the university of Upsala at the age of twenty-one he was thrown out upon a wide experience of the world. In traveling in Europe he carried letters to distinguished men in the chief seats of learning. He studies music; he writes and publishes Sapphic odes in Latin (*Carmina Borea*); and to keep in exercise his athletic genius, he publishes a periodical devoted to mathematics and inventions—the *Dædalus Hyperboreus*. The King, Charles XII., attracted by his brilliancy, appoints him Extraordinary Assessor in the College of Mines, to be an assistant to "Polhem the Councilor of Commerce, in his affairs and inventions." Through the intimacy thus brought about, Swedenborg falls in love with the Councilor's daughter, but to have his matrimonial proposals rejected. He never marries. At the age of eighty years he publishes a book on 'Conjugal Love and its Chaste Delights,'—a work whose insight into the moral conditions of the world, and the provision for its elevation through the sacred relation of marriage, has hardly a parallel in

*Article by Magnus Nyren of the Pulkowa Observatory, in *Vierteljahrsschrift der Astron. Gesellsch.*: Leipzig, 1879.

ethical writing. Plunged into the atmospheres of universal doubt, and the free living, of the courts of the time, he lives to give the testimony as of one of a forgotten celestial age of the world. "It came to pass by the mercy of God the Messiah, that at the time, I have not perceived what the acts of my life involved; but afterwards I have been able to see clearly that the course of the Divine Providence from very youth had governed the acts of my life, and so directed them that at length I attained this end,—that I could through natural knowledge understand, and so by the Divine mercy of God the Messiah serve as an instrument for opening, the things which lie inwardly concealed in the Word of God the Messiah. So now are laid open the things which have hitherto not been disclosed" ('Adversaria.') Thus the whole of the *Wanderjahr's* period is governed by a Divine Providence looking to a special end.

After the death of King Charles XII., whom he had assisted in an important naval victory by a splendid feat in engineering, the Queen elevated him to the Equestrian Order of the House of Nobles, and changed his name from Svedberg to Swedenborg. Ere many years should pass, both title and name were to disappear utterly from the long series of his published works, only to reappear, at the close of his life, in his last great treatise, the 'True Christian Religion,' but now with the changed title,—that of the true knighthood of his long life,—'Domini Jesu Christi Servus.'

His corpuscular theory of the universe as governed by the laws of geometry and mechanics appears first in the 'Principles of Chemistry,' published in 1721. Here we have a "science of the invisibles" such as Tyndall has since contended for, treating of bodies in their elementary forms and relations by means of geometry produced into the realm of the intangible. In the 'Principia Rerum Naturalium,'—being the first part of the great work entitled 'Opera Philosophica et Mineralia,'—published in 1734, we have the theory of the origin of the elements themselves out of "actives and finites," and through the "first finite" from the Infinite itself. It is an evolution of energy in its first motions and forms. Here are discussed the ether, the laws governing vibratory radiation, and the magnetic force, in propositions which, in germ, anticipate the most important recent discoveries in physical science. But the universe is not all geometry and mechanism. "There is an Infinite which can by no means be geometrically explored, because its existence is prior to geometry as being its cause."

• It is to the nature of the Infinite, and its nexus with the finite and the soul of man, that the author's studies are now directed. In Dresden and Leipzig appear in 1734 the 'Prodromus de Infinito,' and the treatise on the 'Intercourse between the Soul and the Body.' Finally the search for the soul itself is undertaken in the great series

of works, the 'Economy of the Animal Kingdom, considered Anatomically, Physically, and Philosophically,' and the 'Animal Kingdom'; published each in two volumes in London, 1740, 1745. The "*Regnum Animale*" means to him the soul's domain. In the human body, its blood, its tissue, its organs and senses, he will penetrate to this inmost secret of all,—what the soul is, and the modes of its abode in and control over the forces of nature; since "in man the world is concentrated, and in him, as in a microcosm, the whole universe may be contemplated from the beginning to the end."

Had Swedenborg's labors ceased at this point, his knowledge of the soul would have remained where his illustrious predecessors in these paths, from Plato down, had left it. But "the Divine permission to contemplate the soul itself" was, as he claims afterward to have proved, to be enjoyed by a means far other than that of speculative thinking. It was not by philosophic argument, but by direct vision, that he was to prove the substantial reality of the spiritual world and the life that man leads after the death of the body. Others had seen visions. It was to be his mission not only to experience the phenomena of the spiritual world, but to penetrate and define the laws governing these, with an analysis as exact as that of Kant in his critique of the æsthetic judgments.

Dante had constructed from classical and Scriptural traditions a spiritual world in its three divisions, its nine heavens, and its celestial Rose. Swedenborg in the 'Divine Love and Wisdom' shows how Divine Love, proceeding through the Divine Wisdom into Use, creates a world; how the Divine emanations proceed through successive atmospheres, contiguous but distinct, first spiritual, then natural, even to the lowest ultimates of matter; how the universe therefore exists in three discrete degrees,—God, Spirit, Nature, absolutely distinct from each other, and so escaping pantheistic fusion, but related by a perfect correspondence like End, Cause, and Effect, and constituting therefore a perfect one. On this Law of Correspondence between the discrete degrees,—the natural and the spiritual,—he bases the possibility of a revelation of supernatural truth in natural language; and his interpretation of the internal sense of the Scriptures. The three degrees which he had previously traced, in the 'Principia,' in the procession from the Infinite, of "finites, actives, and elementaries," he sees now to govern the whole sphere of being: the constitution of the three angelic heavens; the threefold structure of the human mind, as will, intellect, and sense; and the evolution of the kingdoms of nature. They have their origin in that perfect image of God—the Trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—which since the Incarnation dwells bodily in the glorified humanity of Jesus Christ, the only God. The restoration to unity is complete. The universe of being is a trinal

One. Science, philosophy, and theology are no more in conflict, but harmonious stages in the unity of knowledge.

It was in the year 1743, while engaged on the concluding treatises of the 'Animal Kingdom,' and on the mystic prose poem 'On the Worship and Love of God: on Creation: The First Begotten, and Paradise,' that Swedenborg became subject to a deep religious experience, and to frequent realizations of the actuality and immediate objective presence of another world. In the 'Spiritual Diary' he has kept a purely private record of these extraordinary experiences. He describes with prosaic exactness the places visited in the spiritual realms, the characters met, and the conversations held, and the peculiar temptations to which his own soul was subjected by the infestations of evil spirits. All this was incident, he solemnly declares, to his "being called by the Lord to a new office,"—that of revealing to mankind the reality of the spiritual world, and of vindicating the holiness and divine authority of the Scriptures by proving that they possess throughout, beneath the literal, a distinct but correspondent spiritual meaning. At length, after six years, with the first volume of the 'Arcana Coelestia,' written in the full and perfect light of the new revelation, Swedenborg begins that unparalleled series of works, in which he claims to have set forth for the enlightenment of all mankind, truths revealed to him "not by any spirit or any angel, but by the Lord alone while reading the Word." The 'Arcana' itself is a work in twelve volumes, in which is set forth the spiritual sense of the books of Genesis and Exodus. Here, a century before the development of the "higher criticism," Swedenborg clearly points out the distinction between the Eloistic and Jehovistic texts, and declares the first chapters of Genesis to be the allegoric fragments of a more ancient Word. Interspersed between the chapters of the 'Arcana' are treatises on various phenomena of the spiritual world, and statements of "heavenly doctrine." Seven years were consumed in the publication of this stupendous work. Then appear at short intervals, through a period of fifteen years, the following treatises:—In 1758 'Heaven and Hell'; also 'The Intermediate World, or World of Spirits: A Relation of Things Heard and Seen.' 'The Last Judgment and the Destruction of Babylon, showing that all the predictions in Revelation are now being fulfilled: being a revelation of things heard and seen.' 'On the Earths in the Solar System, and on the Earths in the Starry Heavens: with an account of their Inhabitants, and also of the Angels and Spirits there.' In 1763. 'On the Angelic Wisdom concerning the Divine Love and Wisdom.' 'The Four Doctrines: The Lord: the Sacred Scriptures: Faith: and Life.' In 1764: 'Angelic Wisdom concerning the Divine Providence.' In 1766: 'The Apocalypse Revealed, in which are disclosed the Arcana

therein foretold.' In 1768: 'Conjugal Love and its Chaste Delights: also Adulterous Love and its Insane Pleasures.' In 1769: 'A Brief Exposition of the Doctrines of the New Church, signified by the New Jerusalem in Revelations.' Also the 'Intercourse between the Soul and the Body.' Lastly in 1771, in the author's eighty-third year, appears the great synthesis of the doctrine: 'The True Christian Religion: containing the Universal Theology of the New Church: by Emanuel Swedenborg: Servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.' In the preface the following is set forth as a "universal of the Faith of the New Heaven and the New Church": "That the Lord from eternity who is Jehovah came into the world that he might subdue the hells and glorify his humanity; that without him no flesh could have been saved, and that all will be saved who believe in him."

The hasty charge of madness, or even of honest delusion, must at least give pause before this array of works, in which a perfectly consistent system of interpretation appears from first to last, and in which the *principia* of the spiritual world are laid down with all the logical thoroughness of those of the natural. We have not here the trance-vision of the Oriental and mediæval mystic. The man who was daily in "intercourse with angels," who was writing the heavenly secrets of the Divine Word, and claimed to be witnessing with his inner vision the awful scenes of a Last Judgment in the world of spirits, preparatory to the introduction of a new age of the world, — so far from being a dazed and dreamy recluse, was at this very period of his life the warm personal and political friend of the then Prime Minister of Sweden, Count Andrew von Höpken, and according to this gentleman's testimony in his letter to General Tuxen, was taking a most active and responsible part in the deliberations of the Swedish Diet. Neither was there anything whimsical or eccentric in his manner. Besides the above testimony regarding his public life in Sweden, those who knew him in his old age in London, where he spent his last years, describe him as a genial old gentleman, the favorite of little children, and beloved by the plain people with whom he lodged. His dress when visiting was a suit of black velvet with long ruffles, a curious-hilted sword and gold-headed cane. He was affable and engaging in conversation; adapting himself easily to others, never urging his own views except when asked, and able at a word to silence any mere curious or impertinent inquiry. His solemn assurance before the chaplain of the Swedish Embassy, when receiving from him the sacrament on his death-bed, that all that he had written regarding his experiences in the other world was true, leaves no doubt of his absolute sincerity, and completes the testimony of his long and honorable life. He died in his eighty-fifth year, on the day which he had himself foretold in a letter to Wesley, who had

desired to visit him,—Sunday, the 29th of March, 1772. "He was as much pleased," relates an attendant, "as if he were about to have a holiday or were going to a merry-making." His remains were buried with the ceremonials of the Lutheran Church, in the Swedish Ulrica Eleonora Chapel, Ratcliffe Highway, London, E., where they still lie, marked by a suitable memorial slab. In the House of Nobles on October 7th a eulogy was pronounced upon him in the name of the Royal Academy of Stockholm, by M. Sandel, Councilor of the Board of Mines. Eighty years after, a silver medal was struck in his honor by the Academy.

Yank Sewall

BIBLIOGRAPHY.—The bibliography of Swedenborg's writings embraces some fifteen hundred editions of entire sets or of single works, in the author's original Latin, and in translations into English, German, French, Italian, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Icelandic, Dutch, Polish, Russian, Spanish, Arabic, and Hindu. The London Swedenborg Society, established in 1810, is the chief source of publication in England; the American Swedenborg Printing and Publishing Society, in America. The publication in a photo-lithographic edition of all the MSS. of Swedenborg preserved in the library of the Royal Academy of Stockholm, both of the published and of the unpublished works, is in progress. Thirteen volumes in folio size have already appeared.

BIOGRAPHY.—The fullest and most authentic account of Swedenborg's life, character, and writings is to be had in 'Documents Concerning Swedenborg': collected, translated, and annotated by R. L. Tafel, A. M., Ph. D.; three volumes; London Swedenborg Society, 1 Bloomsbury Street. See also 'Life and Mission of Emanuel Swedenborg,' by Benjamin Worcester, Boston; 'Life' by J. J. Garth Wilkinson, London; and many others.

THE CONTIGUITY AND HARMONY OF THE WORLD

From 'Principia Rerum Naturalium'

As NATURE operates in the world in a mechanical manner, and the phenomena which she exhibits to our senses are subject to their proper laws and rules, it follows that nature cannot thus operate except by means of contiguity and connection. Thus the mechanism of the world consists in contiguity, without

which neither the world nor its mechanism could exist. Contiguity is necessary to the production of every operation. Without a perpetual connection between the ends and the means, the existence of elementary nature, and of the vegetable and animal natures thence originating, would be impossible. The connection between ends and means forms the very life and essence of nature. For nothing can originate from itself; it must originate from some other thing: hence there must be a certain contiguity and connection in the existence of natural things; that is, all things, in regard to their existence, must follow each other in successive order. Thus all things in the world owe their existence to their mutual dependence on each other; there being a connection, by mediums, from ultimate to ultimate, whence all things have respect to their first source from which they derive their existence. Hence it is manifest that there is a continual connection of the whole body with its minutest parts. If the connection with any part were broken, that part would no longer partake of the life of the rest of the body, but would die, having lost its contiguity. If a connecting part, mediating between the grosser and more subtile motions and affections of the body, were to be broken, a resemblance of death would be superinduced upon the part. Hence also the poets have compared the life and fates of man to a continuous thread woven by the Parcæ; and feigned that if this thread were anywhere severed, his life would also be cut off, and all the series of his destinies.

But to return to our elementary world. If we admit a contiguity, we immediately have a cause for every contingent occurrence: but if there be no contiguity, no contingent circumstance can occur in the world; because there is no cause for its occurring either in one manner or in another. The cause and reason of all effects and phenomena is to be found in contiguity and connection. If this *contiguum* of nature were to begin to be diminished and rarefied, the world, as to the phenomena existing in it, and every part, would pant as it were for breath, and be reduced to its last extremity. Thus all things depend upon something contiguous to them: as the body depends on life, hearing on the air, sight on the ether. The equilibrium of all things in the elements depends also on contiguity. That there is a contiguity and connection in the elements, appears also in men and animals, who are composed, and in a manner formed, according

to that contiguity and connection. Thus we find hearing delighted by harmonious sounds, and the concordant vibrations of musical strings. Musical harmony has itself also its own rules, its own proper geometry; but this we have no need to learn in order to perceive the harmony,—we have it in the ear itself and the organs of hearing, which are in harmonious coherence. By harmonious and accordant sounds we are exhilarated, affected, dissolved away; but discordant sounds give us pain. The eye also is capable of feeling whether anything be harmoniously proportioned or not; and if it be, and its mechanism be well arranged, the soul is immediately delighted through the eye. As too there is a like connection and harmony between the eye and the mind, therefore whatever is harmonious immediately extends, with uninterrupted course, to the mind, which it exhilarates and expands; while all things that are deformed, and not in agreement with analogy, occasion it a certain degree of violence. We have still more striking tokens of harmony in the other senses, as in the smell and the taste; so that by the senses alone we can discover whether the parts of a substance be angular or round, or what is their form and figure. The mechanism therefore of some things is natural to our senses.

INDIVIDUALITY ETERNAL

From 'The Soul'

THE end of creation, or the end on account of which the world was created, could be no other than the first and the last, or the most universal of all ends, and that which is perpetually reigning in the created universe, which is the complex of means conspiring to that end. No other end of creation can be given than that there may exist a universal society of souls, or a heaven,—that is, the kingdom of God. That this was the end of creation may be proved by innumerable arguments: for it would be absurd to say that the world was created on account of the earth and terrestrial societies, and this miserable and perishable life; since all things on earth are for the sake of man, and all things in man for the sake of his soul, and the soul cannot be for no end. If then it exists for any end, it must be for a society in which God is present; for his providence regards

souls, which are spiritual, and his works are adapted to men and their consociation.

In order that a celestial society, or society of souls, may exist, it is necessary that there be a most perfect form of government,—namely, souls distinct among themselves, and every possible variety, which may be called harmonies between the souls; and so from such harmony there will arise a consensus and accord which shall produce that entire effect and end which is always foreseen and provided.

That this end may be obtained, it is necessary that man shall be allowed a free will. The cause of variety of subjects arises solely from free exercise and liberty of the will. Without this there would be no intellect, no morality, no vice, no crime, no guilt, no affection of the mind or change of state. This is the reason why God has wished to preserve the free human will strong and inviolate, even for the doing of evil deeds; so that we would seem to be almost willing to deny a Divine providence for the same reason that we would affirm it. But the liberty allowed to human minds is not absolute but limited.

THE PERFECT MAN THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER

From 'Principia Rerum Naturalium'

BY A true philosopher we understand a man who is enabled to arrive at the real causes, and the knowledge of those things in the mechanical world which are invisible and remote from the senses; and who is afterwards capable of reasoning *a priori*, or from first principles or causes, concerning the world and its phenomena, both in chemistry, physics, metallurgy, and other sciences or subjects which are under the empire of mechanical principles; and who can thus, as from a central point, take a survey of the whole mundane system, and of its mechanical and philosophical laws. To begin then with man in his state of integrity and complete perfection. In such a man we may conceive to have existed such a complete contiguity throughout the parts of his system, that every motion proceeding with a free course from his grosser parts or principles, could arrive, through an uninterrupted connection, at his most subtle substance or active principle; there being nothing in the way

which could cause the least obstruction. Such a man may be compared to the world itself, in which all things are contiguous, from the sun to the bottom of our atmosphere: thus the solar rays proceed with an uninterrupted course, and almost instantaneously, by means of the contiguity of the more subtle or grosser elements through which they pass, through the ether into the air, till they arrive at the eye, and operate upon it by virtue of such connection as if they were present; for contiguity makes the appearance of presence. When therefore the most subtle active principle, by the providence of God, clothed itself with a body, and added by degrees parts upon parts, all the motions in the most subtle elements which were present would necessarily move or affect that most yielding and tender substance, and would gradually impress themselves and their own mechanism upon it. In a word, during the growth of the tender parts possessing motion and life, every motion that was perpetually present must necessarily have left vestiges of itself, and must consequently have naturally formed its own mechanism, so as afterwards to be received still more interiorly, but in the same manner as in the yet tender substances. The man thus formed—in whom all the parts conspired to receive the motions of all the elements, and to convey them successively, when received through a contiguous medium, to the most subtle active principle—must be deemed the most perfect and the first of all men, being one in whom the connection of ends and means is continuous and unbroken. Such a most perfect material and acting being would in a short time acquire, by the aid of the senses alone, all the philosophy and experimental science natural to him; for whatever could present itself to his senses would immediately flow by connection and contiguity to his most subtle and active first principle. As therefore the whole was constructed according to the motion of the elements, and those motions were capable of arriving without interruption, through a medium so contiguous and tense, at the most subtle active principle,—what conclusion can we draw but that such a man must have enjoyed the most complete, perfect, and distinct faculty of reasoning; that all the mundane system or motions of the elements must have been familiar to him after a little contemplation and custom; that every relation of their motions, being impressed upon all his organs as it were naturally and from his tender infancy, would be felt with perfect regularity

from his external parts or senses to his soul; and that the soul, being furnished with such a body, would naturally be so well acquainted with geometry, mechanics, and the mundane system, as to be able to instruct herself without a master, from the simple contemplation of the phenomena of nature and the objects of sense? Such a man would be capable of taking his station as it were in the centre; and surveying from thence the whole circumference of his system at a glance, he would be able to make himself acquainted with things present, past, and future, from a knowledge of their causes, and of their contingents given or supposed.

ON THE INTERNAL SENSE OF THE WORD

From 'The Doctrine of the Sacred Scriptures'

IT is on every one's lips that the Word is from God, is Divinely inspired, and consequently holy; but still it has not hitherto been known where, in the Word, the Divine is. For in the letter the Word appears like an ordinary writing, in a foreign style, neither sublime nor lucid, as the writings of the present age apparently are. Owing to this, a person who worships nature instead of God, or more than God, and who therefore thinks from himself and his *proprium*, and not from heaven and from the Lord, may easily fall into error respecting the Word, and into contempt for it, saying within himself when he is reading it, "What is this? What is that? Is this Divine? Can God who has infinite wisdom speak so? Where is its holiness? and whence, unless from some religious system and persuasion from it?"

But he who thinks in this manner does not consider that Jehovah himself, who is the God of heaven and earth, spake the Word through Moses and the prophets, and that it must therefore be the Divine Truth itself; for that which Jehovah himself speaks can be nothing else. Nor does he consider that the Lord, who is the same as Jehovah, spake the Word written by the Evangelists, many things from his own mouth, and the rest from the breath of his mouth, which is the Holy Spirit. It is for this reason that he says that in his words there is life, and that he himself is the Light which enlightens, and is the Truth.

But still the natural man cannot from these considerations be persuaded that the Word is the Divine Truth itself, in which are Divine Wisdom and Divine Life; for he looks at it from its style, in which he does not see those things. Yet the style of the Word is the Divine style itself, with which no other can be compared, however sublime and excellent it may seem; for any other is like thick darkness, in comparison with light. The style of the Word is such that holiness is in every sentence, and in every word; yes, in some places in the very letters: hence the Word conjoins man with the Lord, and opens heaven. There are two things which proceed from the Lord,—Divine Love and Divine Wisdom; or, which is the same, Divine Good and Divine Truth. The Word in its essence is both of these; and because it conjoins man with the Lord and opens heaven, as was said, therefore the Word fills the man who reads it from the Lord and not from himself alone, with the good of love and truths of wisdom; his will with the good of love, and his understanding with truths of wisdom. Hence man has life through the Word.

Lest therefore man should be in doubt whether the Word is such, its internal sense has been revealed to me by the Lord, which in its essence is spiritual, and is within the external sense—which is natural—as the soul is in the body. That sense is the spirit which gives life to the letter; it can therefore bear witness to the Divinity and sanctity of the Word, and can convince even the natural man, if he is willing to be convinced.

The Divine, proceeding from the Lord to its lowest extreme, descends by three degrees, and is named Celestial, Spiritual, and Natural. The Divine which descends from the Lord to human beings descends through these three degrees; and when it has descended, it contains those three degrees in itself. Such is the case with everything Divine; therefore when it is in its lowest degree, it is in its fullness. Such is the Word: in its lowest sense it is natural, in its interior sense it is spiritual, and in the inmost it is celestial; and in every sense it is Divine. That the Word is such, is not apparent in the sense of its letter, which is natural, for the reason that man in the world has heretofore known nothing concerning the heavens, and so has not known what the spiritual is, nor what the celestial; and consequently he has not known the difference between them and the natural.

Nor can the difference of these degrees from one another be known without a knowledge of correspondence: for the three

degrees are wholly distinct from each other, just as the end, the cause, and the effect are; or as the prior, the posterior, and the postreme: but they make a one by correspondence; for the natural corresponds to the spiritual, and also to the celestial. What correspondence is, may be seen in the work on 'Heaven and Hell,' where the 'Correspondence of all things in Heaven with all things of Man' is treated of (n. 87-102), and the 'Correspondence of Heaven with all things of the Earth' (n. 103-115). It will also be seen from examples to be adduced below, from the Word.

Whereas the Word interiorly is spiritual and celestial, it is therefore written by mere correspondences; and that which is written by mere correspondences, in its ultimate sense is written in such a style as is found in the Prophets and in its Gospels. And although this sense appears common, still it stores up within itself Divine Wisdom and all Angelic Wisdom.

HOW BY THE WORD, HEAVEN AND EARTH ARE BROUGHT INTO ASSOCIATION

From the 'Heavenly Doctrine of the New Jerusalem'

THE Word, forasmuch as it is a revelation from the Divine, is Divine in all and every particular part; for what is from the Divine cannot be otherwise. What is from the Divine descends through the heavens even to man; wherefore in the heavens it is accommodated to the wisdom of the angels who are there, and on earth it is accommodated to the apprehension of the men who are there. Wherefore in the Word there is an internal sense which is spiritual for the angels, and an external sense which is natural for men; hence it is that the conjunction of heaven with man is effected by means of the Word. . . .

This may be illustrated by the following experience. There were African spirits with me, from Abyssinia. Their ears were once opened to hear the singing in some temple in the world, from a Psalm of David; by which they were affected with such enjoyment that they too sang with those whom they heard. But soon the ears were closed, so that they no longer heard anything from them. But they were then affected with enjoyment still greater, because it was spiritual; and they were at the same time filled with intelligence, because that Psalm treated of the

Lord and of redemption. The cause of the increasing enjoyment was, that communication was given them with the society in heaven which was in conjunction with those who were singing that Psalm in the world. From this experience and much beside, it was made manifest that by the Word, communication is given with the universal heaven. For this reason, by the Divine Providence of the Lord, there is a universal commerce of the kingdoms of Europe (and chiefly of those where the Word is read) with the nations out of the church.

Comparison may be made with the heat and light from the sun of the world, which give vegetation to trees and shrubs, even to those which are out of its direct rays and in the shade, provided the sun has risen and shown itself in the world. So with the light and heat of heaven, from the Lord as the Sun there; which light is Divine truth, from which is all the intelligence and wisdom of angels and of men. It is therefore said concerning the Word, "that it was with God and was God; that it enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world" (John i. 1, 9); "and that the light also shineth in darkness" (verse 5).

From this it may be evident that the Word which is in the church of the Reformed, enlightens all nations and peoples by spiritual communication; also that it is provided by the Lord that there should always be on the earth a church where the Word is read, and by it the Lord is known. Wherefore, when the Word was almost rejected by the Papists, from the Lord's Divine Providence the Reformation took place, whereby the Word was again received; and also that the Word is held holy by a noble nation among the Papists.

THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL

From the 'Divine Providence'

HENCE it is of the Divine Providence that every man can be saved; and they are saved who acknowledge God and live well. That every man can be saved is manifest from what has been demonstrated above. Some are of the opinion that the Lord's church is only in the Christian world, because the Lord is known there only, and the Word is only there. But still there are many who believe that the church of God is general,

or extended and scattered throughout the whole world, therefore among those also who are ignorant of the Lord and have not the Word; saying that this is not their fault, and that they have not the means of overcoming their ignorance, and that it is contrary to God's love and mercy that some should be born for hell, when yet they are men equally with others. Now as Christians (if not all of them, still many) have the belief that the church is general, which is also called a communion, it follows that there are most general principles of the church which enter into all religions, and make that communion. That these most general principles are the acknowledgment of God and the good of life, will be seen in the following order: 1. The acknowledgment of God makes conjunction of God with man and of man with God; and the denial of God makes disjunction. 2. Every one acknowledges God and is conjoined with him according to the good of his life. 3. Good of life, or to live well, is to shun evils because they are against religion, thus against God. 4. These are the general principles of all religions, by which every one can be saved.

THE ETHICS OF SWEDENBORG

(1) THE SPIRITUAL LIFE: HOW IT IS ACQUIRED

From 'Apocalypse Explained'

SPIRITUAL life is acquired solely by a life according to the commandments in the Word. These commandments are given in a summary in the Decalogue; namely, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not covet the goods of others. These commandments are the commandments that are to be done; for when a man does these his works are good and his life is spiritual, and for the reason that so far as a man shuns evils and hates them, so far he wills and loves goods.

For there are two opposite spheres that surround man, one from hell, the other from heaven: from hell a sphere of evil and of falsity therefrom, from heaven a sphere of good and of truth therefrom; and these spheres do [not immediately] affect the body, but they affect the minds of men; for they are spiritual spheres, and thus are affections that belong to the love. In the

midst of these man is set; therefore so far as he approaches the one, so far he withdraws from the other. This is why so far as a man shuns evil and hates it, so far he wills and loves good and the truths therefrom; for no one can at the same time serve two masters, for he will either hate the one and love the other, or he will cleave to the one and despise the other (Matt. vi. 24).

But let it be noted that man must do these commandments from religion, because they are commanded by the Lord; and if he does this from any other consideration whatever,—for instance, from regard merely to the civil law or the moral law,—he remains natural, and does not become spiritual. For when a man acts from religion, he acknowledges in heart that there is a God, a heaven and a hell, and a life after death. But when he acts from regard merely to the civil and moral law, he may act in the same way, and yet in heart may deny that there is a God, a heaven and a hell, and a life after death. And if he shuns evil and does good, it is merely in the external form, and not in the internal; thus while he is outwardly in respect to the life of the body like a Christian, inwardly in respect to the life of his spirit he is like a devil. All this makes clear that a man can become spiritual, or receive spiritual life, in no other way than by a life according to religion from the Lord.

Many, I know, think in their heart that no one can of himself shun the evils enumerated in the Decalogue, because man is born in sins and has therefore no power of himself to shun them. But let such know that any one who thinks in his heart that there is a God, that the Lord is the God of heaven and earth, that the Word is from him and is therefore holy, that there is a heaven and a hell, and that there is a life after death, has the ability to shun these evils. But he who despises these truths and casts them out of his mind, and still more he who denies them, is not able. For how can one who never thinks about God think that anything is a sin against God? And how can one who never thinks about heaven, hell, and the life after death, shun evils as sins? Such a man does not know what sin is.

Man is placed in the middle between heaven and hell. Out of heaven goods unceasingly flow in, and out of hell evils unceasingly flow in; and as man is between, he has freedom to think what is good or to think what is evil. This freedom the Lord never takes away from any one, for it belongs to his life, and is

the means of his reformation. So far therefore as man from this freedom has the thought and desire to shun evils because they are sins, and prays to the Lord for help, so far does the Lord take them away, and give man the ability to refrain from them as if of himself, and then to shun them.

(2) THE SOCIAL GOOD

From 'Doctrine of Charity'

THE general good arises out of the goods of use which individuals perform; and the goods of use that individuals perform subsist from the general good.

The goods of use which individuals perform, out of which the general good arises, are ministries, offices, callings, and various employments.

All the vocations and employments in a kingdom, commonwealth, or community, regarded as to the goods of use, constitute a form which corresponds to the heavenly form.

They also constitute a form which corresponds to the human form.

In this form each individual is a good of use, according to the extent of his calling and employment.

It is well known that every man is born to be of use, and that he may perform uses to others; and he who does not is called a useless member, and is cast off. He who performs uses for himself alone is also useless, though not called so. In a well-constituted commonwealth, therefore, provision is made that no one shall be useless. If useless, he is compelled to some work; and a beggar is compelled, if he is in health.

The general good consists in these things:—That in the society or kingdom there shall be: I. What is Divine among them. II. That there shall be justice among them. III. That there shall be morality among them. IV. That there shall be industry, knowledge, and uprightness among them. V. That there shall be the necessities of life. VI. That there shall be the things necessary to their occupations. VII. That there shall be the things necessary for protection. VIII. That there shall be a sufficiency of wealth; because from this come the three former necessities.

From these arises the general good; and yet it does not come of these themselves, but from the individuals there, and through the goods of use which individuals perform. As for instance, even what is Divine is there through ministers; and justice through magistrates and judges: so morality exists by means of the Divine and of justice; and necessities by means of industrial occupations and commerce: and so on.

All the vocations and employments, regarded as to the goods of use, constitute a form which corresponds to the heavenly form. The heavenly form is such that every individual there is in some ministry, some office, some calling or employment, and in work. Such are all the heavenly societies, that no one may be useless. No one who desires to live in ease, or only to talk and walk and sleep, is tolerated there. All things there are so ordered that each is assigned a place nearer or more remote from the centre according to his use. In proportion as they are nearer the centre, the palaces are more magnificent; as they are more remote from the centre, they are less magnificent. They are different in the east, in the west, in the south, and in the north.

MARRIAGE LOVE

From 'Heaven and Hell'

TRUE marriage love is derived from the Lord's love for the church, and from the love of good and truth, which is the love of the angels of the third heaven; therefore marriage love, which descends therefrom as the love of that heaven, is innocence, which is in the very being (*essence*) of every good in the heavens. And for this reason embryos in the womb are in a state of peace, and when they have been born as infants are in a state of innocence; so too is the mother in relation to them. For as the love of marriage corresponds to the love of the highest heaven, which is love to the Lord from the Lord, so the love of adultery corresponds to the love of the lowest hell.

The love of marriage is so holy and heavenly because it has its beginning in the inmosts of man from the Lord himself, and it descends according to order to the outmosts of the body, and thus fills the whole man with heavenly love and brings him into

a form of the Divine love, which is the form of heaven, and is an image of the Lord. But the love of adultery has its beginning in the outmosts of man from an impure lascivious fire there, and thus, contrary to order, penetrates towards the interiors, always into the things that are man's own, which are nothing but evil, and brings these into a form of hell, which is an image of the devil. Therefore a man who loves adultery and turns away from marriage is in form a devil.

How holy in themselves, that is, from creation, marriages are, can be seen from the fact that they are nurseries of the human race; and as the angelic heaven is from the human race, they are also the nurseries of heaven; consequently by marriages not only the earths but also the heavens are filled with inhabitants; and as the end of the entire creation is the human race, and thus heaven, where the Divine itself may dwell as in its own and as it were in itself, and as the procreation of mankind according to Divine order is accomplished through marriages, it is clear how holy marriages are in themselves,—that is, from creation,—and thus how holy they should be esteemed. It is true that the earth might be filled with inhabitants by fornications and adulteries as well as marriages, but not heaven; and for the reason that hell is from adulteries but heaven from marriages.

Hell is from adulteries, because adultery is from the marriage of evil and falsity, from which hell in the whole complex is called adultery; while heaven is from marriages, because marriage is from the marriage of good and truth, from which heaven in its whole complex is called a marriage. That is called adultery where its love, which is called a love of adultery, reigns,—whether it be within wedlock or apart from it; and that is called marriage where its love, which is called marriage love, reigns.

When procreations of the human race are effected by marriages, in which the holy love of good and truth from the Lord reigns, then it is on earth as it is in the heavens, and the Lord's kingdom in the heavens. For the heavens consist of societies arranged according to all the varieties of celestial and spiritual affections, from which arrangement the form of heaven springs; and this pre-eminently surpasses all other forms in the universe. There would be a like form on the earth, if the procreations there were effected by marriages in which a true

marriage love reigned; for then, however many families might descend in succession from one head of a family, there would spring forth as many images of the societies of heaven in a like variety.

Families would then be like fruit-bearing trees of various kinds, forming as many different gardens, each containing its own kind of fruit; and these gardens taken together would present the form of a heavenly paradise. This is said in the way of comparison, because "trees" signify men of the church, "gardens" intelligence, "fruits" goods of life, and "paradise" heaven. I have been told from heaven that with the most ancient people, from whom the first church on this globe was established, which was called by ancient writers the golden age, there was such a correspondence between families on the earth and societies in the heavens, because love to the Lord, mutual love, innocence, peace, wisdom, and chastity in marriages, then prevailed; and it was also told me from heaven that they were then inwardly horrified at adulteries, as the abominable things of hell. (From 'Apocalypse Explained.')

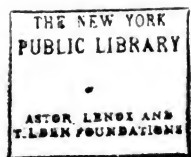
I heard an angel describing truly conjugal love and its heavenly delights in this manner, that it is the Divine of the Lord in the heavens, which is the Divine good and the Divine truth, united in two, yet so that they are not two, but as one. He said that two conjugal partners in heaven are that love, because every one is his own good and his own truth, both as to mind and as to body; for the body is an image of the mind, because formed to its likeness. He thence inferred that the Divine is imaged in two who are in truly conjugal love; and because the Divine, that heaven also is imaged, since the universal heaven is the Divine Good and the Divine Truth proceeding from the Lord: and that hence it is that all things of heaven are inscribed on that love, and so many blessings and delights as to exceed all number.

THE SECOND COMING OF THE LORD

From 'True Christian Religion'

SINCE the Lord cannot manifest himself in person, as has been shown just above, and yet he has foretold that he would come and establish a New Church, which is the New Jerusalem,—it follows that he is to do it by means of a man who is able not only to receive the doctrines of this church with his understanding, but also to publish them by the press. That the Lord has manifested himself before me, his servant, and sent me on this office, and that after this he opened the sight of my spirit, and thus let me into the spiritual world, and gave me to see the heavens and the hells, and also to speak with angels and spirits, and this now continually for many years, I testify in truth; and also that from the first day of that call I have not received anything that pertains to the doctrines of that church from any angel, but from the Lord alone while I read the Word.

To the end that the Lord might be constantly present, he has disclosed to me that the spiritual sense of his Word, in which divine truth is in its light, and in this he is constantly present; for his presence in the Word is only by means of the spiritual sense: through the light of this he passes into the shade in which the sense of the letter is; comparatively as it happens with the light of the sun in the daytime by the interposition of a cloud. That the sense of the letter of the Word is as a cloud, and the spiritual sense glory, and the Lord himself the sun from which the light proceeds, and that thus the Lord is the Word, has been demonstrated above.





JONATHAN SWIFT

(1667-1745)

BY ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL

THE last years of Jonathan Swift furnish a partial clue, at least, to the mystery of his life. Against the black background of his gigantic intellect, overthrown "as an empire might be overthrown," the mournful figures of Stella and Vanessa stand out, less as wronged women than as unfortunate women, whose love could not cope with the maladies of a mind where genius groaned in hateful marriage with insanity. From this same region of the abnormal emerge, as a kind of embodiment of Swift's dark infirmity, the Yahoos of his great classic: his habitual bitterness and gloom must be traced, not, as is usual, to the beginning of his life, but to the end. He lived always in the shadow of the death of the mind; from his birth he was an imprisoned giant, whose struggles seemed only to fasten the coils ever closer and closer about him.

He has been characterized as having been destitute of imagination, of spirituality, of the capacity to love; of being a negative spirit,—the Mephistopheles of English literature, whose sardonic laughter has chilled the hearts of generations of his readers. Yet Swift in his love and in his religion, at least, seems to have been an idealist of the most pronounced type. He appears to have been constantly striving to transmute passion into intellectuality; love, in particular, seems to have acted like subtle poison in his veins whenever it passed beyond the stage of tenderness. The coarseness in his writings seems rather flung out in a rage against animality than indulged in for fondness of it. Swift cannot be judged, indeed, by his loves or by his religious life. The sanity of his mighty intellect is most apparent in his political career, and in his political writings. Whenever his emotions are involved he is on dangerous ground, liable to vanish from the sight and comprehension of his fellows amid the mysterious labyrinths of a diseased mind.

He was born on March 30th, 1667, at Hoey's Court, Dublin; he was however of English parentage, and of an old and honorable family. There is a tradition that his grandfather was Dr. Thomas Swift, a clergyman whose devotion to Charles I. received the severest tests, and whose chief fortune was a family of thirteen or fourteen children. The eldest son, Godwin, was rewarded after the Restoration

with the attorney-generalship of the palatinate of Tipperary in Ireland; thither went also a younger brother, Jonathan, the father of the future Dean, with his wife, Abigail Ericke of Leicester. His death occurred within a short time after this emigration, and seven months afterwards his son was born. The early education of the boy seems to have been conducted by his nurse, who had carried him to England secretly, when he was a mere infant, because she could not bear to be separated from him. Swift's mother consented to his remaining with her. He did not return to Ireland until his sixth year, when he was sent by his uncle Godwin to Kilkenny grammar school, where Congreve and Berkeley were also educated. No evidence remains that Swift distinguished himself either in this school or in Dublin University, which he entered in 1682. In the latter institution it seems that he obtained his degree only by "special grace." The logical, clear mind of the future author of the 'Tale of a Tub' could only be suffocated in the airless realms of scholasticism; he passed from the university with contempt for much of its teachings. His life at this time was embittered by poverty: he was growing into self-consciousness, realizing if dimly the exceptional nature of his powers; but with realization did not come opportunity. His uncle Godwin would do little for him; he had himself come into the world disheartened: the remoteness, the isolation of genius, was in his case intensified by a constitutional morbidness, which changed pin pricks to dagger thrusts. He went forth conquering and to conquer in the only way he knew: the way of the dominant intellect unswayed by emotion. By his mother's advice he sought the patronage of his distant kinsman, Sir William Temple, the elegant dilettante of Moor Park. Between this courtier, whose intellect was as pruned and orderly as his own Dutch gardens, and the rough young Titan, forced by fate into the meek attitudes of the beneficiary, there could be little sympathy. Swift chafed under a life better suited to a dancing-master than to the future author of 'Gulliver.' The alleviations of his existence were his master's library, to which he had free access, and a little bright-eyed girl,—the house-keeper's daughter,—who loved him and was glad to be taught by him. This was Esther Johnson, or as she is better known, "Stella." The little life was thus early absorbed into the great life, whose limits, then and afterwards, were to be always beyond its comprehension, but never beyond its love. The child and the man went hand in hand from that hour into their eternity of sorrowful fame.

At Sir William Temple's, Swift met many of the great statesmen of the day; being thus drawn into the congenial atmosphere of politics. It is recorded that he met King William there, who graciously showed him the Dutch method of preparing asparagus for the table. Tradition assigns Swift to a servant's place in Temple's household,

but this is hardly probable. The retired statesman must have recognized the talents of his kinsman, for he sent him on one occasion to King William to persuade him to consent to the bill for triennial Parliaments. Swift hoped much from the King's favor, but obtained little more than promises. His talents as a prose-writer seem to have been as yet unknown to him. His literary compositions were limited to Pindaric odes in praise of Sir William: they fully justify his cousin Dryden's curt criticism, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet."

In 1692 Swift took his degree of M. A. from the University of Oxford, where he had been most kindly received: he always retained affection and gratitude for this foster-mother; and it was perhaps under her tutelage that he entered into the full consciousness of his powers. In 1695, Moor Park having become impossible as a residence, he parted from his patron in anger; going immediately to Ireland, where he sought ordination to the diaconate, but was refused it unless he could present a letter of recommendation from Sir William Temple. Swift hesitated five months; finally submitted to the humiliation: was ordained deacon and priest, and obtained the small living of Kilroot, where he remained but a short time; returning to Moor Park at the earnest solicitation of Sir William, who had learned to appreciate, in part at least, Swift's powers. Their relations from that time until Sir William's death in 1699 were cordial, Swift remaining in his household until the end. He found the little Esther grown into a comely girl of sixteen. From the time of Sir William's decease he took her under his protection; by his advice she took up her residence in Ireland in 1708, with her chaperon Mrs. Dingley, and was thenceforth known in the eyes of the world as Swift's dearest friend, and perhaps his wife. The mystery of his relationship to her has never been solved. One thing is certain: that her love was the solace of his life, and that his feeling towards her was of that exquisite tenderness in which alone he seemed to find peace.

After his patron's death, Swift obtained the office of chaplain to the Earl of Berkeley; but was disappointed in not receiving the secretaryship also. He failed to obtain the rich deanery of Derry, for which he had applied; and was finally presented with the living of Laracor, and two or three others, which netted him about £230. At Laracor he took up his abode for a short time. Later he became chaplain to the Duke of Ormond, and afterwards to the Earl of Pembroke. His frequent visits to London with these statesmen drew him gradually into the domain of political life, and familiarized him with the political parties and ideals of the time. His own brilliant political career was opened in 1701, by the publication of the 'Discourse on the Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome.' The occasion of this pamphlet was the conflict in the Houses of Parliament over the proposed impeachment by the Tory party of Somers and three

other Whigs, who had participated in the Partition Treaty. Swift upheld those who resisted the impeachment; thus gaining a strong foothold with the Whigs, and winning the confidence of the leaders of the party. He might be called the father of the political pamphlet. In his hands it became a tremendous power, moving the people as a rushing mighty wind. It is in the political pamphlet that Swift's powers are seen at their zenith: his incomparable command of satire, his faultless logic, his universal common-sense, his invective, vivid and deadly as lightning, here receive consummate expression; added to these gifts he was a master of homely English prose. His English is the most popular English that was ever written: its perfection is in its simplicity and clearness. The gigantic intellect revealed itself to babes: Swift's prose was at once a lamp to the unlettered and a star to the scholar.

Until 1710 Swift remained in close conjunction with the Whigs, but his change in politics was as inevitable as it was organic. "Whoever has a true value for Church and State," he writes, "should avoid the extremes of Whig for the sake of the former, and the extremes of Tory on account of the latter." And again: "No true lover of liberty could unite with extreme Tories, no true lover of Church with extreme Whigs." Swift's political position is here summed up. He was, moreover, too much of a genius to be rabid in the cause of a party. His enthusiasm and his idealism found expression in the upholding of the ecclesiastical tradition. Swift has been accused of shallowness and infidelity in his relations to the Church; but his religious pamphlets, at least, witness to an intense devotion to her cause. It is true without doubt that he concealed his religious feeling, as he concealed his affections, under the mask of indifference, even of raillery; but he must be judged in both sentiments by the law of contraries. He is a remarkable example of a "hypocrite reversed."

It was during his connection with the Whig party that Swift wrote those pamphlets which indicated that he must throw in his lot eventually with the Tories. The 'Tale of a Tub' appeared in 1704: in this marvelous satire the genius of Swift reaches its highest mark. The three divisions of Christendom—the Roman Catholic, Anglican, and Puritan—are represented by three brothers, Peter, Martin, and Jack, to each of whom their father has bequeathed a coat warranted with good usage to wear forever. The vicissitudes of these coats represent the changes through which their owners, the churches, have passed in the course of centuries. Underneath the veil of satire, Swift's preference for the Anglican Church can be clearly traced. To this same era of his life belong his 'Sentiments of a Church of England Man,' his 'Letter to a Member of Parliament concerning the Sacramental Test,' and his famous 'Argument against the Abolition of Christianity.' In this pamphlet he gravely points out the

"inconveniences" which might follow such abolition. "Great wits love to be free with the highest objects; and if they cannot be allowed a God to revile and denounce, they will speak evil of dignities, abuse the government, and reflect upon the ministry!"

About the year 1709 Swift showed himself to be more in sympathy with the Tory than with the Whig party, and from that time on he employed all the resources of his great intellect to further their aims: the full establishment of the Church of England's authority, and the termination of the Continental war. He founded an organ of his party, the *Examiner*; and through this paper he directed the course of public opinion with unparalleled acumen and political tact. During these years he had close friendship with Pope and Congreve, Addison and Steele, with Arbuthnot and Halifax and Bolingbroke; but notwithstanding his popularity and his acknowledged eminence, his chances for preferment were never great. The stupid Queen Anne could have little appreciation of his genius; she was moreover in the hands of injudicious female advisers. It was with difficulty that the deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin, was obtained for him in 1713. He did not remain there long after his installation, but hurried back to England at the urgent request of his political friends, to reconcile the two leaders, Oxford and Bolingbroke. Oxford's fall and Bolingbroke's elevation to the ministry occurred soon afterwards; it is remembered to the eternal honor of Swift that he did not desert Oxford in his ill-fortune, although tempted with golden baits to do so. The death of the Queen, and the consequent collapse of the Tory party, occurring soon after, Swift retired to his deanery in Dublin.

For the detailed account of Swift's London career, the world is indebted to his journal to Stella,—those circumstantial, playful letters which he wrote to her, sometimes in the "little language" of her childhood, sometimes in the strong, tense prose of the great statesman. In any case it was the language of his heart, a tongue whose full meaning was known alone to him and Stella. It is always tender, never passionate: Stella assumed, at least, to be content with tenderness; and because she did so, she remained the one serene influence of his stormy life.

Had "Vanessa" possessed the wisdom of her rival, her tragedy might never have been written; as it was, she demanded of the great Dean, like Semele of Jupiter, that which could only destroy her. His love, could she have had it, would have been only less destructive than his hate: in the calm of friendship lay the only safety of the women on whom Swift bestowed his approbation.

"Vanessa," or Esther Vanhomrigh, was the daughter of a wealthy widow residing in London, where Swift first made her acquaintance. He recognized the high quality of her intelligence, and for a time directed her studies. She at last confessed her love to him: he

answered in the poem of 'Cadenus and Vanessa,' designed to show her that his feeling for her was only that of friendship. He allowed her however to follow him to Ireland, and he even called upon her frequently in her home there. She at last wrote to Stella, demanding to know the true relationship existing between her and the Dean. Tradition says that Stella showed the letter to him; and that he, in a paroxysm of rage, rode post-haste to Vanessa's house, cast the letter at her feet, and departed without a word. However that may be, she died not long after,—presumably of a broken heart.

After Swift's return to Ireland, he wrote many pamphlets in the interests of the Irish people, thus making himself enormously popular with them. The condition of Ireland at that time was most deplorable: the industries had been destroyed by the act forbidding the importation of Irish cattle to England; the currency was disordered; famine threatened the land. The Drapier letters were written to discredit the English government by the accusation, proved false, of imposing a debased copper coinage on Ireland. In a well-known pamphlet he proposes that the children of the peasantry in Ireland should be fattened for the table, thus keeping down the population and supplying an article of nutritious food. It is this pamphlet which is so completely misunderstood by Thackeray in his 'English Humourists,' and which has led many to judge Swift as an inhuman monster. The humor of it is indeed terrible, but the cause of its being written was even more terrible. It was under such pleasant-ries that Swift hid his heart.

In 1726 'Gulliver's Travels'—one of the greatest books of the century—appeared. Only Swift could have written a nursery classic which is at the same time the most painful satire on human nature ever given to the world. In the monstrous conception of the Yahoos, there is an indication of something darker and more sinister than mere misanthropy.

In 1728 Stella died. The last barrier between him and that unknown horror that lurked in some shadowy region of his mighty intellect, was thus removed. After her death he declined visibly. The last years of his life were spent in madness and idiocy. He died in 1745, and was buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

No figure in the whole range of English men of letters is more striking than Swift's; no figure is less intelligible. Judgment of him must always contain an element of presumption. It is as little in place as judgment of a giant forest oak, twisted and wrenched by the lightning of Jove.

Anna Maria Hall

AN ARGUMENT

TO PROVE THAT THE

ABOLISHING OF CHRISTIANITY IN ENGLAND

MAY, AS THINGS NOW STAND, BE ATTENDED WITH SOME INCONVENIENCES,
AND PERHAPS NOT PRODUCE THOSE MANY GOOD EFFECTS PRO-
POSED THEREBY

I AM very sensible what a weakness and presumption it is to
reason against the general humor and disposition of the world.

I remember it was, with great justice and due regard to the freedom both of the public and the press, forbidden upon several penalties, to write or discourse or lay wagers against the Union, even before it was confirmed by Parliament; because that was looked upon as a design to oppose the current of the people,—which, beside the folly of it, is a manifest breach of the fundamental law that makes this majority of opinion the voice of God. In like manner, and for the very same reasons, it may perhaps be neither safe nor prudent to argue against the abolishing of Christianity, at a juncture when all parties appear so unanimously determined upon the point, as we cannot but allow from their actions, their discourses, and their writings. However, I know not how,—whether from the affectation of singularity or the perverseness of human nature, but so it unhappily falls out, that I cannot be entirely of this opinion. Nay, though I were sure an order were issued for my immediate prosecution by the attorney-general, I should still confess that in the present posture of our affairs at home or abroad, I do not yet see the absolute necessity of extirpating the Christian religion from among us.

This perhaps may appear too great a paradox even for our wise and paradoxical age to endure; therefore I shall handle it with all tenderness, and with the utmost deference to that great and profound majority which is of another sentiment.

And yet the curious may please to observe how much the genius of a nation is liable to alter in half an age: I have heard it affirmed for certain by some very old people that the contrary opinion was, even in their memories, as much in vogue as the other is now; and that a project for the abolishing of Christianity would then have appeared as singular, and been thought as

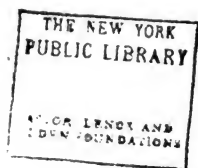
absurd, as it would be at this time to write or discourse in its defense.

Therefore I freely own that all appearances are against me. The system of the gospel, after the fate of other systems, is generally antiquated and exploded: and the mass or body of the common people, among whom it seems to have had its latest credit, are now grown as much ashamed of it as their betters; opinions like fashions always descending from those of quality to the middle sort, and thence to the vulgar, where at length they are dropped and vanish.

But here I would not be mistaken; and must therefore be so bold as to borrow a distinction from the writers on the other side, when they make a difference between nominal and real Trinitarians. I hope no reader imagines me so weak to stand up in the defense of real Christianity, such as used in primitive times (if we may believe the authors of those ages) to have an influence upon men's belief and actions;—to offer at the restoring of that would indeed be a wild project: it would be to dig up foundations; to destroy at one blow all the wit and half the learning of the kingdom; to break the entire frame and constitution of things; to ruin trade, extinguish arts and sciences, with the professors of them; in short, to turn our courts, exchanges, and shops into deserts: and would be full as absurd as the proposal of Horace, where he advises the Romans all in a body to leave their city, and seek a new seat in some remote part of the world, by way of cure for the corruption of their manners.

Therefore I think this caution was in itself altogether unnecessary (which I have inserted only to prevent all possibility of caviling), since every candid reader will easily understand my discourse to be intended only in defense of nominal Christianity; the other having been for some time wholly laid aside by general consent, as utterly inconsistent with our present schemes of wealth and power.

But why we should therefore cast off the name and title of Christians, although the general opinion and resolution be so violent for it, I confess I cannot (with submission) apprehend; nor is the consequence necessary. However, since the undertakers propose such wonderful advantages to the nation by this project, and advance many plausible objections against the system of Christianity, I shall briefly consider the strength of both, fairly allow them their greatest weight, and offer such answers as I





GULLIVER AMONG THE PICNIES

think most reasonable. After which I will beg leave to show what inconveniences may possibly happen by such an innovation, in the present posture of our affairs.

First, one great advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity is, that it would very much enlarge and establish liberty of conscience,—that great bulwark of our nation; and of the Protestant religion,—which is still too much limited by priestcraft, notwithstanding all the good intentions of the legislature, as we have lately found by a severe instance. For it is confidently reported that two young gentlemen of real hopes, bright wit, and profound judgment, who, upon a thorough examination of causes and effects, and by the mere force of natural abilities, without the least tincture of learning, having made a discovery that there was no God, and generously communicating their thoughts for the good of the public, were some time ago, by an unparalleled severity, and upon I know not what obsolete law, broke for blasphemy. And as it has been wisely observed, if persecution once begins, no man alive knows how far it may reach or where it will end.

GULLIVER AMONG THE PIGMIES

From 'Gulliver's Travels'

[The author gives some account of himself and family. His first inducements to travel. He is shipwrecked, and swims for his life. Gets safe on shore in the country of Lilliput. Is made a prisoner and carried up the country.]

MY FATHER had a small estate in Nottinghamshire: I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College in Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies: but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years: my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be—some time or other—my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates I went down to my father, where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some

other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden: there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden I was recommended by my good master Mr. Bates to be surgeon to the *Swallow*, Captain Abraham Pannel, commander, with whom I continued three years and a half; making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in London; to which Mr. Bates my master encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Miss Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in New-gate Street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships; and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern,—being always provided with a good number of books,—and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language; wherein I had a great facility, by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter-lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of the *Antelope*, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol May 4th, 1699; and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas: let it suffice to inform him that in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation we found ourselves in

the latitude of $30^{\circ} 2'$ south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves; and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as Fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth, and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired; and with that and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep.

I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground, and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upwards; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me; but in the posture I lay, I could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over

my breast, came almost to my chin; when, bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands and a quiver at his back. In the mean time, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned; and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, "Hekinah degul;" the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant.

I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me; and at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, "Tolgo phonac:" when in an instant, I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many I suppose fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain; and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce.

I thought it the most prudent method to lie still; and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of

me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but by the noise I heard I knew their numbers increased: and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work, when, turning my head that way as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, "Langro dehul san" (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me); whereupon, immediately, about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him: whereof one was a page, that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency), by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food.

The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learned) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides; on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the

wings of a lark. I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket-bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign, that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me: and being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads; then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top: I drank it off at a draught,—which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, “Hekinah degul.” They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads; but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, “Borach mevolah”: and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was a universal shout of “Hekinah degul!”

I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I made them,—for so I interpreted my submissive behavior,—soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his Imperial Majesty. His Excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue: and producing his credentials under the signet-royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes, without any signs of anger but with a kind of determined resolution, often pointing forwards;

which as I afterwards found was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his Majesty in council that I must be conveyed. . . .

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince has several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground,—about seven feet long, and four wide,—moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine; which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of pack-thread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me toward the metropolis, which as I said was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped awhile, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep: they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them—an officer in the guards—put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly. We

made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us; but his great officers would by no means suffer his Majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopp'd there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom: which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane; and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determin'd I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side the king's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me,—as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at several times who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it upon pain of death. When the workmen found that it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise and walk are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long; and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in and lie at my full length in the temple.

GULLIVER AMONG THE GIANTS .

From 'Gulliver's Travels'

[Gulliver, an English captain, having been shipwrecked in Brobdingnag, a country of giants, is found by a farmer who gives him for a plaything to his little daughter Glumdalclitch, nine years old and forty feet tall.]

MY MISTRESS had a daughter of nine years old, a child of towardsly parts for her age, very dexterous at her needle, and skillful in dressing her baby. Her mother and she contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me against night; the cradle was put into a small drawer of a cabinet, and the drawer placed upon a hanging shelf for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I stayed with those people; though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language and make my wants known. This young girl was so handy, that after I had once or twice pulled off my clothes before her, she was able to dress and undress me; though I never gave her that trouble when she would let me do either myself. She made me seven shirts, and some other linen, of as fine cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarser than sackcloth; and these she constantly washed for me with her own hands. She was likewise my schoolmistress, to teach me the language: when I pointed to anything, she told me the name of it in her own tongue; so that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age. She gave me the name of Grildrig, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. The word imports what the Latins call *nanunculus*, the Italians *homuncelino*, and the English *mannikin*. To her I chiefly owe my preservation in that country; we never parted while I was there: I called her my *Glumdalclitch*, or little nurse; and should be guilty of great ingratitude if I omitted this honorable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wish it lay in my power to requite as she deserves, instead of being the innocent but unhappy instrument of her disgrace, as I have too much reason to fear.

It now began to be known and talked of in the neighborhood that my master had found a strange animal in the field, about the bigness of a *splacnuck*, but exactly shaped in every part like a human creature, which it likewise imitated in all its actions:

seemed to speak in a little language of its own, had already learned several words of theirs, went erect upon two legs, was tame and gentle, would come when it was called, do whatever it was bid, had the finest limbs in the world, and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's daughter of three years old. Another farmer who lived hard by, and was a particular friend of my master, came on a visit on purpose to inquire into the truth of this story. I was immediately produced and placed upon a table, where I walked as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my master's guest, asked him in his own language how he did, and told him he was welcome,—just as my little nurse had instructed me. This man, who was old and dim-sighted, put on his spectacles to behold me better; at which I could not forbear laughing very heartily, for his eyes appeared like the full moon shining into a chamber at two windows. Our people, who discovered the cause of my mirth, bore me company in laughing; at which the old fellow was fool enough to be angry and out of countenance. He had the character of a great miser; and to my misfortune, he well deserved it, by the cursed advice he gave my master to show me as a sight upon a market-day in the next town, which was half an hour's riding, about two-and-twenty miles from our house. I guessed there was some mischief contriving when I observed my master and his friend whispering long together, sometimes pointing at me; and my fears made me fancy that I overheard and understood some of their words. But the next morning Glumdalclitch, my little nurse, told me the whole matter, which she had cunningly picked out from her mother. The poor girl laid me on her bosom, and fell a-weeping with shame and grief. She apprehended some mischief would happen to me from rude vulgar folks, who might squeeze me to death, or break one of my limbs by taking me in their hands. She had also observed how modest I was in my nature, how nicely I regarded my honor, and what an indignity I should conceive it to be exposed for money as a public spectacle to the meanest of the people. She said her papa and mamma had promised that Grildrig should be hers; but now she found they meant to serve her as they did last year, when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as soon as it was fat, sold it to a butcher. For my own part, I may truly affirm that I was less concerned than my nurse. I had a strong hope, which never left me, that I should one day recover my liberty: and as to the

ignominy of being carried about for a monster, I considered myself to be a perfect stranger in the country, and that such a misfortune could never be charged upon me as a reproach if ever I should return to England, since the King of Great Britain himself, in my condition, must have undergone the same distress.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box the next market-day to the neighboring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillion behind him. The box was close on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet-holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it for me to lie down on. However, I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it were but of half an hour; for the horse went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent. Our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St. Alban's. My master alighted at an inn which he used to frequent; and after consulting a while with the innkeeper, and making some necessary preparations, he hired the "grultrud," or crier, to give notice through the town of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a splacnuck (an animal in that country very finely shaped, about six feet long), and in every part of the body resembling a human creature,—could speak several words, and perform a hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close to the table, to take care of me and direct what I should do. My master, to avoid a crowd, would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked about on the table as the girl commanded; she asked me questions as far as she knew my understanding of the language reached, and I answered them as loud as I could. I turned about several times to the company, paid my humble respects, said "they were welcome," and used some other speeches I had been taught. I took up a thimble filled with liquor, which Glumdalclicth had given me for a cup, and drank their health. I drew out my hanger, and flourished with it after the manner of fencers in England. My nurse gave me a part of a straw, which I exercised as a pike, having learnt the art in my youth. I was that

day shown to twelve sets of company, and as often forced to act over again the same fopperies, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation; for those who had seen me made such wonderful reports that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in. My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me except my nurse; and to prevent danger, benches were set round the table at such a distance as to put me out of everybody's reach. However, an unlucky school-boy aimed a hazel-nut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me; otherwise it came with so much violence that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was almost as large as a small pumpion: but I had the satisfaction to see the young rogue well beaten and turned out of the room.

My master gave public notice that he would show me again the next market-day; and in the mean time he prepared a more convenient vehicle for me: which he had reason enough to do; for I was so tired with my first journey, and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly stand upon my legs or speak a word. It was at least three days before I recovered my strength; and that I might have no rest at home, all the neighboring gentlemen, from a hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to see me at my master's own house. There could be no fewer than thirty persons, with their wives and children (for the country is very populous); and my master demanded the rate of a full room whenever he showed me at home, although it were only to a single family: so that for some time I had but little ease every day of the week (except Wednesday, which is their Sabbath), although I were not carried to the town.

My master, finding how profitable I was likely to be, resolved to carry me to the most considerable cities of the kingdom. Having therefore provided himself with all things necessary for a long journey, and settled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife; and upon the 17th of August, 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situate near the middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles distance from our house. My master made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap, in a box tied about her waist. The girl had lined it on all sides with the softest cloth she could get, well quilted underneath; furnished it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other necessities, and made everything as convenient as she could. We had no

other company but a boy of the house, who rode after us with the luggage.

My master's design was to show me in all the towns by the way; and to step out of the road, for fifty or a hundred miles, to any village or person of quality's house where he might expect custom. We made easy journeys, of not above seven or eight score miles a day; for Glumdalclitch, on purpose to spare me, complained she was tired with the trotting of the horse. She often took me out of my box, at my own desire, to give me air and show me the country; but always held me fast by a leading-string. We passed over five or six rivers, many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Ganges; and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London Bridge. We were ten weeks in our journey, and I was shown in eighteen large towns, besides many villages and private families.

On the 26th day of October we arrived at the metropolis, called in their language *Lorbrulgrud*, or Pride of the Universe. My master took a lodging in the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put out bills in the usual form, containing an exact description of my person and parts. He hired a large room between three and four hundred feet wide. He provided a table sixty feet in diameter, upon which I was to act my part; and palisadoed it round three feet from the edge, and as many high, to prevent my falling over. I was shown ten times a day, to the wonder and satisfaction of all people. I could now speak the language tolerably well, and perfectly understood every word that was spoken to me. Besides I had learnt their alphabet, and could make a shift to explain a sentence here and there; for Glumdalclitch had been my instructor while we were at home, and at leisure hours during our journey. She carried a little book in her pocket not much larger than a Sanson's Atlas; it was a common treatise for the use of young girls, giving a short account of their religion: out of this she taught me my letters, and interpreted the words.

THE HOUYHNHNMS

From 'Gulliver's Travels'

[The author having been set ashore by a mutinous crew in an unknown land, falls in with a nondescript animal called the Yahoo, is at length taken possession of by the Houyhnhnms (horses) and conducted to their home. The horses mistake him for another sort of Yahoo, and attempt to civilize him.]

MY PRINCIPAL endeavor was to learn the language: which my master (for so I shall henceforth call him) and his children, and every servant of his house, were desirous to teach me; for they looked upon it as a prodigy that a brute animal should discover such marks of a rational creature. I pointed to everything and inquired the name of it, which I wrote down in my journal-book when I was alone; and corrected my bad accent by desiring those of the family to pronounce it often. In this employment a sorrel nag, one of the under-servants, was very ready to assist me.

In speaking they pronounce through the nose and throat; and their language approaches nearest to the High Dutch or German of any I know in Europe, but is much more graceful and significant. The Emperor Charles V. made almost the same observation when he said that "If he were to speak to his horse, it should be in High Dutch."

The curiosity and impatience of my master were so great, that he spent many hours of his leisure to instruct me. He was convinced (as he afterwards told me) that I must be a *Yahoo*: but my teachableness, civility, and cleanliness astonished him; which were qualities altogether opposite to those animals. He was most perplexed about my clothes: reasoning sometimes with himself whether they were a part of my body; for I never pulled them off till the family were asleep, and got them on before they waked in the morning. My master was eager to learn "whence I came; how I acquired those appearances of reason which I discovered in all my actions, and to know my story from my own mouth; which he hoped he should soon do, by the great proficiency I made in learning and pronouncing their words and sentences." To help my memory, I formed all I learned into the English alphabet, and writ the words down, with the translations. This last after some time I ventured to do in my master's

presence. It cost me much trouble to explain to him what I was doing, for the inhabitants have not the least idea of books or literature.

In about ten weeks' time I was able to understand most of his questions, and in three months could give him some tolerable answers. He was extremely curious to know "from what part of the country I came, and how I was taught to imitate a rational creature; because the Yahoos (whom he saw I exactly resembled in my head, hands, and face, that were only visible), with some appearance of cunning, and the strongest disposition to mischief, were observed to be the most unteachable of all brutes." I answered that "I came over the sea from a far place, with many others of my own kind, in a great hollow vessel, made of the bodies of trees; that my companions forced me to land on this coast, and then left me to shift for myself." It was with some difficulty, and by the help of many signs, that I brought him to understand me. He replied that "I must needs be mistaken, or that I said the thing which was not:" for they have no word in their language to express lying or falsehood. He knew it was impossible that there could be a country beyond the sea, or that a parcel of brutes could move a wooden vessel whither they pleased upon water. He was sure no Houyhnhnm alive could make such a vessel, nor would trust Yahoos to manage it.

The word Houyhnhnm, in their tongue, signifies "a horse"; and in its etymology, "the perfection of nature." I told my master that "I was at a loss for expression, but would improve as fast as I could, and hoped in a short time I should be able to tell him wonders." He was pleased to direct his own mare, his colt and foal, and the servants of the family, to take all opportunities of instructing me; and every day, for two or three hours, he was at the same pains himself. Several horses and mares of quality in the neighborhood came often to our house, upon the report spread of "a wonderful Yahoo, that could speak like a Houyhnhnm, and seemed, in his words and actions, to discover some glimmerings of reason." These delighted to converse with me; they put many questions, and received such answers as I was able to return. By all these advantages I made so great a progress, that in five months from my arrival I understood whatever was spoken, and could express myself tolerably well.

The Houyhnhnms, who came to visit my master out of a design of seeing and talking with me, could hardly believe me to

be a right Yahoo, because my body had a different covering from others of my kind. They were astonished to observe me without the usual hair or skin, except on my head, face, and hands; but I discovered that secret to my master, upon an accident which happened about a fortnight before.

I have already told the reader that every night, when the family were gone to bed, it was my custom to strip, and cover myself with my clothes. It happened, one morning early, that my master sent for me by the sorrel nag, who was his valet. When he came I was fast asleep, my clothes fallen off on one side, and my shirt above my waist. I awakened at the noise he made, and observed him to deliver his message in some disorder; after which he went to my master, and in a great fright gave him a very confused account of what he had seen. This I presently discovered; for, going as soon as I was dressed to pay my attendance upon his Honor, he asked me "the meaning of what his servant had reported,—that I was not the same thing when I slept as I appeared to be at other times; that his valet assured him some part of me was white, some yellow,—at least not so white,—and some brown."

I had hitherto concealed the secret of my dress, in order to distinguish myself as much as possible from that cursed race of Yahoos; but now I found it in vain to do so any longer. Besides, I considered that my clothes and shoes would soon wear out, which already were in a declining condition, and must be supplied by some contrivance,—from the hides of Yahoos, or other brutes,—whereby the whole secret would be known. I therefore told my master that "in the country whence I came, those of my kind always covered their bodies with the hairs of certain animals prepared by art, as well for decency as to avoid the inclemencies of air, both hot and cold: of which, as to my own person, I would give him immediate conviction, if he pleased to commend me; only desiring his excuse if I did not expose those parts that nature taught us to conceal." He said, "My discourse was all very strange, but especially the last part: for he could not understand why nature should teach us to conceal what nature had given; that neither himself nor family were ashamed of any part of their bodies: but however I might do as I pleased." Whereupon I first unbuttoned my coat, and pulled it off; I did the same with my waistcoat; I drew off my shoes, stockings, and breeches; I let my shirt down to my waist, and drew up the

bottom, fastening it like a girdle about my middle, to hide my nakedness.

My master observed the whole performance with great signs of curiosity and admiration. He took up all my clothes in his pastern, one piece after another, and examined them diligently; he then stroked my body very gently, and looked round me several times: after which he said it was plain I must be a perfect Yahoo, but that I differed very much from the rest of my species in the softness, whiteness, and smoothness of my skin; my want of hair in several parts of my body; the shape and shortness of my claws behind and before; and my affectation of walking continually on my two hinder feet. He desired to see no more, and gave me leave to put on my clothes again, for I was shuddering with cold.

I expressed my uneasiness at his giving me so often the appellation of Yahoo,—an odious animal, for which I had so utter a hatred and contempt; I begged he would forbear applying that word to me, and make the same order in his family, and among his friends whom he suffered to see me. I requested likewise, that “the secret of my having a false covering to my body might be known to none but himself, at least as long as my present clothing should last; for as to what the sorrel nag, his valet, had observed, his Honor might command him to conceal it.”

All this my master very graciously consented to; and thus the secret was kept till my clothes began to wear out, which I was forced to supply by several contrivances that shall hereafter be mentioned. In the mean time he desired “I would go on with my utmost diligence to learn their language, because he was more astonished at my capacity for speech and reason than at the figure of my body, whether it were covered or not”; adding that “he waited with some impatience to hear the wonders which I promised to tell him.”

Thenceforward he doubled the pains he had been at to instruct me: he brought me into all company, and made them treat me with civility; “because,” as he told them privately, “this would put me into good humor, and make me more diverting.”

Every day, when I waited on him, besides the trouble he was at in teaching, he would ask me several questions concerning myself, which I answered as well as I could; and by these means

he had already received some general ideas, though very imperfect. It would be tedious to relate the several steps by which I advanced to a more regular conversation; but the first account I gave of myself in any order and length was to this purpose:—

That “I came from a very far country, as I already had attempted to tell him, with about fifty more of my own species; that we traveled upon the seas in a great hollow vessel made of wood, and larger than his Honor’s house.” I described the ship to him in the best terms I could, and explained by the help of my handkerchief displayed, how it was driven forward by the wind. “That upon a quarrel among us, I was set on shore on this coast, where I walked forward, without knowing whither, till he delivered me from the persecution of those execrable Yahoos.” He asked me, “Who made the ship, and how it was possible that the Houyhnhnms of my country would leave it to the management of brutes?” My answer was, that “I durst proceed no further in my relation unless he would give me his word and honor that he would not be offended, and then I would tell him the wonders I had so often promised.” He agreed; and I went on by assuring him that the ship was made by creatures like myself, who in all the countries I had traveled, as well as in my own, were the only governing rational animals: and that upon my arrival hither, I was as much astonished to see the Houyhnhnms act like rational beings as he or his friends could be in finding some marks of reason in a creature he was pleased to call a Yahoo; to which I owned my resemblance in every part, but could not account for their degenerate and brutal nature. I said further that “If good fortune ever restored me to my native country, to relate my travels hither, as I resolved to do, everybody would believe that I said the thing that was not—that I invented the story out of my own head; and (with all possible respect to himself, his family, and friends, and under his promise of not being offended), our countrymen would hardly think it probable that a Houyhnhnm should be the presiding creature of a nation, and a Yahoo the brute.”

My master heard me with great appearances of uneasiness in his countenance; because doubting, or not believing, are so little known in this country, that the inhabitants cannot tell how to behave themselves under such circumstances. And I remember, in frequent discourses with my master concerning the nature of manhood in other parts of the world, having occasion to talk of

lying and false representation, it was with much difficulty that he comprehended what I meant, although he had otherwise a most acute judgment; for he argued thus: "That the use of speech was to make us understand one another, and to receive information of facts; now, if any one said the thing which was not, these ends were defeated; because I cannot properly be said to understand him: and I am so far from receiving information that he leaves me worse than in ignorance; for I am led to believe a thing black when it is white, and short when it is long." And these were all the notions he had concerning that faculty of lying, so perfectly well understood and so universally practiced among human creatures.

To return from this digression. When I asserted that the Yahoos were the only governing animals in my country, which my master said was altogether past his conception, he desired to know whether we "had Houyhnhnms among us, and what was their employment?" I told him, "We had great numbers; that in summer they grazed in the fields, and in winter were kept in houses with hay and oats, where Yahoo servants were employed to rub their skins smooth, comb their manes, pick their feet, serve them with food, and make their beds." "I understand you well," said my master: "it is now very plain, from all you have spoken, that whatever share of reason the Yahoos pretend to, the Houyhnhnms are your masters. I heartily wish our Yahoos would be so tractable." I begged his Honor "would please to excuse me from proceeding any further, because I was very certain that the account he expected from me would be highly displeasing." But he insisted in commanding me to let him know the best and the worst. I told him "he should be obeyed." I owned that "the Houyhnhnms among us, whom we called horses, were the most generous and comely animal we had: that they excelled in strength and swiftness, and when they belonged to persons of quality, were employed in traveling, racing, or drawing chariots; they were treated with much kindness and care, till they fell into diseases, or became foundered in the feet: but then they were sold, and used to all kinds of drudgery till they died: after which their skins were stripped, and sold for what they were worth, and their bodies left to be devoured by dogs and birds of prey. But the common race of horses had not so good fortune; being kept by farmers and carriers, and other mean people, who put them to greater labor and fed them worse." I described as

well as I could our way of riding; the shape and use of a bridle, a saddle, a spur, and a whip; of harness and wheels. I added that we fastened plates of a certain hard substance called iron at the bottom of their feet, to preserve their hoofs from being broken by the stony ways on which we often traveled.

My master, after some expressions of great indignation, wondered "how we dared to venture upon a Houyhnhnm's back; for he was sure that the weakest servant in his house would be able to shake off the strongest Yahoo, or by lying down and rolling on his back, squeeze the brute to death." I answered that "Our horses were trained up, from three or four years old, to the several uses we intended them for: that if any of them proved intolerably vicious, they were employed for carriages; that they were severely beaten, while they were young, for any mischievous tricks; that the males designed for the common use of riding or draught were generally castrated about two years after their birth, to take down their spirits, and make them more tame and gentle: that they were indeed sensible of rewards and punishments; but his Honor would please to consider that they had not the least tincture of reason, any more than the Yahoos in this country."

It put me to the pains of many circumlocutions to give my master a right idea of what I spoke; for their language does not abound in variety of words, because their wants and passions are fewer than among us. But it is impossible to express his noble resentment at our savage treatment of the Houyhnhnm race; particularly after I had explained the manner and use of castrating horses among us to hinder them from propagating their kind, and to render them more servile. He said, "If it were possible there could be any country where Yahoos alone were endued with reason, they certainly must be the governing animal; because reason in time will always prevail against brutal strength. But considering the frame of our bodies, and especially of mine, he thought no creature of equal bulk was so ill contrived for employing that reason in the common offices of life;" whereupon he desired to know whether "those among whom I lived resembled me or the Yahoos of his country." I assured him that "I was as well shaped as most of my age; but the younger, and the females, were much more soft and tender, and the skins of the latter generally as white as milk." He said, "I differed indeed from other Yahoos, being much more cleanly and not altogether

so deformed; but in point of real advantage, he thought I differed for the worse. That my nails were of no use either to my fore or hinder feet: as to my fore-feet, he could not properly call them by that name, for he never observed me to walk upon them,—that they were too soft to bear the ground; that I generally went with them uncovered; neither was the covering I sometimes wore on them of the same shape or so strong as that on my feet behind. That I could not walk with any security, for if either of my hinder feet slipped, I must inevitably fall.” He then began to find fault with other parts of my body:—“The flatness of my face, the prominence of my nose, mine eyes placed directly in front, so that I could not look on either side without turning my head; that I was not able to feed myself without lifting one of my fore-feet to my mouth, and therefore nature had placed those joints to answer that necessity. He knew not what could be the use of those several clefts and divisions in my feet behind,—that these were too soft to bear the hardness and sharpness of stones, without a covering made from the skin of some other brute; that my whole body wanted a fence against heat and cold, which I was forced to put on and off every day with tediousness and trouble. And lastly, that he observed every animal in this country naturally to abhor the Yahoos; whom the weaker avoided, and the stronger drove from them. So that, supposing us to have the gift of reason, he could not see how it were possible to cure that natural antipathy which every creature discovered against us; nor, consequently, how we could tame and render them serviceable. However, he would,” as he said, “debate the matter no further; because he was more desirous to know my story, the country where I was born, and the several actions and events of my life before I came hither.”

THE STRULDBRUGS

From ‘Gulliver’s Travels’

ONE day, in much good company [among the Luggnaggians] I was asked by a person of quality, “whether I had seen any of their *struldbugs*, or immortals?” I said, “I had not;” and desired he would explain to me what he meant by such an appellation, applied to a mortal creature. He told me

that "sometimes, though very rarely, a child happened to be born in a family, with a red circular spot on the forehead, directly over the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it should never die. The spot," as he described it, "was about the compass of a silver threepence, but in the course of time grew larger, and changed its color: for at twelve years of age it became green, so continued till five-and-twenty, then turned a deep blue; at five-and-forty it grew coal-black, and as large as an English shilling, but never admitted any further alteration." . . .

After this preface, he gave me a particular account of the *strulldbrugs* among them. He said, "They commonly acted like mortals till about thirty years old; after which by degrees they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession; for otherwise, there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionated, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral, they lament and repine that others are gone to a harbor of rest to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect; and for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common tradition than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories: these meet with more pity and assistance because they want many bad qualities which abound in others."

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

(1837-)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

EARLY in the eighties, there were living in England six great poets, whose work had given to the later Victorian era of English song a splendor almost comparable to that of the Elizabethan and later Georgian periods. All of these poets but one have now passed away (Rossetti in 1882, Arnold in 1888, Browning in 1889, Tennyson in 1892, and Morris in 1896), leaving Mr. Swinburne in solitary pre-eminence. In this year of the Queen's Jubilee he is left with no possible rival among the living; and stands as the Victorian poet *par excellence* in a peculiarly literal sense, for he was born in the year of her Majesty's accession to the throne, which makes his sixty years conterminous with the sixty years of her reign. So little has been made public concerning that life, that his personality, has remained even more closely veiled than was that of Tennyson; and the facts at the command of the biographer are of the most meagre description. He was the son of a distinguished officer of the Royal Navy; and on his mother's side, descended from the third Earl of Ashburnham. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, but left in 1860 without taking a degree. A journey to Italy followed; made chiefly for the purpose of paying a tribute of affectionate admiration to the old poet Landor, then nearing the close of his days in Florence. The greater part of Mr. Swinburne's life has been spent in England: for a time he lived in London with the Rossetti brothers and Mr. George Meredith; but for many years past his home has been at Wimbledon, where he has kept house with Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, the distinguished critic and the closest of his friends.



ALGERNON SWINBURNE

Mr. Swinburne made his first appearance in literature as a dramatic poet; and published in rapid succession the four dramas—'Rosamond' (1860), 'The Queen Mother' (1860), 'Atalanta in Calydon' (1865), and 'Chastelard' (1865). The first of these works has for

its subject the idyl and tragedy of Henry II. at Woodstock, the second the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the last an episode in the early life of Mary Stuart at the French court. 'Atalanta in Calydon' is a noble tragedy upon a Greek theme, and written in as close a reproduction of the Greek manner as it is likely to be given to any modern poet to achieve. These four works gained for their author a considerable reputation with cultivated readers, yet made no direct appeal to the wider public. But the situation became changed in the year that followed the appearance of 'Chastelard,'—the year of the famous 'Poems and Ballads' (1866). It is hardly an exaggeration to say that no other volume of English poetry published before or since, ever created so great a sensation as this. If Byron awoke to find himself famous the day after the first cantos of 'Childe Harold' made their appearance, Mr. Swinburne awoke to find himself both famous and notorious. For the 'Poems and Ballads' not only showed that a new poet had arisen with a voice of his own, and possessed of an absolutely unexampled command of the resources of English rhythm, but they also showed that the author deemed fit for poetical treatment certain passionnal aspects of human life concerning which the best English tradition had hitherto been one of reticence. The unerring instinct of sensational journalism at once sought out for discussion these poems (perhaps a dozen in number) of questionable propriety; and before the year was over, the volume had become the subject of a discussion so ample and so heated that a parallel is hardly to be found in the history of English literature.

This discussion has proved peculiarly unfortunate for the poet's fame; since there has grown out of it a legend which still persists in the popular consciousness, and which embodies a view of the poet so distorted and so grotesquely untrue, that those who are acquainted with his work as a whole can only smile helplessly and wait for time to set matters right. The facts of the matter are simply these: The 'Poems and Ballads' was essentially a first book. Its contents had been written for the most part by a mere boy, long before their collection into a volume; and bear about the same relation to his mature work as is borne by the vaporings of Shelley's 'Queen Mab' to 'Prometheus Unbound' and 'Epipsychidion.' The objectionable pieces are few in number, and probably no one regrets more than the author himself the defective taste which permitted them to be preserved. "They are obviously," to quote from a recent critic, "the hasty and violent defiance hurled in the face of British Philistinism by a youthful writer, who, in addition to the exuberance of his scorn of conventions, was also, it is plain, influenced by a very boyish desire to shock the dull respectabilities of the average Philistine." But the unfair critical onslaught upon these poems (utterly ignoring the many pure and elevated numbers found in the same volume) was so noisy that

its echo has been prolonged; and the opinion still obtains in many quarters that sensuality is the chief attribute of a poet who in reality might be charged with the fault of excessive spirituality, so far above earth and so tenuous is the atmosphere in which he has his intellectual being. If we accept Milton's dictum that poetry should be simple, sensuous, and passionate, it may be admitted that Mr. Swinburne has passion (although mainly of the intellectual sort), but he is rarely simple; while in sensuous charm he is distinctly inferior to more than one of his contemporaries.

The even-minded critic of Mr. Swinburne's poetry thirty years ago (and there were such, notable among them being Richard Grant White and Mr. Stedman) might discern from an examination of the five works already mentioned, the leading traits that so many other volumes were to develop. There were already then evident the astonishing virtuosity in the use of English metres; the linguistic faculty, by virtue of which the poet composed Greek, Latin, and French verses with as much apparent readiness as English; the imitative power which made it possible for him to write like Chaucer, or the poets of the old ballad and the miracle play; the spiritual insight which made 'Atalanta' so much more than a mere imitation of Greek tragedy; the hero-worship which is so generous a trait of his character; the defense of religion against theology and priestcraft; and the intense love of liberty that breathes through all his work.

Since the year which made Mr. Swinburne's name familiar to all lovers of English poetry, his activity has been unceasing. Productions in prose and verse have flowed from his pen at the rate of about a volume annually; the complete list of his works embracing upwards of thirty volumes, about one third of which are studies in literary criticism. Although these latter volumes form an important section of his writings, they must be dismissed with a few words. There are three collections of miscellaneous critical essays; separate monographs of considerable bulk upon Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Victor Hugo, and William Blake, briefer monographs upon George Chapman and Charlotte Brontë; a highly controversial examination of certain literary reputations, 'Under the Microscope'; and several pamphlets more or less polemical in character. 'A Year's Letters,' which is a sort of prose novelette, was written for periodical publication under the pseudonym "Mrs. Horace Mannors"; but has never been reprinted. There are also many critical studies to be found in the pages of the English monthly reviews; notable among them being a nearly complete series of papers which examine in close detail the work of the Elizabethan dramatists, and constitute, together with the published volumes on Shakespeare, Jonson, and Chapman, the most exhaustive and scholarly commentary that has yet been produced upon that important body of English poetry. The style of these prose writings

is *sui generis*, and as astonishing in its way as that of Carlyle. It defies imitation; which is probably fortunate, since it is not an altogether admirable style. But with all its vehemence, its verbosity, and its recondite allusiveness, it has somehow the power to carry the reader with it; sweeping away his critical sense for the time being, and compelling him to share in both the occasional prejudices and the frequent enthusiasms of the writer. And after due allowance has been made for the temperamental qualities of Mr. Swinburne, and for the extravagances of his diction, there will be found to remain a residuum of the highest critical value; so that it may fairly be said that he has illuminated every subject that he has chosen to discuss.

In dealing with the volumes of poetry—about a score in number—of which nothing has yet been said, we are confronted with an *embarras de richesses*. Chronologically, the earliest of them is the 'Songs Before Sunrise' (1871), and the latest 'The Tale of Balen' (1896). Perhaps the first thing that should be said about them, in view of still current misconceptions, is that whatever taint of sensuality clung to the productions of the poet's youth, the work of his manhood is singularly free from any offense of this sort. In its dramatic portions, it handles the noblest of themes with superb creative power, and deals with them in grave harmonious measures; in its lyrical portions, it clothes an almost austere ideal of conduct in melodies whose beauty is everlasting. The dramatic poems include 'Erechtheus,' a Greek tragedy fully as fine as 'Atalanta,' and exhibiting more of artistic restraint; the two works 'Bothwell' and 'Mary Stuart,' which complete the magnificent trilogy begun by 'Chastelard'; 'Marino Faliero,' a Venetian subject treated with splendid effect; 'Locrine,' a tragedy suggested by Milton's 'Comus,' and upon a theme dealt with by an unknown Elizabethan dramatist; and 'The Sisters,' a comparatively unimportant domestic tragedy. Strongly dramatic in spirit, although in form a narrative in rhymed couplets, the tale of 'Tristram of Lyonesse' completes the list of Mr. Swinburne's longer poetical works down to 'The Tale of Balen,' which is essentially a verse paraphrase of a section of the 'Morte d'Arthur' of Malory. The lyrical division of Mr. Swinburne's work includes two additional series of 'Poems and Ballads'; the impassioned volume of 'Songs Before Sunrise,' inspired by the Italian revolutionary movement, and dedicated to Mazzini,—a work which is probably the highest and most sustained expression of the poet's lyrical powers; the 'Songs of Two Nations,' which includes the great 'Song of Italy,' the superb 'Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic,' and the fierce sonnets called 'Diræ'; the 'Songs of the Springtides,' whereof 'Thalassius'—a sort of spiritual autobiography, in which the poet pays the noblest of his many tributes to the memory of Landor—is the first and the greatest; the 'Studies in Song,' which

includes the wonderful lyrical group inspired 'By the North Sea'; the 'Tristram' volume, which contains, besides the titular poem, many other pieces,—among them 'A Dark Month,' the group of songs which has made their author the supreme English poet of childhood; 'A Century of Roundels'; 'A Midsummer Holiday'; and 'Astrophel.' Mention should also be made, as illustrating the lighter aspect of Mr. Swinburne's genius, of the anonymously published 'Heptalogia; or The Seven against Sense,' a collection of the cleverest parodies ever written, in which the poet travesties his own style with no less glee than the style of half a dozen of his contemporaries. If one would seek for further indications of his sense of humor, they may be found in the poem 'Disgust,' which parodies Tennyson's 'Despair,' and in the 'Report of the Proceedings on the First Anniversary Session of the Newest Shakespeare Society.'

The mere enumeration of Mr. Swinburne's works requires so much space that little remains for any general comment upon them. It should be said that he early outgrew the doctrine of "art for art's sake," and has made his verse more and more the ally of great and worthy causes. Such ardent and whole-souled admiration of man for man as finds expression in his many poems to Landor, Hugo, and Mazzini, to say nothing of his many tributes to lesser men, is hardly paralleled in literature. And the sweep of his lyre becomes even more impressive when its strings are plucked in behalf of France crushed beneath the heel of the usurper; of Italy struggling to be free. The fierce indignation with which he inveighs against all the social, political, and religious forces that array themselves against the freedom of the body and soul of man, the glowing patriotism which fires his song when its theme is the proud heritage of achievement to which every Englishman is born, and the prophetic inspiration which imparts to him the vision of a regenerated humanity, and all the wonder that shall be when "the world's great age begins anew" and "the golden years return,"—these are indeed subjects for the noblest sort of poetical expression; and they are the very warp and woof of the many-colored verbal fabric that has come from Mr. Swinburne's loom. And with these great words spoken for mankind in the abstract there comes also a personal message, exalting the virtues of heroism, and sacrifice of self, and steadfast devotion to high impersonal ends,—a message that finds its highest embodiment in such poems as 'Super Flumina Babylonis,' and 'The Pilgrims,' and 'Thalassius'; a message that enforces as fine an ethical ideal of individual conduct as may be found anywhere in English literature.



DEDICATION

1865

THE sea gives her shells to the shingle,
The earth gives her streams to the sea;
They are many, but my gift is single.
My verses, the first fruits of me.
Let the wind take the green and the gray leaf,
Cast forth without fruit upon air;
Take rose-leaf and vine-leaf and bay-leaf
Blown loose from the hair.

The night shakes them round me in legions,
Dawn drives them before her like dreams;
Time sheds them like snows on strange regions,
Swept shoreward on infinite streams;
Leaves pallid and sombre and ruddy
Dead fruits of the fugitive years;
Some stained as with wine and made bloody,
And some as with tears.

Some scattered in seven years' traces,
As they fell from the boy that was then;
Long left among idle green places,
Or gathered but now among men;
On seas full of wonder and peril,
Blown white round the capes of the north;
Or in islands where myrtles are sterile
And loves bring not forth.

O daughters of dreams and of stories
That life is not wearied of yet,—
Faustine, Fragoletta, Dolores,
Felise and Yolande and Juliette,—
Shall I find you not still, shall I miss you,
When sleep that is true or that seems
Comes back to me hopeless to kiss you,
O daughters of dreams?

They are past as a slumber that passes,
As the dew of a dawn of old time;
More frail than the shadows on glasses,
More fleet than a wave or a rhyme.
As the waves after ebb drawing seaward,
When their hollows are full of the night,

So the birds that flew singing to me-ward
Recede out of sight.

The songs of dead seasons that wander
On wings of articulate words;
Lost leaves that the shore-wind may squander,
Light flocks of untamable birds:
Some sang to me dreaming in class-time,
And truant in hand as in tongue;
For the youngest were born of boy's pastime,
The eldest are young.

Is there shelter while life in them lingers,
Is there hearing for songs that recede,
Tunes touched from a harp with men's fingers
Or blown with boy's mouth in a reed?
Is there place in the land of your labor,
Is there room in your world of delight,
Where change has not sorrow for neighbor
And day has not night?

In their wings though the sea-wind yet quivers,
Will you spare not a space for them there,
Made green with the running of rivers
And gracious with temperate air;
In the fields and turreted cities,
That cover from sunshine and rain
Fair passions and bountiful pities
And loves without strain?

In a land of clear colors and stories,
In a region of shadowless hours,
Where earth has a garment of glories
And a murmur of musical flowers;
In woods where the spring half uncovers
The flush of her amorous face,
By the waters that listen for lovers,—
For these is there place?

For the song-birds of sorrow, that muffle
Their music as clouds do their fire;
For the storm-birds of passion, that ruffle
Wild wings in a wind of desire;
In the stream of the storm as it settles
Blown seaward, borne far from the sun,
Shaken loose on the darkness like petals
Dropt one after one?

Though the world of your hands be more gracious,
 And lovelier in lordship of things
 Clothed round by sweet art with the spacious
 Warm heaven of her imminent wings,
 Let them enter, unfledged and nigh fainting,
 ' For the love of old loves and lost times;
 And receive in your palace of painting
 This revel of rhymes.

Though the seasons of man full of losses
 Make empty the years full of youth,
 If but one thing be constant in crosses,
 Change lays not her hand upon truth;
 Hopes die, and their tombs are for token
 That the grief, as the joy, of them ends
 Ere time that breaks all men has broken
 The faith between friends.

Though the many lights dwindle to one light,
 There is help if the heaven has one;
 Though the skies be discrowned of the sunlight
 And the earth dispossessed of the sun,
 They have moonlight and sleep for repayment,
 When, refreshed as a bride, and set free
 With stars and sea-winds in her raiment,
 Night sinks on the sea.

HYMN TO PROSERPINE

AFTER THE PROCLAMATION IN ROME OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH

Vicisti, Galilae

I HAVE lived long enough, having seen one thing,—that love hath an end:

Goddess and maiden and queen, be near me now and befriend.
 Thou art more than the day or the morrow, the seasons that laugh
 or that weep:

For these give joy and sorrow; but thou, Proserpina, sleep.
 Sweet is the treading of wine, and sweet the feet of the dove;
 But a goodlier gift is thine than foam of the grapes or love.
 Yea, is not even Apollo, with hair and harp-string of gold,
 A bitter God to follow, a beautiful God to behold?

I am sick of singing; the bays burn deep and chafe: I am fain
 To rest a little from praise and grievous pleasure and pain,

For the Gods we know not of, who give us our daily breath,
We know they are cruel as love or life, and lovely as death.
O Gods dethroned and deceased, cast forth, wiped out in a day!
From your wrath is the world released, redeemed from your chains,
men say.

New Gods are crowned in the city, their flowers have broken your
rods:

They are merciful, clothed with pity, the young compassionate Gods.
But for me their new device is barren, the days are bare;
Things long past over suffice, and men forgotten that were.
Time and the Gods are at strife: ye dwell in the midst thereof,
Draining a little life from the barren breasts of love.

I say to you, Cease, take rest; yea, I say to you all, Be at peace,
Till the bitter milk of her breast and the barren bosom shall cease.
Wilt thou yet take all, Galilean? but these thou shalt not take:
The laurel, the palms, and the pæan, the breast of the nymphs in the
brake,—

Breasts more soft than a dove's, that tremble with tenderer breath;
And all the wings of the Loves, and all the joy before death;
All the feet of the hours that sound as a single lyre,
Dropped and deep in the flowers, with strings that flicker like fire.
More than these wilt thou give, things fairer than all these things?
Nay, for a little we live, and life hath mutable wings.
A little while and we die: shall life not thrive as it may?
For no man under the sky lives twice, outliving his day.
And grief is a grievous thing, and a man hath enough of his tears:
Why should he labor, and bring fresh grief to blacken his years?
Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean; the world has grown gray
from thy breath;

We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on the fullness of death.
Laurel is green for a season, and love is sweet for a day;
But love grows bitter with treason, and laurel outlives not May.
Sleep, shall we sleep after all? for the world is not sweet in the end;
For the old faiths loosen and fall, the new years ruin and rend.
Fate is a sea without shore, and the soul is a rock that abides;
But her ears are vexed with the roar and her face with the foam of
the tides.

O lips that the live blood faints in, the leavings of racks and rods!
O ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of gibbeted Gods!
Though all men abase them before you in spirit, and all knees bend,
I kneel not, neither adore you, but standing, look to the end.
All delicate days and pleasant, all spirits and sorrows are cast
Far out with the foam of the present that sweeps to the surf of the
past;

Where beyond the extreme sea-wall, and between the remote sea-gates,

Waste water washes, and tall ships founder, and deep death waits;
Where, mighty with deepening sides, clad about with the seas as
with wings,

And impelled of invisible tides, and fulfilled of unspeakable things,
White-eyed and poisonous-finned, shark-toothed and serpentine-curved,
Rolls, under the whitening wind of the future, the wave of the
world.

The depths stand naked in sunder behind it, the storms flee away;
In the hollow before it the thunder is taken and snared as a prey;
In its sides is the north wind bound; and its salt is of all men's
tears:

With light of ruin, and sound of changes, and pulse of years;
With travail of day after day, and with trouble of hour upon hour:
And bitter as blood is the spray; and the crests are as fangs that
devour;

And its vapor and storm of its steam as the sighing of spirits to
be;

And its noise as the noise in a dream; and its depth as the roots of
the sea;

And the height of its heads as the height of the utmost stars of the
air:

And the ends of the earth at the might thereof tremble, and time is
made bare.

Will ye bridle the deep sea with reins, will ye chasten the high sea
with rods?

Will ye take her to chain her with chains, who is older than all ye
Gods?

All ye as a wind shall go by, as a fire shall ye pass and be past;
Ye are Gods, and behold ye shall die, and the waves be upon you at
last.

In the darkness of time, in the deeps of the years, in the changes of
things,

Ye shall sleep as a slain man sleeps, and the world shall forget you
for kings.

Though the feet of thine high-priests tread where thy lords and our
forefathers trod,

Though these that were Gods are dead, and thou being dead art a
God,

Though before thee the throned Cytherean be fallen, and hidden her
head,—

Yet thy kingdom shall pass, Galilean, thy dead shall go down to thee
dead.

Of the maiden thy mother, men sing as a goddess with grace clad
around:

Thou art throned where another was king; where another was queen
she is crowned.

Yea, once we had sight of another; but now she is queen, say these.
Not as thine, not as thine was our mother, a blossom of flowering
seas,

Clothed round with the world's desire as with raiment, and fair as the
foam,

And fleeter than kindled fire, and a goddess, and mother of Rome.

For thine came pale and a maiden, and sister to sorrow; but ours,
Her deep hair heavily laden with odor and color of flowers,
White rose of the rose-white water, a silver splendor, a flame,
Bent down unto us that besought her, and earth grew sweet with her
name.

For thine came weeping, a slave among slaves, and rejected; but she
Came flushed from the full-flushed wave, and imperial, her foot on
the sea,

And the wonderful waters knew her, the winds and the viewless ways,
And the roses grew rosier, and bluer the sea-blue stream of the bays.
Ye are fallen, our lords, by what token? we wist that ye should not
fall.

Ye were all so fair that are broken; and one more fair than ye all.
But I turn to her still, having seen she shall surely abide in the end:
Goddess and maiden and queen, be near me now and befriend.

O daughter of earth, of my mother, her crown and blossom of birth,
I am also, I also, thy brother: I go as I came unto earth.

In the night where thine eyes are as moons are in heaven, the night
where thou art,

Where the silence is more than all tunes, where sleep overflows from
the heart,

Where the poppies are sweet as the rose in our world, and the red
rose is white,

And the wind falls faint as it blows with the fume of the flowers of
the night,

And the murmur of spirits that sleep in the shadow of Gods from afar
Grows dim in thine ears and deep as the deep dim soul of a star,
In the sweet low light of thy face, under heavens untrod by the sun,
Let my soul with their souls find place, and forget what is done and
undone.

Thou art more than the Gods who number the days of our temporal
breath:

For these give labor and slumber; but thou, Proserpina, death.

Therefore now at thy feet I abide for a season in silence. I know
I shall die as my fathers died, and sleep as they sleep; even so.
For the glass of the years is brittle wherein we gaze for a span;
A little soul for a little bears up this corpse which is man.
So long I endure, no longer; and laugh not again, neither weep.
For there is no God found stronger than death; and death is a sleep.

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

HERE, where the world is quiet;
Here, where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams;
I watch the green field growing
For reaping folk and sowing,
For harvest-time and mowing,
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbor,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labor,
Weak ships and spirits steer:
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine;
Pale beds of blowing rushes
Where no leaf blooms or blushes,
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
All night till light is born;
And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,
By cloud and mist abated
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
Nor weep for pains in hell;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes;
And well though love reposes,
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her,
To men that mix and meet her
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born;
Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn;
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her, and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
The old loves with wearier wings;
And all dead years draw thither,
And all disastrous things:
Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
 And joy was never sure;
 To-day will die to-morrow;
 Time stoops to no man's lure;
 And love, grown faint and fretful,
 With lips but half regretful
 Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
 Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
 From hope and fear set free,
 We thank with brief thanksgiving
 Whatever gods may be,
 That no life lives forever;
 That dead men rise up never;
 That even the weariest river
 Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
 Nor any change of light:
 Nor sound of waters shaken,
 Nor any sound or sight:
 Nor winter leaves nor vernal,
 Nor days nor things diurnal;
 Only the sleep eternal
 In an eternal night.

HESPERIA

OUT of the golden remote wild west where the sea without shore
 is,

Full of the sunset, and sad, if at all, with the fullness of joy,
 As a wind sets in with the autumn that blows from the region of
 stories,

Blows with a perfume of songs and of memories beloved from a boy,
 Blows from the capes of the past oversea to the bays of the present,
 Filled as with shadow of sound with the pulse of invisible feet,
 Far out to the shallows and straits of the future, by rough ways or
 pleasant—

Is it thither the wind's wings beat? is it hither to me, O my
 sweet?

For thee, in the stream of the deep tide-wind blowing in with the
water,

Thee I behold as a bird borne in with the wind from the west,
Straight from the sunset, across white waves whence rose as a
daughter

Venus thy mother, in years when the world was a water at rest.
Out of the distance of dreams, as a dream that abides after slumber,
Strayed from the fugitive flock of the night, when the moon overhead
Wanes in the wan waste heights of the heaven, and stars without
number

Die without sound, and are spent like lamps that are burnt by the
dead,—

Comes back to me, stays by me, lulls me with touch of forgotten
caresses,

One warm dream clad about with a fire as of life that endures:
The delight of thy face, and the sound of thy feet, and the wind of
thy tresses,

And all of a man that regrets, and all of a maid that allures.

But thy bosom is warm for my face, and profound as a manifold
flower,

Thy silence as music, thy voice as an odor that fades in a flame;
Not a dream, not a dream is the kiss of thy mouth, and the bounti-
ful hour

That makes me forget what was sin, and would make me forget were
it shame.

Thine eyes that are quiet, thine hands that are tender, thy lips that
are loving,

Comfort and cool me as dew in the dawn of a moon like a dream;
And my heart yearns baffled and blind, moved vainly toward thee,
and moving

As the reflux seaweed moves in the languid exuberant stream,—

Fair as a rose is on earth, as a rose under water in prison,

That stretches and swings to the slow passionate pulse of the sea,
Closed up from the air and the sun, but alive, as a ghost re-arisen,
Pale as the love that revives as a ghost re-arisen in me.

From the bountiful infinite west, from the happy memorial places

Full of the stately repose and the lordly delight of the dead,

Where the fortunate islands are lit with the light of ineffable faces,
And the sound of a sea without wind is about them, and sunset is
red,

Come back to redeem and release me from love that recalls and re-
presses,

That cleaves to my flesh as a flame, till the serpent has eaten his fill;

From the bitter delights of the dark, and the feverish, the furtive
caresses

That murder the youth in a man or ever his heart have its will.

Thy lips cannot laugh and thine eyes cannot weep; thou art pale as
a rose is,

Paler and sweeter than leaves that cover the blush of the bud:

And the heart of the flower is compassion, and pity the core it
incloses,—

Pity, not love, that is born of the breath and decays with the blood.

As the cross that a wild nun clasps till the edge of it bruises her
bosom,

So love wounds as we grasp it, and blackens and burns as a flame;

I have loved overmuch in my life: when the live bud bursts with the
blossom,

Bitter as ashes or tears is the fruit, and the wine thereof shame.

As a heart that its anguish divides is the green bud cloven asunder;

As the blood of a man self-slain is the flush of the leaves that
allure;

And the perfume as poison and wine to the brain, a delight and a
wonder;

And the thorns are too sharp for a boy, too slight for a man, to
endure.

Too soon did I love it, and lost love's rose; and I cared not for
glory's:

Only the blossoms of sleep and of pleasure were mixed in my hair.

Was it myrtle or poppy thy garland was woven with, O my Dolores?

Was it pallor of slumber, or blush as of blood, that I found in thee
fair?

For desire is a respite from love, and the flesh not the heart is her
fuel;

She was sweet to me once, who am fled and escaped from the rage
of her reign;

Who behold as of old time at hand as I turn, with her mouth grow-
ing cruel,

And flushed as with wine with the blood of her lovers, Our Lady of
Pain.

Low down where the thicket is thicker with thorns than with leaves
in the summer,

In the brake is a gleaming of eyes and a hissing of tongues that I
knew;

And the lithe long throats of her snakes reach round her, their
mouths overcome her,

And her lips grow cool with their foam, made moist as a desert
with dew.

With the thirst and the hunger of lust though her beautiful lips be
so bitter, [smile;

With the cold foul foam of the snakes, they soften and redden and
And her fierce mouth sweetens, her eyes wax wide, and her eyelashes
glitter,

And she laughs with a savor of blood in her face, and a savor of
guile.

She laughs, and her hands reach hither, her hair blows hither and
hisses,

As a low-lit flame in a wind, back-blown till it shudder and leap:
Let her lips not again lay hold on my soul, nor her poisonous kisses,
To consume it alive and divide from thy bosom, Our Lady of Sleep.
Ah, daughter of sunset and slumber, if now it return into prison,
Who shall redeem it anew? but we, if thou wilt, let us fly;
Let us take to us, now that the white skies thrill with a moon un-
arisen,

Swift horses of fear or of love, take flight and depart and not die.
They are swifter than dreams, they are stronger than death; there
is none that hath ridden,

None that shall ride in the dim strange ways of his life as we ride:
By the meadows of memory, the highlands of hope, and the shore
that is hidden,

Where life breaks loud and unseen, a sonorous invisible tide;
By the sands where sorrow has trodden, the salt pools bitter and
sterile,

By the thundering reef and the low sea-wall and the channel of
years,

Our wild steeds press on the night, strain hard through pleasure and
peril,

Labor and listen, and pant not or pause for the peril that nears;
And the sound of them trampling the way cleaves night as an arrow
asunder;

And slow by the sandhill and swift by the down with its glimpses of
grass,

Sudden and steady the music, as eight hoofs trample and thunder,
Rings in the ear of the low blind wind of the night as we pass;
Shrill shrieks in our faces the blind bland air that was mute as a
maiden,

Stung into storm by the speed of our passage, and deaf where we
past;

And our spirits too burn as we bound, thine holy but mine heavy-
laden,

As we burn with the fire of our flight: ah, love, shall we win at the
last?

IN MEMORY OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

BACK to the flower-town, side by side,
The bright months bring,
New-born, the bridegroom and the bride,
Freedom and spring.

The sweet land laughs from sea to sea,
Filled full of sun;
All things come back to her, being free —
All things but one.

In many a tender wheaten plot,
Flowers that were dead
Live, and old suns revive; but not
That holier head.

By this white wandering waste of sea,
Far north, I hear
One face shall never turn to me
As once this year;

Shall never smile and turn and rest
On mine as there,
Nor one most sacred hand be prest
Upon my hair.

I came as one whose thoughts half linger,
Half run before;
The youngest to the oldest singer
That England bore.

I found him whom I shall not find
Till all grief end,
In holiest age our mightiest mind,
Father and friend.

But thou, if anything endure,
If hope there be,
O spirit that man's life left pure,
Man's death set free,—

Not with disdain of days that were,
Look earthward now:
Let dreams revive the reverend hair,
The imperial brow:

Come back in sleep; for in the life
Where thou art not

We find none like thee. Time and strife
And the world's lot

Move thee no more; but love at least
And reverent heart

May move thee, royal and released
Soul, as thou art.

And thou, his Florence, to thy trust
Receive and keep—

Keep safe his dedicated dust,
His sacred sleep.

So shall thy lovers, come from far,
Mix with thy name

As morning-star with evening-star
His faultless fame.

A FORSAKEN GARDEN

IN A coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.

A girdle of brushwood and thorn incloses
The steep square slope of the blossomless bed,
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone land.
If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?
So long have the gray bare walks lain guestless,
Through branches and briers if a man make way,
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled,
That crawls by a track none turn to climb
To the strait waste place that the years have rifled
Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.
The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken—
These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not;
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;
From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
Over the meadows that blossom and wither
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath;
Only the wind here hovers and revels
In a round where life seems barren as death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither,"
Did he whisper?—"look forth from the flowers to the sea;
For the foam flowers endure when the rose blossoms wither,
And men that love lightly may die—but we?"
And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,
And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?
And were one to the end; but what end who knows?
Love deep as the sea, as a rose must wither,—
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?
What love was ever as deep as a grave?
They are loveless now as the grass above them,
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea;
Not a breath of the time that has been, hovers
In the air now soft with a summer to be.
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter
We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again for ever;
Here change may come not till all change end.

From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
Who have left naught living to ravage and rend.
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,—
While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
Roll the sea,

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink.
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead.

THE PILGRIMS

WHO is your lady of love, O ye that pass
Singing? and is it for sorrow of that which was
That ye sing sadly, or dream of what shall be?
For gladly at once and sadly it seems ye sing.—
Our lady of love by you is unbeholden:
For hands she hath none, nor eyes, nor lips, nor golden
Treasure of hair, nor face, nor form; but we
That love, we know her more fair than anything.

Is she a queen, having great gifts to give?—
Yea, these; that whoso hath seen her shall not live
Except he serve her sorrowing, with strange pain,
Travail and bloodshedding and bitterer tears;
And when she bids die he shall surely die.
And he shall leave all things under the sky,
And go forth naked under sun and rain,
And work and wait and watch out all his years.

Hath she on earth no place of habitation?—
Age to age calling, nation answering nation,
Cries out, Where is she? and there is none to say:
For if she be not in the spirit of men,
For if in the inward soul she hath no place,
In vain they cry unto her, seeking her face,
In vain their mouths make much of her; for they
Cry with vain tongues, till the heart lives again.

O ye that follow, and have ye no repentance?
For on your brows is written a mortal sentence,
An hieroglyph of sorrow, a fiery sign,
That in your lives ye shall not pause or rest,
Nor have the sure sweet common love, nor keep
Friends and safe days, nor joy of life nor sleep.—
These have we not, who have one thing, the divine
Face and clear eyes of faith and fruitful breast.

And ye shall die before your thrones be won.—
Yea, and the changed world and the liberal sun
Shall move and shine without us, and we lie
Dead; but if she too move on earth and live,
But if the old world with all the old irons rent
Laugh and give thanks, shall we be not content?
Nay, we shall rather live, we shall not die,
Life being so little and death so good to give.

And these men shall forget you.—Yea, but we
Shall be a part of the earth and the ancient sea,
And heaven's high air august, and awful fire,
And all things good; and no man's heart shall beat
But somewhat in it of our blood once shed
Shall quiver and quicken, as now in us the dead
Blood of men slain and the old same life's desire
Plants in their fiery footprints our fresh feet.

But ye that might be clothed with all things pleasant,
Ye are foolish that put off the fair soft present,
That clothe yourselves with the cold future air;
When mother and father and tender sister and brother
And the old live love that was shall be as ye,
Dust, and no fruit of loving life shall be.—
She shall be yet who is more than all these were,
Than sister or wife or father unto us, or mother.

Is this worth life, is this, to win for wages?
Lo, the dead mouths of the awful gray-grown ages,
The venerable, in the past that is their prison,
In the outer darkness, in the unopening grave,
Laugh, knowing how many as ye now say have said,
How many, and all are fallen, are fallen and dead:
Shall ye dead rise, and these dead have not risen?—
Not we but she, who is tender and swift to save.

Are ye not weary and faint not by the way,
 Seeing night by night devoured of day by day,
 Seeing hour by hour consumed in sleepless fire?
 Sleepless; and ye too, when shall ye too sleep?—
 We are weary in heart and head, in hands and feet,
 And surely more than all things sleep were sweet,
 Than all things save the inexorable desire
 Which whoso knoweth shall neither faint nor weep.

 Is this so sweet that one were fain to follow?
 Is this so sure where all men's hopes are hollow,
 Even this your dream, that by much tribulation
 Ye shall make whole flawed hearts, and bowed necks
 straight?—
 Nay, though our life were blind, our death were fruitless,
 Not therefore were the whole world's high hope rootless;
 But man to man, nation would turn to nation,
 And the old life live, and the old great world be great.

 Pass on then and pass by us and let us be,
 For what light think ye after life to see?
 And if the world fare better, will ye know?
 And if man triumph, who shall seek you and say?—
 Enough of light is this for one life's span,
 That all men born are mortal, but not man;
 And we men bring death lives by night to sow,
 That man may reap and eat and live by day.

SUPER FLUMINA BABYLONIS

B^V THE waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,
 Remembering thee,
 That for ages of agony hast endured, and slept,
 And wouldst not see.

 By the waters of Babylon we stood up and sang,
 Considering thee,
 That a blast of deliverance in the darkness rang,
 To set thee free.

 And with trumpets and thunderings and with morning song
 Came up the light;
 And thy spirit uplifted thee to forget thy wrong
 As day doth night.

And thy sons were dejected not any more, as then
 When thou wast ashamed;
When thy lovers went heavily without heart, as men
 Whose life was maimed.

In the desolate distances, with a great desire,
 For thy love's sake,
With our hearts going back to thee, they were filled with fire,
 Were nigh to break.

It was said to us: "Verily ye are great at heart,
 But ye shall bend:
Ye are bondsmen and bondswomen, to be scourged and smart,
 To toil and tend."

And with harrows men harrowed us, and subdued with spears,
 And crushed with shame;
And the summer and winter was, and the length of years,
 And no change came.

By the rivers of Italy, by the sacred streams,
 By town, by tower,
There was feasting with reveling, there was sleep with dreams,
 Until thine hour.

And they slept and they rioted on their rose-hung beds
 With mouths on flame,
And with love-locks vine-chapleted, and with rose-crowned heads
 And robes of shame.

And they knew not their forefathers, nor the hills and streams
 And words of power,
Nor the gods that were good to them, but with songs and
 dreams
 Filled up their hour.

By the rivers of Italy, by the dry streams' beds,
 When thy time came,
There was casting of crowns from them, from their young
 heads,
 The crowns of shame.

By the horn of Eridanus, by the Tiber mouth,
 As thy day rose,
They arose up and girded them to the north and south,
 By seas, by snows.

As a water in January the frost confines,
Thy kings bound thee;
As a water in April is, in the new-blown vines,
Thy sons made free.

And thy lovers that looked for thee, and that mourned from
far,
For thy sake dead,
We rejoiced in the light of thee, in the signal star
Above thine head.

In thy grief had we followed thee, in thy passion loved,
Loved in thy loss;
In thy shame we stood fast to thee, with thy pangs were
moved,
Clung to thy cross.

By the hillside of Calvary we beheld thy blood,
Thy blood-red tears,
As a mother's in bitterness, an unebbing flood,
Years upon years.

And the north was Gethsemane, without leaf or bloom,
A garden sealed;
And the south was Aceldama, for a sanguine fume
Hid all the field.

By the stone of the sepulchre we returned to weep,
From far, from prison;
And the guards by it keeping it we beheld asleep,
But thou wast risen.

And an angel's similitude by the unsealed grave,
And by the stone;
And the voice was angelical, to whose words God gave
Strength like his own:— .

"Lo, the graveclothes of Italy that are folded up
In the grave's gloom!
And the guards as men wrought upon with charmed cup,
By the open tomb,

"And her body most beautiful, and her shining head,—
These are not here;
For your mother, for Italy, is not surely dead:
Have ye no fear.

"As of old time she spake to you, and you hardly heard,
Hardly took heed,
So now also she saith to you yet another word,
Who is risen indeed.

"By my saying she saith to you, in your ears she saith,
Who hear these things,—
Put no trust in men's royalties, nor in great men's breath,
Nor words of kings.

"For the life of them vanishes and is no more seen,
Nor no more known;
Nor shall any remember him if a crown hath been,
Or where a throne.

"Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown,
The just Fate gives;
Whoso takes the world's life on him and his own lays down,
He, dying so, lives.

"Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged world's
weight
And puts it by,
It is well with him suffering, though he face man's fate:
How should he die?

"Seeing death has no part in him any more, no power
Upon his head:
He has bought his eternity with a little hour,
And is not dead.

"For an hour, if ye look for him, he is no more found,
For one hour's space;
Then ye lift up your eyes to him and behold him
crowned,—
A deathless face.

"On the mountains of memory by the world's well-springs,
In all men's eyes,
Where the light of the life of him is on all past things,
Death only dies.

"Not the light that was quenched for us, nor the deeds that
were,
Nor the ancient days,
Nor the sorrows not sorrowful, nor the face most fair
Of perfect praise."

So the angel of Italy's resurrection said,
 So yet he saith;
So the son of her suffering, that from breasts nigh dead
 Drew life, not death.
That the pavement of Golgotha should be white as snow,
 Not red, but white;
That the waters of Babylon should no longer flow,
 And men see light.

MATER TRIUMPHALIS

MOTHER of earth's time-traveling generations,
 Breath of his nostrils, heart-blood of his heart,
 God above all Gods worshiped of all nations,
 Light above light, law beyond law, thou art.
Thy face is as a sword smiting in sunder
 Shadows and chains and dreams and iron things;
The sea is dumb before thy face, the thunder
 Silent, the skies are narrower than thy wings.
Angels and Gods, spirit and sense, thou takest
 In thy right hand as drops of dust or dew;
The temples and the towers of time thou breakest,
 His thoughts and words and works, to make them new.
All we have wandered from thy ways, have hidden
 Eyes from thy glory and ears from calls they heard:
Called of thy trumpets vainly, called and chidden,
 Scourged of thy speech and wounded of thy word.
We have known thee and have not known thee; stood beside
 thee,
 Felt thy lips breathe, set foot where thy feet trod,
Loved and renounced and worshiped and denied thee,
 As though thou wert but as another God.
"One hour for sleep," we said, "and yet one other;
 All day we served her, and who shall serve by night?"
Not knowing of thee, thy face not knowing, O mother,
 O light wherethrough the darkness is as light.
Men that forsook thee hast thou not forsaken,
 Races of men that knew not hast thou known;
Nations that slept, thou hast doubted not to waken,
 Worshippers of strange Gods to make thine own.

All old gray histories hiding thy clear features,
O secret spirit and sovereign, all men's tales,
Creeds woven of men thy children and thy creatures,
They have woven for vestures of thee and for veils.

Thine hands, without election or exemption,
Feed all men fainting from false peace or strife,
O thou, the resurrection and redemption,
The Godhead and the manhood and the life.

Thy wings shadow the waters; thine eyes lighten
The horror of the hollows of the night;
The depths of the earth and the dark places brighten
Under thy feet, whiter than fire is white.

Death is subdued to thee, and hell's bands broken;
Where thou art only is heaven; who hears not thee,
Time shall not hear him; when men's names are spoken,
A nameless sign of death shall his name be.

Deathless shall be the death, the name be nameless;
Sterile of stars his twilight time of death;
With fire of hell shall shame consume him shameless,
And dying, all the night darken his death.

The years are as thy garments, the world's ages
As sandals bound and loosed from thy swift feet;
Time serves before thee, as one that hath for wages
Praise of shame only, bitter words or sweet.

Thou sayest "Well done," and all a century kindles;
Again thou sayest "Depart from sight of me,"
And all the light of face of all men dwindles,
And the age is as the broken glass of thee.

The night is as a seal set on men's faces,
On faces fallen of men that take no light,
Nor give light in the deeps of the dark places,
Blind things incorporate with the body of night.

Their souls are serpents winter-bound and frozen;
Their shame is as a tame beast, at their feet
Couched; their cold lips deride thee and thy chosen,
Their lying lips made gray with dust for meat.

Then when their time is full and days run over,
The splendor of thy sudden brow made bare
Darkens the morning; thy bared hands uncover
The veils of light and night and the awful air.

And the world naked as a new-born maiden
Stands virginal and splendid as at birth,
With all thine heaven of all its light unladen,
Of all its love unburdened all thine earth.

For the utter earth and the utter air of heaven
And the extreme depth is thine and the extreme height;
Shadows of things and veils of ages riven
Are as men's kings unkingdomed in thy sight.

Through the iron years, the centuries brazen-gated,
By the ages' barred impenetrable doors,
From the evening to the morning have we waited,
Should thy foot haply sound on the awful floors,

The floors untrodden of the sun's feet-glimmer,
The star-unstricken pavements of the night;
Do the lights burn inside? the lights wax dimmer
On festal faces withering out of sight.

The crowned heads lose the light on them: it may be
Dawn is at hand to smite the loud feast dumb;
To blind the torch-lit centuries till the day be,
The feasting kingdoms till thy kingdom come.

Shall it not come? deny they or dissemble,
Is it not even as lightning from on high
Now? and though many a soul close eyes and tremble,
How should they tremble at all who love thee as I?

I am thine harp between thine hands, O mother!
All my strong chords are strained with love of thee.
We grapple in love and wrestle, as each with other
Wrestle the wind and the unreluctant sea.

I am no courtier of thee sober-suited,
Who loves a little for a little pay.
Me not thy winds and storms nor thrones disrooted
Nor molten crowns nor thine own sins dismay.

Sinned hast thou sometime, therefore art thou sinless;
Stained hast thou been, who art therefore without stain;
Even as man's soul is kin to thee, but kinless
Thou, in whose womb Time sows the all-various grain.

I do not bid thee spare me, O dreadful mother!
I pray thee that thou spare not, of thy grace:

How were it with me then, if ever another
Should come to stand before thee in this my place?

I am the trumpet at thy lips, thy clarion
Full of thy cry, sonorous with thy breath;
The grave of souls born worms and creeds grown carrion
Thy blast of judgment fills with fires of death.

Thou art the player whose organ keys are thunders,
And I beneath thy foot the pedal prest;
Thou art the ray whereat the rent night sunders,
And I the cloudlet borne upon thy breast.

I shall burn up before thee, pass and perish,
As haze in sunrise on the red sea-line;
But thou from dawn to sunsett shalt cherish
The thoughts that led and souls that lighted mine.

Reared between night and noon and truth and error,
Each twilight-traveling bird that trills and screams
Sickens at midday, nor can face for terror
The imperious heaven's inevitable extremes.

I have no spirit of skill with equal fingers
At sign to sharpen or to slacken strings;
I keep no time of song with gold-perched singers
And chirp of linnets on the wrists of kings.

I am thy storm-thrush of the days that darken,
Thy petrel in the foam that bears thy bark
To port through night and tempest; if thou hearken,
My voice is in thy heaven before the lark.

My song is in the mist that hides thy morning.
My cry is up before the day for thee;
I have heard thee and beheld thee and give warning,
Before thy wheels divide the sky and sea.

Birds shall wake with thee voiced and feathered fairer,
To see in summer what I see in spring;
I have eyes and heart to endure thee, O thunder-bearer,
And they shall be who shall have tongues to sing.

I have love at least, and have not fear, and part not
From thine unnavigable and wingless way;
Thou tarriest, and I have not said thou art not,
Nor all thy night long have denied thy day.

Darkness to daylight shall lift up thy pæan,
Hill to hill thunder, vale cry back to vale,
With wind-notes as of eagles Æschylean,
And Sappho singing in the nightingale.

Sung to by mighty sons of dawn and daughters,
Of this night's songs thine ear shall keep but one:
That supreme song which shook the channeled waters,
And called thee skyward as God calls the sun.

Come, though all heaven again be fire above thee;
Though death before thee come to clear thy sky:
Let us but see in his thy face who loved thee;
Yea, though thou slay us, arise and let us die.

FROM 'ATHENS'

AN ODE

ERE from under earth again like fire the violet kindle,
Ere the holy buds and hoar on olive-branches bloom,
Ere the crescent of the last pale month of winter dwindle,
Shrink, and fall as falls a dead leaf on the dead month's
tomb;
Round the hills whose heights the first-born olive-blossom bright-
ened,
Round the city brow-bound once with violets like a bride,
Up from under earth again a light that long since lightened
Breaks, whence all the world took comfort as all time takes
pride.
Pride have all men in their fathers that were free before them,
In the warriors that begat us free-born pride have we;
But the fathers of their spirits, how many men adore them?
With what rapture may we praise, who bade our souls be free?
Sons of Athens born in spirit and truth are all born free men:
Most of all, we, nurtured where the north wind holds his reign;
Children all we sea-folk of the Salaminian seamen,
Sons of them that beat back Persia, they that beat back Spain.
Since the songs of Greece fell silent, none like ours have risen;
Since the sails of Greece fell slack, no ships have sailed like
ours:
How should we lament not, if her spirit sit in prison?
How should we rejoice not, if her wreaths renew their flowers?
All the world is sweeter, if the Athenian violet quicken;
All the world is brighter, if the Athenian sun return;

All things foul on earth wax fainter, by that sun's light stricken;
 All ill growths are withered, where those fragrant flower-lights
 burn.
 All the wandering waves of seas with all their warring waters
 Roll the record on forever of the sea-fight there,
 When the capes were battle's lists, and all the straits were slaugh-
 ter's,
 And the myriad Medes as foam-flakes on the scattering air.
 Ours the lightning was that cleared the north and lit the nations,
 But the light that gave the whole world light of old was she:
 Ours an age or twain, but hers are endless generations:
 All the world is hers at heart, and most of all are we.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

"O F SUCH is the kingdom of heaven:"
 No glory that ever was shed
 From the crowning star of the seven
 That crown the north world's head,

No word that ever was spoken
 Of human or godlike tongue,
 Gave ever such godlike token
 Since human harps were strung.

No sign that ever was given
 To faithful or faithless eyes,
 Showed ever beyond clouds riven
 So clear a Paradise.

Earth's creeds may be seventy times seven,
 And blood have defiled each creed:
 If of such be the kingdom of heaven,
 It must be heaven indeed.

THE SALT OF THE EARTH

I F CHILDHOOD were not in the world,
 But only men and women grown;
 No baby-locks in tendrils curled,
 No baby-blossoms blown;

Though men were stronger, women fairer,
 And nearer all delights in reach,

And verse and music uttered rarer
Tones of more godlike speech;
Though the utmost life of life's best hours
Found, as it cannot now find, words;
Though desert sands were sweet as flowers,
And flowers could sing like birds:
But children never heard them, never
They felt a child's foot leap and run,—
This were a drearier star than ever
Yet looked upon the sun.

A CHILD'S FUTURE

WHAT will it please you, my darling, hereafter to be?
Fame upon land will you look for, or glory by sea?
Gallant your life will be always, and all of it free.

Free as the wind when the heart of the twilight is stirred
Eastward, and sounds from the springs of the sunrise are
heard;

Free—and we know not another as infinite word.

Darkness or twilight or sunlight may compass us round,
Hate may arise up against us, or hope may confound;
Love may forsake us: yet may not the spirit be bound.

Free in oppression of grief as in ardor of joy,
Still may the soul be, and each to her strength as a toy;
Free in the glance of the man as the smile of the boy.

Freedom alone is the salt and the spirit that gives
Life, and without her is nothing that verily lives:
Death cannot slay her; she laughs upon death, and forgives.

Brightest and hardiest of roses anear and afar,
Glitters the blithe little face of you, round as a star;
Liberty bless you and keep you to be as you are.

England and liberty bless you and keep you to be
Worthy the name of their child and the sight of their sea:
Fear not at all; for a slave, if he fears not, is free.

ADIEUX À MARIE STUART

I

QUEEN, for whose house my fathers fought,
With hopes that rose and fell,
Red star of boyhood's fiery thought,
Farewell.

They gave their lives, and I, my queen,
Have given you of my life,
Seeing your brave star burn high between
Men's strife.

The strife that lightened round their spears
Long since fell still: so long
Hardly may hope to last in years
My song.

But still through strife of time and thought
Your light on me too fell;
Queen, in whose name we sang or fought,
Farewell.

II

There beats no heart on either border
Wherethrough the north blasts blow
But keeps your memory as a warder
His beacon-fire aglow.

Long since it fired with love and wonder
Mine, for whose April age
Blithe midsummer made banquet under
The shade of Hermitage.

Soft sang the burn's blithe notes, that gather
Strength to ring true;
And air and trees and sun and heather
Remembered you.

Old border ghosts of fight or fairy
Or love or teen,
These they forgot, remembering Mary
The Queen.

III

Queen once of Scots, and ever of yours
Whose sires brought forth for you
Their lives to strew your way like flowers,
Adieu.

Dead is full many a dead man's name,
Who died for you this long
Time past: shall this too fare the same,
My song?

But surely, though it die or live,
Your face was worth
All that a man may think to give
On earth.

No darkness cast of years between
Can darken you;
Man's love will never bid my queen
Adieu.

IV

Love hangs like light about your name
As music round the shell;
No heart can take of you a tame
Farewell.

Yet, when your very face was seen,
Ill gifts were yours for giving;
Love gat strange guerdons of my queen
When living.

Oh, diamond heart unflawed and clear,
The whole world's crowning jewel!
Was ever heart so deadly dear
So cruel?

Yet none for you of all that bled
Grudged once one drop that fell:
Not one to life reluctant said
Farewell.

V

Strange love they have given you, love disloyal,
Who mock with praise your name,
To leave a head so rare and royal
Too low for praise or blame.

You could not love nor hate, they tell us;
You had nor sense nor sting:
In God's name, then, what plague befell us
To fight for such a thing?

"Some faults the gods will give," to fetter
Man's highest intent;
But surely you were something better
Than innocent!

No maid that strays with steps unwary
Through snares unseen,
But one to live and die for: Mary,
The Queen.

VI

Forgive them all their praise, who blot
Your fame with praise of you;
Then love may say, and falter not,
Adieu.

Yet some you hardly would forgive
Who did you much less wrong
Once; but resentment should not live
Too long.

They never saw your lip's bright bow,
Your sword-bright eyes,—
The bluest of heavenly things below
The skies.

Clear eyes that love's self finds most like
A sword-blade's blue,
A sword-blade's ever keen to strike—
Adieu.

VII

Though all things breathe or sound of fight
That yet make up your spell,
To bid you were to bid the light
Farewell.

Farewell the song says only, being
A star whose race is run;
Farewell the soul says never, seeing
The sun.

Yet, well-nigh as with flash of tears,
The song must say but so
That took your praise up twenty years
Ago.

More bright than stars or moons that vary,
Sun kindling heaven and hell,
Here, after all these years, Queen Mary,
Farewell.

LOVE AT SEA

IMITATED FROM THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

WE ARE in Love's hand to-day:
Where shall we go?
Love, shall we start or stay,
Or sail or row?
There's many a wind and way,
And never a May but May;
We are in Love's hand to-day:
Where shall we go?

Our land wind is the breath
Of sorrows kissed to death
And joys that were;
Our ballast is a rose;
Our way lies where God knows
And Love knows where.
We are in Love's hand to-day—

Our seamen are fledged Loves,
Our masts are bills of doves,
Our decks fine gold;

Our ropes are dead maids' hair,
 Our stores are love-shafts fair
 And manifold.
 We are in Love's hand to-day—

Where shall we land you, sweet?
 On fields of strange men's feet,
 Or fields near home?
 Or where the fire-flowers blow,
 Or where the flowers of snow
 Or flowers of foam?
 We are in Love's hand to-day—

Land me, she says, where Love
 Shows but one shaft, one dove,
 One heart, one hand:
 A shore like that, my dear,
 Lies where no man will steer,
 No maiden land.

A MATCH

IF LOVE were what the rose is,
 And I were like the leaf,
 Our lives would grow together
 In sad or singing weather,
 Blown fields or flowerful closes,
 Green pleasure or gray grief:
 If love were what the rose is
 And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
 And love were like the tune,
 With double sound and single,
 Delight our lips would mingle
 With kisses glad as birds are
 That get sweet rain at noon:
 If I were what the words are,
 And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
 And I, your love, were death,
 We'd shine and snow together
 Ere March made sweet the weather

With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath:
If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasons,
And tears of night and morrow,
And laughs of maid and boy:
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady
And night were bright like day:
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein:
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

ÉTUDE RÉALISTE

I

A BABY's feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should Heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink
A baby's feet.

II

A baby's hands, like rosebuds furl'd,
Whence yet no leaf expands,
Ope if you touch, though close upcurled,
A baby's hands.

Then, even as warriors grip their brands
When battle's bolt is hurled,
They close, clenched hard like tightening bands,
No rosebuds yet by dawn impearled
Match, even in loveliest lands,
The sweetest flowers in all the world—
A baby's hands.

III

A baby's eyes, ere speech begin,
Ere lips learn words or sighs,
Bless all things bright enough to win
A baby's eyes.

Love, while the sweet thing laughs and lies,
And sleep flows out and in,
Lies perfect in their paradise.

Their glance might cast out pain and sin,
Their speech make dumb the wise;
By mute glad godhead felt within
A baby's eyes.

CARMEN SYLVA

(ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA)

(1843-)



ARMEN SYLVA, the charming pen-name of the poet-queen of Roumania, is a reminiscence of the forests of Neuwied on the Rhine, where she was born December 29th, 1843. She belongs to an intellectual family: her great-uncle was a scientist, whose collection of specimens of natural history is now in New York; and her father, Prince Herman of Wied, was a man of culture, devoted to philosophic studies. The young princess grew up in an atmosphere well fitted to develop her natural gifts. Her temperament was passionate, restless, and reserved; and her imagination so active that her mother forbade the reading of novels until she was nineteen. She began to write verses in her childhood; and from her sixteenth year kept a sort of poetic diary, whose existence however was for many years a secret. Her early life was saddened by the constant illness of her father and young brother; and on the whole, sorrow is the prevailing note in her poems.

After several years spent in travel, she had determined to devote herself to teaching, when she was married in 1869 to Charles of Hohenzollern, Prince of Roumania. Elizabeth entered on her new sphere with enthusiasm; thoroughly acquiring the Roumanian language, and so winning the love of her people that she is known among them as their "little mother." She founded schools, asylums, hospitals, art galleries, and art schools; and in every way strove to develop Roumanian nationality.

The death of her little daughter in 1874 led her to express her sorrow in verse. Up to this time her poems had been simply spontaneous utterances; but now she began to study the art of composition under the guidance of Alexandre, the Roumanian poet. Her poetic labors were soon interrupted by the Turko-Russian war, during which she devoted herself to work among the soldiers, and in the hospitals.



CARMEN SYLVA

Roumania became a kingdom in 1881. Shortly before her coronation, Elizabeth published her first book,—a translation of Roumanian poems. Her first collection of original poems appeared in 1881, entitled 'Storms.' It contains four poems, the best of which is 'Sappho.' The following year she published 'Sorrow's Earthly Pilgrimage'; 'The Enchantress'; 'Jehovah,' describing the wanderings of Ahasuerus in search of God; 'A Prayer'; and 'Pensées d'une Reine' (A Queen's Thoughts),—a book of aphorisms, which won a medal of honor from the French Academy. In 1883 appeared 'From Carmen Sylva's Kingdom,'—a collection of Roumanian fairy tales and legends, a second series of which was brought out in 1887, together with 'Through the Centuries.' Another collection, 'Fairy Tales from the Pelesch,' takes its title from the stream near the beautiful royal palace in the Sinaja valley. To this year also belong 'My Rest,' a collection of songs and lyrics, in which the Queen is at her best; and 'My Rhine,' poems on places dear to her in childhood. 'My Book'—poems on Egypt—appeared in 1885. The 'Songs of Toil' were published collectively in 1891; but an English version of thirty songs was brought out in New York in 1888. Most of these had previously appeared in the *Independent*; and through them the Queen was first known to the American public. These original little poems show her intense sympathy for the poor, and at the same time illustrate her genius. Her greatest poetical effort, the tragedy 'Master Manole,' appeared in 1892. In collaboration with Madame Kremnitz, under the common pseudonym of Idem and Ditto, she wrote the novels 'From Two Worlds' (1885), 'Astra' (1886), 'The Outpost' (1887), and 'Idle Wanderings' (1887). With the help of Mademoiselle Vacaresco, the Queen collected Roumanian legends and tales, which were published under the title 'Tales of the Dimbovitza' in 1890.

Carmen Sylva's German is pure and beautiful, and owing to her remarkable linguistic skill, extraordinarily flexible. Her poems are full of fire and grace, and show a true musical sense. Her prose, however, has the defect of extreme brevity; and her work generally is impaired by her great facility and rapidity of composition.

The biographies of Queen Elizabeth are Mita Kremnitz's 'Carmen Sylva' (1882); 'The Life of Carmen Sylva,' by Baroness Stackelberg (fifth edition, 1889); M. Schmitz's 'Carmen Sylva' (1889); Stackelberg's 'Life of Carmen Sylva,' translated by Baroness Deichmann (1890); and 'Elizabeth of Roumania: A Study,' by Blanche Roosevelt (1891).

FODDER-TIME

From 'Songs of Toil': translated by John Eliot Bowen. The five following selections from 'Songs of Toil' are reprinted by permission of the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

How sweet the manger smells! The cows all listen
With outstretched necks, and with impatient lowing;
They greet the clover, their content now showing—
And how they lick their noses till they glisten!

The velvet-coated beauties do not languish
Beneath the morning's golden light that's breaking,
The unexhausted spring of life awaking,
Their golden eyes of velvet full of anguish.

They patiently endure their pains. Bestowing
Their sympathy, the other cows are ruing
Their unproductive udders, and renewing
At milking-time their labor and their lowing.

And now I must deceive the darling bossy,—
With hand in milk must make it suck my finger.
Its tender lips cling close like joys that linger,
And feel so warm with dripping white and flossy.

This very hand my people with devotion
Do kiss,—which paints and plays and writes, moreover,—
I would it had done naught but pile the clover
To feed the kine that know no base emotion!

THE SOWER

BENEATH the mild sun vanish the vapor's last wet traces,
And for the autumn sowing the mellow soil lies steeping;
The stubble fires have faded, and ended is the reaping;
The piercing plow has leveled the rough resisting places.

The solitary sower along the brown field paces,—
Two steps and then a handful, a rhythmic motion keeping;
The eager sparrows follow, now pecking and now peeping.
He sows; but all the increase accomplished by God's grace is.

And whether frost be fatal or drought be devastating,
 The blades rise green and slender for springtime winds to
 flutter,
 As time of golden harvest the coming fall awaiting.
 None see the silent yearnings the sower's lips half utter,
 The carking care he suffers, distressing thoughts creating.
 With steady hand he paces afield without a mutter.

THE BOATMAN'S SONG

DOWN-STREAM 'tis all by moonlight,
 Up-stream at blazing noon;
 Down-stream upon the ripples,
 Up-stream through sandy dune.

Down-stream, the helm held loosely,
 A pipe between the lips;
 Up-stream, like beast one straineth
 And galls the breast and hips.

What boots it that I seem like
 The river's king to-day,
 If to-morrow like a beggar,
 Despised, I tug away?

My pleasuring leaves no furrow
 Upon the water-plain;
 The marks of struggling footsteps
 Long in the sand remain.

THE COUNTRY LETTER-CARRIER

IT THAWS. On field and roadway the packing drifts have faded;
 The service-berry drips, and the slush is deep and stale;
 The clouds hang low and leaden; the evening glow is pale;
 The paths gleam like a brooklet, whose bed is all unshaded.

Along the highway trudges a messenger; unaided,
 He limps and halts and shivers; his bag holds little mail.—
 A single wretched letter all crumpled, old, and frail—
 He must push on; the village he nears now, lame and jaded.

He knocks. A timid woman admits him: "Till now, never
 Had I a letter! Heavens! My boy! Quick, give it here!

He's coming! Now we're happy!" Her aged muscles quiver:
"God sent you here. Be seated and warm yourself; come near:
A share of my possessions are yours to keep forever."
The postman limps no longer, warmed by the woman's cheer.

THE STONE-CUTTER

WE HAMMER, hammer, hammer on and on,
Day out, day in, throughout the year,
In blazing heat and tempests drear;
God's house we slowly heavenward rear—
We'll never see it done!

We hammer, hammer, hammer, might and main.
The sun torments, the rain-drops prick,
Our eyes grow blind with dust so thick;
Our name in dust, too, fadeth quick—
No glory and no gain!

We hammer, hammer, hammer ever on.
O blessed God on Heaven's throne,
Dost thou take a care of every stone
And leave the toiling poor alone,
Whom no one looks upon?

THE POST

SWIFT, swift as the wind drives the great Russian Czar,
But we of Roumania are swifter by far:
Eight horses we harness for every-day speed,
But I've driven a team of a dozen at need.
Then over the bridges we hurry along,
Through village and hamlet, with shouting and song,
With a hip-hip-hurrah! swiftly onwards we go!
The birds fly above and our horses below.

When the sun burns at noon and the dust whirls on high,
Like the leaves of the forest grown withered and dry,
We hasten along, never slacking the rein.
The wild mountain riders come down to the plain:
Their hair and their cloaks flutter free in the wind;
The sheep and the buffaloes gallop behind;

And hip-hip hurrah! boys, with horse and with man,
Like the tempest we pass—let him follow who can.

When winter is here, and the storm spirit's abroad,
Swift glideth the sledge o'er the snow-covered road;
Great drifts hide the inn and the sign-post from sight,—
'Tis an ocean of snow lying waveless and white;
The wolves' and the ravens' wild greetings we hear,
As we pass the ravine, and the precipice drear,
With a hip-hip-hurrah! From the road though we stray
No matter,—the horses will find out the way.

The rain falls in torrents; the stream, grown a flood,
Has shattered the bridge on our passage that stood.
The waters have risen—are rising yet more—
'Tis foolhardy daring to swim to the shore.
Ten pieces of gold, and I'll venture my neck:
The carriage is floating—the box-seat's the deck;
But hip-hip-hurrah! boys, so loud are our cheers
That the water flows back, for our shouting it fears.

A jest to the lad and a kiss to the lass,
We throw, while they linger, to watch as we pass;
His laugh still resounds, and her cheek is still red,
When already our bells jingle far on ahead.
Right well does our team know their silvery chime,
And we scarce slacken speed as the mountain we climb.
Then hip-hip-hurrah! boys,—nay! slowly, beware,
For steep's the descent: we must make it with care.

At midnight, the streets of the town to the tread
Of our horses resound: all the sky's glowing red;
For crowds gather round us with torches of light,
And pine-boughs all blazing, to stare at the sight.
A crack of the whip, and a cheer and a song,
Through a circle of fire we clatter along;
And hip-hip-hurrah! through the glow and the glare,
Through flowers and folk, e'er a halt we declare.

Even if I were dead, I could never lie still:
I should hasten afield over valley and hill.
I'd take the light reins and the whip in my hand,
And scarce in the saddle I'd fly through the land.

No dull, droning chant and procession for me,—
I'd turn in my coffin such doings to see;
And hip-hip-hurrah! from the bier and its gloom
I'd leap to the saddle and drive to my tomb.

DIMBOVITZA

DIMBOVITZA! Magic river,
Silver-shining, memory-haunted;
He who drinks thy crystal waters
Ne'er can quit thy shores enchanted.

Dimbovitza! all too deeply
Drank I of thy flowing river;
For my love, my inmost being,
There meseems have sunk forever.

Dimbovitza! Dimbovitza!
All my soul hast thou in keeping,
Since beneath thy banks of verdure
Lies my dearest treasure sleeping.

LONGING

I LONG to feel thy little arm's embrace,
Thy little silver-sounding voice to hear;
I long for thy warm kisses on my face,
And for thy birdlike carol, blithe and clear.

I long for every childish, loving word;
And for thy little footsteps, fairy light,
That hither, thither moved, and ever stirred
My heart with them to gladness infinite.

And for thy hair I long—that halo blest
Hanging in golden glory round thy brow.
My child, can aught such longing lull to rest?
Nay, heaven's bliss alone can end it now.

CARMEN

AND all which I here have been singing,
It is your very own!
From your deep heart its music bringing
To sad chords of your sorrows ringing,
Winning for you the crown.

Yours were the thoughts forever ranging,
You made the folk-tales true.
In this earth-day of chance and changing,
Of lives unfolding, deaths estranging,
Look, Soul! there too are you.

Perchance, when Death shall bring sad leisure,
And these pale lips are dumb,
Then you my words may better measure,
And in my true love take new pleasure;
Then will my meaning come!

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

(1840-1893)

THE restraining and fructifying power of culture receives an adequate illustration in the writings of John Addington Symonds. There are few critics of this century who approach him in catholicity of artistic taste, and sensitiveness to the claims of humanity above all other claims. He is a humanist in the true sense of the word; preferring the study of man to the study of man's works, or rather seeking always for the human element in a monument of art. He is also an exponent of the highest culture, of that self-effectuation which is the fruit of knowledge married to sympathy. In him, as in Walter Pater, liberal education has carried talent almost to the domain of creative genius—almost but not quite: he remains a critic, whose criticism is always illumination. He describes his own development in his essay on 'Culture,' when he defines culture as—

"the raising of intellectual faculties to their highest potency by means of conscious training; . . . it is a psychical state, so to speak, which may be acquired by sympathetic and assimilative study. It makes a man to be something: it does not teach him to create anything. It has no power to stand in the place of nature, and to endow a human being with new faculties. It prepares him to exert his innate faculties in a chosen line of work with a certain spirit of freedom, with a certain breadth of understanding."



J. A. SYMONDS

Mr. Symonds's life was singularly uneventful, being devoted entirely to the quiet industries of scholarship. He inherited not a little of his literary taste from his father of the same name, who was a practicing physician at Bristol and afterwards at Clifton; and whose 'Miscellanies,' selected and edited by his son, were published in 1871. That son was born in Bristol, October 5th, 1840. In 1860 he was graduated from Balliol College, Oxford, winning the Newdigate prize. On account of ill health he lived for many years at Davos-Platz in Switzerland. He died at Rome, April 19th, 1893.

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The thirty-three years between the taking of his degree and his death were occupied chiefly with study, and with the production of works of criticism. Many of these deal with Italian men of genius; with the period of the Renaissance, and with those personages in whom the Renaissance spirit found most significant embodiment. 'An Introduction to the Study of Dante,' published in 1872, was one of the first fruits of Mr. Symonds's scholarship. His poetical temperament, his sensitiveness to beauty, above all, his intense interest in human development, fitted him peculiarly to understand the temper of Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. He entered with full sympathy into that highly colored, highly vitalized world, which was the product of the marriage of mediæval Faust with Helen, of the romance of Italy with the classicism of Greece.

His 'Renaissance in Italy' is a historical record of the development of this world, interspersed with subtle and penetrative criticism. This monumental book is in five parts. The first, 'The Age of the Despots,' was published in 1875; the second, 'The Revival of Learning,' in 1877; then followed 'The Fine Arts,' 'Italian Literature,' and lastly in 1886, 'The Catholic Reaction.' The comprehensiveness of this work is scarcely less remarkable than its conscientious scholarship, and its subtle insight into one of the most complex periods in modern history. He portrays a great age, as it can only be portrayed, through the medium of personality. He sees the individualism of the Renaissance expressed in Dante, in Petrarch, and in Boccaccio; he sees its strength in Michael Angelo, and its sweetness in Raphael. His 'Life of Michael Angelo' is written in this spirit of sympathetic criticism, so that it is less a historical record than a portrait of a man. His knowledge of Renaissance conditions enabled him also to breathe with freedom the glowing air of the England which brought forth the phœnix brood of the dramatists. His 'Studies of Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama' are luminous with appreciation, as are also his 'Life of Sidney' and his 'Life of Ben Jonson.' The chivalry of renascent England is embodied in the one, its humanism in the other. To Mr. Symonds the man is the age.

As was natural with a student of the Renaissance, Mr. Symonds was also a student of Greek life and thought. His 'Studies of the Greek Poets' is a unique work; because it approaches the genius of Greece, as embodied in her singers, on the side of personality. It is a book requiring little scholarship in the reader, and it is therefore popular in the widest sense. It tells of the Greek poets as of men whose individuality gave color to their age. The reader is brought into contact with them rather than with remote historical conditions. Over the whole record lies the beautiful light of a fine and penetrative sympathy. The author loses readily his nineteenth-century

temper of the desire of the impossible, and enters with full harmony into the mellow objective world of Greece, into its reasonableness and its temperance. His style attains its greatest perfection in this book. It is warm and pulsating with his sympathies.

The poetical and appreciative side of Mr. Symonds's nature was not developed, however, at the expense of the purely intellectual and scientific. His culture was broad enough to make of him a complete critic, living his artistic life in the Whole as well as in the Good and in the Beautiful. Yet he maintains that the scientific spirit, the outgrowth of the rediscovery of the world, must be subordinate to the humanistic spirit, the outgrowth of the rediscovery of man. This is so because man is greater than the universe in which he lives. In his 'Essays, Speculative and Suggestive,' he has embodied much of his critical thought concerning the scientific tendencies of the century.

He is also a subtle critic of his contemporaries. His life of Shelley reveals this; as does also a chapter on Zola's 'La Bête Humaine,' in which he maintains that Zola is an idealist.

"The idealism which I have been insisting on, which justifies us in calling 'La Bête Humaine' a poem, has to be sought in the method whereby these separate parcels of the plot are woven together; and also in the dominating conception contained in the title, which gives unity to the whole work. We are not in the real region of reality, but in the region of the constructive imagination, from the first to the last line of the novel. If that be not the essence of idealism,—this working of the artist's brain, not in but on the subject-matter of the external world and human nature,—I do not know what meaning to give to the term."

Besides the works already referred to, Mr. Symonds published 'A Study of Boccaccio,' 'A Study of Walt Whitman,' 'Studies in Italy and Greece,' a volume of poems entitled 'Many Moods,' another entitled 'New and Old,' a translation of the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, a volume of essays with the title 'In the Key of Blue,' a translation of the sonnets of Michael Angelo, 'Sketches and Studies in Italy,' 'Wine, Women, and Song: Mediæval Songs in English Verse,' and a volume of sonnets entitled 'Vagabundi Libellus.'

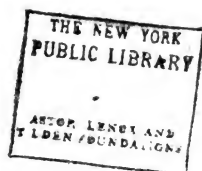
ITALIAN ART IN ITS RELATION TO RELIGION

From 'The Renaissance in Italy'

THE mediæval faiths were still vivid when the first Italian painters began their work; and the sincere endeavor of these men was to set forth in beautiful and worthy form the truths of Christianity. The eyes of the worshiper should no longer have a mere stock or stone to contemplate: his imagination should be helped by the dogmatic presentation of the scenes of sacred history, and his devotion be quickened by lively images of the passion of our Lord. Spirit should converse with spirit, through no veil of symbol, but through the transparent medium of art, itself instinct with inbreathed life and radiant with ideal beauty. The body and the soul, moreover, should be reconciled; and God's likeness should be once more acknowledged in the features and the limbs of man. Such was the promise of art; and this promise was in a great measure fulfilled by the painting of the fourteenth century. Men ceased to worship their God in the holiness of ugliness; and a great city called its street Glad on the birthday festival of the first picture investing religious emotion with æsthetic charm. But in making good the promise they had given, it was needful for the arts on the one hand to enter a region not wholly their own—the region of abstractions and of mystical conceptions; and on the other to create a world of sensuous delightfulness, wherein the spiritual element was materialized to the injury of its own essential quality. Spirit indeed spake to spirit, so far as the religious content was concerned; but flesh spake also to flesh in the æsthetic form. The incarnation promised by the arts involved a corresponding sensuousness. Heaven was brought down to earth, but at the cost of making men believe that earth itself was heavenly.

At this point the subject of our inquiry naturally divides into two main questions. The first concerns the form of figurative art specially adapted to the requirements of religious thought in the fourteenth century. The second treats of the effects resulting both to art and religion from the expression of mystical and theological conceptions in plastic form.

When we consider the nature of the ideas assimilated in the Middle Ages by the human mind, it is clear that art, in order to set them forth, demanded a language the Greeks had never





MADONNA AND CHILD

From a Painting by Giovanni Bellini

greatly needed, and had therefore never fully learned. To over-estimate the difference from an æsthetic point of view between the religious notions of the Greeks and those which Christianity had made essential, would be difficult. Faith, hope, and charity; humility, endurance, suffering; the Resurrection and the Judgment; the Fall and the Redemption; heaven and hell; the height and depth of man's mixed nature; the drama of human destiny before the throne of God;—into the sphere of thoughts like these, vivid and solemn, transcending the region of sense and corporeity, carrying the mind away to an ideal world, where the things of this earth obtained a new reality by virtue of their relation to an invisible and infinite beyond,—the modern arts in their infancy were thrust. There was nothing finite here or tangible, no gladness in the beauty of girlish foreheads or the swiftness of a young man's limbs, no simple idealization of natural delightfulness. The human body, which the figurative arts must needs use as the vehicle of their expression, had ceased to have a value in and for itself, had ceased to be the true and adequate investiture of thoughts demanded from the artist. At best it could be taken only as the symbol of some inner meaning, the shrine of an indwelling spirit nobler than itself; just as a lamp of alabaster owes its beauty and its worth to the flame it more than half conceals, the light transmitted through its scarce transparent walls.

In ancient art those moral and spiritual qualities which the Greeks recognized as truly human, and therefore divine, allowed themselves to be incarnated in well-selected types of physical perfection. The deities of the Greek mythology were limited to the conditions of natural existence; they were men and women of a larger mold and freer personality: less complex, inasmuch as each completed some one attribute; less thwarted in activity, inasmuch as no limit was assigned to exercise of power. The passions and the faculties of man, analyzed by unconscious psychology and deified by religious fancy, were invested by sculpture with appropriate forms,—the tact of the artist selecting corporeal qualities fitted to impersonate the special character of each divinity. Nor was it possible that, the gods and goddesses being what they were, exact analogues should not be found for them in idealized humanity. In a Greek statue there was enough soul to characterize the beauty of the body; to render her due meed of wisdom to Pallas, to distinguish the swiftness of Hermes

from the strength of Heracles, or to contrast the virginal grace of Artemis with the abundance of Aphrodite's charms. At the same time, the spirituality that gave its character to each Greek deity was not such that, even in thought, it could be dissociated from corporeal form. The Greeks thought of their gods as incarnate persons; and all the artist had to see to, was that this incarnate personality should be impressive in his marble.

Christianity, on the other hand, made the moral and spiritual nature of man all-essential. It sprang from an earlier religion, that judged it impious to give any form to God. The body and its terrestrial activity occupied but a subordinate position in its system. It was the life of the soul, separable from this frame of flesh, and destined to endure when earth and all this it contains has ended,—a life that was continued conflict and aspiring struggle,—which the arts, in so far as they became its instrument, were called upon to illustrate. It was the worship of a deity, all spirit, to be sought on no one sacred hill, to be adored in no transcendent shape, that they were bound to heighten. The most highly prized among the Christian virtues had no necessary connection with beauty of feature or strength of limb. Such beauty and such strength at any rate were accidental, not essential. A Greek faun could not but be graceful; a Greek hero was of necessity vigorous. But St. Stephen might be steadfast to the death without physical charm; St. Anthony might put to flight the devils of the flesh without muscular force. It is clear that the radiant physical perfection proper to the deities of Greek sculpture was not sufficient in this sphere. Again, the most stirring episodes of the Christian mythology involved pain and perturbation of the spirit; the victories of the Christian athletes were won in conflicts carried on within their hearts and souls: "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers," demoniac leaders of spiritual legions. It is therefore no less clear that the tranquillity and serenity of the Hellenic ideal, so necessary to consummate sculpture, was here out of place. How could the Last Judgment—that day of wrath when every soul, however insignificant on earth, will play the first part for one moment in an awful tragedy—be properly expressed in plastic form, harmonious and pleasing? And supposing that the artist should abandon the attempt to exclude ugliness and discord, pain and confusion, from his representation of the *Dies Irae*, how could he succeed in setting forth by the sole

medium of the human body the anxiety and anguish of the soul at such a time? The physical form, instead of being adequate to the ideas expressed, and therefore helpful to the artist, is a positive embarrassment, a source of weakness. The most powerful pictorial or sculpturesque delineation of the Judgment, when compared with the pangs inflicted on the spirit by a guilty conscience,—pangs whereof words may render some account, but which can find no analogue in writhings of the limbs or face,—must of necessity be found a failure. Still more impossible, if we pursue this train of thought into another region, is it for the figurative arts to approach the Christian conception of God in his omnipotence and unity. Christ himself, the central figure of the Christian universe, the desired of all nations, in whom the Deity assumed a human form and dwelt with men,—is no fit subject for such art at any rate as the Greeks had perfected. The fact of his incarnation brought him indeed within the proper sphere of the fine arts; but the chief events of his life on earth removed him beyond the reach of sculpture. This is an important consideration. It is to this that our whole argument is tending. Therefore to enlarge upon this point will not be useless.

Christ is especially adored in his last act of love on Calvary; and how impossible it is to set that forth consistently with the requirements of strictly plastic art, may be gathered by comparing the passion of St. Bernard's Hymn to our Lord upon the Cross with all that Winckelmann and Hegel have so truly said about the restrained expression, dignified generality, and harmonious beauty essential to sculpture. It is the negation of tranquillity, the excess of feeling, the absence of comeliness, the contrast between visible weakness and invisible omnipotence, the physical humiliation voluntarily suffered by him that "ruled over all the angels, that walked on the pavements of heaven, whose feet were clothed with stars,"—it is all this that gives their force and pathos to these stanzas:—

Omnis vigor atque viror
Hinc recessit; non admiror:
Mors apparet in inspectu,
Totus pendens in defectu,
 Attritus ægrâ macie.

Sic affectus, sic despectus,
Propter me sic interfectus,

Peccatori tam indigno
 Cum amoris in te signo
 Appare clarâ facie.*

We have never heard that Pheidias or Praxiteles chose Prometheus upon Caucasus for the supreme display of his artistic skill; and even the anguish expressed in the group of the 'Laocoön' is justly thought to violate the laws of antique sculpture. Yet here was a greater than Prometheus,—one who had suffered more, and on whose suffering the salvation of the human race depended,—to exclude whom from the sphere of representation in art was the same as confessing the utter impotence of art to grasp the vital thought of modern faith. It is clear that the Muses of the new age had to haunt Calvary instead of Helicon; slaking their thirst at no Castalian spring, but at the fount of tears outpoured by all creation for a stricken God. What Hellas had achieved, supplied no norm or method for the arts in this new service.

From what has hitherto been advanced, we may assert with confidence that if the arts were to play an important part in Christian culture, an art was imperatively demanded that should be at home in the sphere of intense feeling; that should treat the body as the interpreter and symbol of the soul, and should not shrink from pain and passion. How far the fine arts were at all qualified to express the essential thoughts of Christianity,—a doubt suggested in the foregoing paragraphs,—and how far, through their proved inadequacy to perform this task completely, they weakened the hold of mediæval faiths upon the modern mind, are questions to be raised hereafter. For the present it is enough to affirm that least of all the arts could sculpture, with its essential repose and its dependence on corporal conditions, solve the problem. Sculpture had suited the requirements of

* All thy strength and bloom are faded:
 Who hath thus thy state degraded?
 Death upon thy form is written;
 See the wan worn limbs, the smitten
 Breast upon the cruel tree!

Thus despised and desecrated,
 Thus in dying desolated,
 Slain for me, of sinners vilest,
 Loving Lord, on me thou smilest:
 Shine, bright face, and strengthen me!

Greek thought. It belonged by right to men who not unwillingly accepted the life of this world as final, and who worshiped in their deities the incarnate personality of man made perfect. But it could not express the cycle of Christian ideas. The desire of a better world, the fear of a worse; the sense of sin referred to physical appetites, and the corresponding mortification of the flesh; hope, ecstasy, and penitence and prayer,—imply contempt or hatred for the body, suggest notions too spiritual to be conveyed by the rounded contours of beautiful limbs, too full of struggle for statuesque tranquillity. The new element needed a more elastic medium of expression. Motives more varied, gradations of sentiment more delicate, the fugitive and transient phases of emotion, the inner depths of consciousness, had somehow to be seized. It was here that painting asserted its supremacy.

Painting is many degrees further removed than sculpture from dependence on the body in the fullness of its physical proportions. It touches our sensibilities by suggestions more indirect, more mobile, and more multiform. Color and shadow, aerial perspective and complicated grouping,—denied to sculpture, but within the proper realm of painting,—have their own significance, their real relation to feelings vaguer but not less potent than those which find expression in the simple human form. To painting, again, belongs the play of feature, indicative of internal movement, through a whole gamut of modulations inapprehensible by sculpture. All that drapery by its partial concealment of the form it clothes, and landscape by its sympathies with human sentiment, may supply to enhance the passion of the spectator, pertains to painting. This art, therefore, owing to the greater variety of means at its disposal and its greater adequacy to express emotion, became the paramount Italian art.

To sculpture in the Renaissance, shorn of the divine right to create gods and heroes, was left the narrower field of decoration, portraiture, and sepulchral monuments. In the last of these departments it found the noblest scope for its activity; for beyond the grave, according to Christian belief, the account of the striving, hoping, and resisting soul is settled. The corpse upon the bier may bear the stamp of spiritual character impressed on it in life; but the spirit, with its struggle and its passion, has escaped as from a prison-house, and flown elsewhere. The body of the dead man—for whom this world is over, and who sleeps in

peace awaiting resurrection, and thereby not wholly dead, around whose tomb watch sympathizing angels or contemplative genii—was therefore the proper subject for the highest Christian sculpture. Here if anywhere the right emotion could be adequately expressed in stone; and the molded form be made the symbol of repose, expectant of restored activity. The greatest sculptor of the modern age was essentially a poet of Death.

Painting, then, for the reasons already assigned and insisted on, was the art demanded by the modern intellect upon its emergence from the stillness of the Middle Ages. The problem, however, even for the art of painting, was not simple. The painters, following the masters of mosaic, began by setting forth the history, mythology, and legends of the Christian Church, in imagery freer and more beautiful than lay within the scope of treatment by Romanesque or Byzantine art. So far their task was comparatively easy; for the idyllic grace of maternal love in the Madonna, the pathetic incidents of martyrdom, the courage of confessors, the ecstasies of celestial joy in redeemed souls, the loveliness of a pure life in modest virgins, and the dramatic episodes of sacred story, furnish a multitude of motives admirably pictorial. There was therefore no great obstacle upon the threshold, so long as artists gave their willing service to the Church. Yet, looking back upon this phase of painting, we are able to perceive that already the adaptation of art to Christian dogma entailed concessions on both sides. Much, on the one hand, had to be omitted from the programme offered to artistic treatment, for the reason that the fine arts could not deal with it at all. Much, on the other hand, had to be expressed by means which painting in a state of perfect freedom would repudiate. Allegorical symbols, like Prudence with two faces, and painful episodes of agony and anguish, marred her work of beauty. There was consequently a double compromise, involving a double sacrifice of something precious. The faith suffered by having its mysteries brought into the light of day, incarnated in form, and humanized. Art suffered by being forced to render intellectual abstractions to the eye through figured symbols.

As technical skill increased, and as beauty, the proper end of art, became more rightly understood, the painters found that their craft was worthy of being made an end in itself, and that the actualities of life observed around them had claims upon their genius no less weighty than dogmatic mysteries. The subjects

they had striven at first to realize with all simplicity, now became the vehicles for the display of sensuous beauty, science, and mundane pageantry. The human body received separate and independent study as a thing in itself incomparably beautiful, commanding more powerful emotions by its magic than aught else that sways the soul. At the same time the external world, with all its wealth of animal and vegetable life, together with the works of human ingenuity in costly clothing and superb buildings, was seen to be in every detail worthy of most patient imitation. Anatomy and perspective taxed the understanding of the artist, whose whole force was no longer devoted to the task of bringing religious ideas within the limits of the representable. Next, when the classical revival came into play, the arts, in obedience to the spirit of the age, left the sphere of sacred subjects, and employed their full-grown faculties in the domain of myths and pagan fancies. In this way painting may truly be said to have opened the new era of culture, and to have first manifested the freedom of the modern mind. When Luca Signorelli drew naked young men for a background to his picture of the Madonna and the infant Christ, he created for the student a symbol of the attitude assumed by fine art in its liberty of outlook over the whole range of human interests. Standing before this picture in the Uffizzi, we feel that the Church, while hoping to adorn her cherished dogmas with æsthetic beauty, had encouraged a power antagonistic to her own; a power that liberated the spirit she sought to enthrall, restoring to mankind the earthly paradise from which monasticism had expelled it.

Not to diverge at this point, and to entertain the difficult problem of the relation of the fine arts to Christianity, would be to shrink from the most thorny question offered to the understanding by the history of the Renaissance. On the very threshold of the matter, I am bound to affirm my conviction that the spiritual purists of all ages—the Jews, the Iconoclasts of Byzantium, Savonarola, and our Puritan ancestors—were justified in their mistrust of plastic art. The spirit of Christianity and the spirit of figurative art are opposed, not because such art is immoral, but because it cannot free itself from sensuous associations. It is always bringing us back to the dear life of earth, from which the faith would sever us. It is always reminding us of the body which piety bids us to forget. Painters and sculptors glorify that which saints and ascetics have mortified. The

masterpieces of Titian and Correggio, for example, lead the soul away from compunction, away from penitence, away from worship even, to dwell on the delight of youthful faces, blooming color, graceful movement, delicate emotion. Nor is this all: religious motives may be misused for what is worse than merely sensuous suggestiveness. The masterpieces of the Bolognese and Neapolitan painters, while they pretend to quicken compassion for martyrs in their agony, pander to a bestial blood-lust lurking in the darkest chambers of the soul. Therefore it is that piety, whether the piety of monastic Italy or of Puritan England, turns from these æsthetic triumphs as from something alien to itself. When the worshiper would fain ascend on wings of ecstasy to God the infinite, ineffable, unrealized, how can he endure the contact of those splendid forms, in which the lust of the eye and the pride of life, professing to subserve devotion, remind him rudely of the goodliness of sensual existence? Art, by magnifying human beauty, contradicts these Pauline maxims: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain;" "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth;" "Your life is hid with Christ in God." The sublimity and elevation it gives to carnal loveliness are themselves hostile to the spirit that holds no truce or compromise with the flesh. As displayed in its most perfect phases, in Greek sculpture and Venetian painting, art dignifies the actual mundane life of man; but Christ, in the language of uncompromising piety, means everything most alien to this mundane life,—self-denial, abstinence from fleshly pleasure, the waiting for true bliss beyond the grave, seclusion even from social and domestic ties. "He that loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me." "He that taketh not his cross and followeth me, is not worthy of me." It is needful to insist upon these extremest sentences of the New Testament, because upon them was based the religious practice of the Middle Ages, more sincere in their determination to fulfill the letter and embrace the spirit of the Gospel than any succeeding age has been.

If then there really exists this antagonism between fine art glorifying human life and piety condemning it, how came it, we may ask, that even in the Middle Ages the Church hailed art as her coadjutor? The answer lies in this: that the Church has always compromised. When the conflict of the first few centuries of Christianity had ended in her triumph, she began to mediate between asceticism and the world. Intent on absorbing all existent

elements of life and power, she conformed her system to the Roman type, established her service in basilicas and pagan temples, adopted portions of the antique ritual, and converted local genii into saints. At the same time she utilized the spiritual forces of monasticism, and turned the mystic impulse of ecstasies to account. The Orders of the Preachers and the Begging Friars became her militia and police; the mystery of Christ's presence in the Eucharist was made an engine of the priesthood; the dreams of Paradise and Purgatory gave value to her pardons, interdictions, jubilees, indulgences, and curses. In the Church the spirit of the cloister and the spirit of the world found neutral ground, and to the practical accommodation between these hostile elements she owed her wide supremacy. The Christianity she formed and propagated was different from that of the New Testament, inasmuch as it had taken up into itself a mass of mythological anthropomorphic elements. Thus transmuted and materialized, thus accepted by the vivid faith of an unquestioning populace, Christianity offered a proper medium for artistic activity. The whole first period of Italian painting was occupied with the endeavor to set forth in form and color the popular conceptions of a faith at once unphilosophical and unspiritual, beautiful and fit for art by reason of the human elements it had assumed into its substance. It was natural, therefore, that the Church should show herself indulgent to the arts, which were effecting in their own sphere what she had previously accomplished; though purists and ascetics, holding fast by the original spirit of their creed, might remain irreconcilably antagonistic to their influence. The Reformation, on the contrary, rejecting the whole mass of compromises sanctioned by the Church, and returning to the elemental principles of the faith, was no less naturally opposed to fine arts; which after giving sensuous form to Catholic mythology, had recently attained to liberty and brought again the gods of Greece.

A single illustration might be selected from the annals of Italian painting, to prove how difficult even the holiest minded and most earnest painter found it to effect the proper junction between plastic beauty and pious feeling. Fra Bartolommeo, the disciple of Savonarola, painted a Sebastian in the cloister of S. Marco; where it remained until the Dominican confessors became aware, through the avowals of female penitents, that this picture was a stumbling-block and snare to souls. It was then removed, and what became of it we do not know for certain. Fra

Bartolommeo undoubtedly intended this ideal portrait of the martyr to be edifying. St. Sebastian was to stand before the world as the young man, strong and beautiful, who endured to the end, and won the crown of martyrdom. No other ideas but those of heroism, constancy, or faith, were meant to be expressed: but the painter's art demanded that their expression should be eminently beautiful; and the beautiful body of the young man distracted attention from his spiritual virtues to his physical perfections. A similar maladjustment of the means of plastic art to the purposes of religion would have been impossible in Hellas, where the temples of Erôs and of Phœbus stood side by side; but in Christian Florence the craftsman's skill sowed seeds of discord in the souls of the devout.

This story is but a coarse instance of the separation between piety and plastic art. In truth, the difficulty of uniting them in such a way that the latter shall enforce the former lies far deeper than its powers of illustration reach. Religion has its proper end in contemplation and in conduct. Art aims at presenting sensuous embodiment of thoughts and feelings with a view to intellectual enjoyment. Now, many thoughts are incapable of sensuous embodiment; they appear as abstractions to the philosophical intellect or as dogmas to the theological understanding. To effect an alliance between art and philosophy or art and theology, in the specific region of either religion or speculation, is therefore an impossibility. In like manner there are many feelings which cannot properly assume a sensuous form; and these are precisely religious feelings, in which the soul abandons sense, and leaves the actual world behind, to seek her freedom in a spiritual region. Yet while we recognize the truth of this reasoning, it would be unscientific to maintain that until they are brought into close and inconvenient contact, there is direct hostility between religion and the arts. The sphere of the two is separate; their aims are distinct: they must be allowed to perfect themselves each after its own fashion. In the large philosophy of human nature, represented by Goethe's famous motto, there is room for both, because those who embrace it bend their natures neither wholly to the pietism of the cloister nor to the sensuality of art. They find the meeting-point of art and of religion in their own humanity; and perceive that the antagonism of the two begins when art is set to do work alien to its nature, and to minister to what it does not naturally serve.





CHARLES I.

Charles

THE INVASION OF ITALY BY CHARLES VIII. OF FRANCE

From 'History of the Renaissance in Italy'

WHAT was this beautiful land in the midst of which the French found themselves,—a land whose marble palaces were thronged with cut-throats in disguise, whose princes poisoned while they smiled, whose luxuriant meadows concealed fever, whose ladies carried disease upon their lips? To the captains and the soldiery of France, Italy already appeared a splendid and fascinating Circe, arrayed with charms, surrounded with illusions, hiding behind perfumed thickets her victims changed to brutes, and building the couch of her seduction on the bones of murdered men. Yet she was so beautiful that, halt as they might for a moment and gaze back with yearning on the Alps that they had crossed, they found themselves unable to resist her smile. Forward they must march through the garden of enchantment; henceforth taking the precaution to walk with drawn sword, and like Orlando in Morgana's park, to stuff their casques with roses that they might not hear the siren's voice too clearly. It was thus that Italy began the part she played through the Renaissance for the people of the North. 'The White Devil of Italy' is the title of one of Webster's best tragedies. A white devil, —a radiant daughter of sin and death, holding in her hands the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil, and tempting the nations to eat,—this is how Italy struck the fancy of the men of the sixteenth century. She was feminine, and they were virile; but she could teach and they must learn. She gave them pleasure; they brought force. The fruit of her embraces with the nations was the spirit of modern culture, the genius of the age in which we live.

Two terrible calamities warned the Italians with what new enemies they had to deal. Twice at the commencement of the invasion did the French use the sword which they had drawn to intimidate the sorceress. These terror-striking examples were the massacres of the inhabitants of Rapallo on the Genoese Riviera, and of Fivizzano in Lunigiana. Soldiers and burghers, even prisoners and wounded men in the hospitals, were butchered, first by the Swiss and German guards, and afterwards by the French, who would not be outdone by them in energy. It was thus that the Italians, after a century of bloodless battles and parade campaigning, learned a new art of war, and witnessed the first act

of those Apocalyptic tragedies which were destined to drown the peninsula with French, Spanish, German, Swiss, and native blood.

Meanwhile the French host had reached Parma; traversing, all through the golden autumn weather, those plains where mulberry and elm are married by festoons of vines above a billowy expanse of maize and corn. From Parma placed beneath the northern spurs of the Apennines, to Sarzana on the western coast of Italy, where the marbles of Carrara build their barrier against the Tyrrhene Sea, there leads a winding barren mountain pass. Charles took this route with his army, and arrived in the beginning of November before the walls of Sarzana. Meanwhile we may well ask what Piero de' Medici had been doing, and how he had fulfilled his engagement with Alfonso. He had undertaken, it will be remembered, to hold the passes of the Apennines upon this side. To have embarrassed the French troops among those limestone mountains, thinly forested with pine and chestnut trees, and guarded here and there with ancient fortresses, would have been a matter of no difficulty. With like advantages, 2000 Swiss troops during their wars of independence would have laughed to scorn the whole forces of Burgundy and Austria. But Piero, a feeble and false tyrant, preoccupied with Florentine factions, afraid of Lucca, and disinclined to push forward into the territory of the Sforza, had as yet done nothing when the news arrived that Sarzana was on the point of capitulation. In this moment of peril he rode as fast as horses could carry him to the French camp, besought an interview with Charles, and then and there delivered up to him the keys of Sarzana and its citadel, together with those of Pietra Santa, Libbrafratte, Pisa, and Leghorn. Any one who has followed the sea-coast between Pisa and Sarzana can appreciate the enormous value of these concessions to the invader. They relieved him of the difficulty of forcing his way along a narrow belt of land, which is hemmed in on one side by the sea, and on the other by the highest and most abrupt mountain range in Italy. To have done this in the teeth of a resisting army and beneath the walls of hostile castles would have been all-but impossible. As it was, Piero cut the Gordian knot by his incredible cowardice, and for himself gained only ruin and dishonor. Charles, the foe against whom he had plotted with Alfonso and Alexander, laughed in his face, and marched at once into Pisa. The Florentines, whom he had hitherto engaged in an unpopular policy, now rose in fury,

expelled him from the city, sacked his palace, and erased from their memory the name of Medici except for execration. The unsuccessful tyrant, who had proved a traitor to his allies, to his country, and to himself, saved his life by flying first to Bologna and thence to Venice, where he remained in a sort of polite captivity—safe, but a slave—until the Doge and his council saw which way affairs would tend.

On the 9th of November, Florence after a tyranny of fifty years, and Pisa after the servitude of a century, recovered their liberties, and were able to reconstitute republican governments. But the situation of the two States was very different. The Florentines had never lost the name of liberty, which in Italy at that period meant less the freedom of the inhabitants to exercise self-government than the independence of the city in relation to its neighbors. The Pisans on the other hand had been reduced to subjection by Florence; their civic life had been stifled, their pride wounded in the tenderest point of honor, their population decimated by proscription and exile. The great sin of Florence was the enslavement of Pisa; and Pisa in this moment of anarchy burned to obliterate her shame with bloodshed. The French, understanding none of the niceties of Italian politics, and ignorant that in giving freedom to Pisa they were robbing Florence of her rights, looked on with wonder at the citizens who tossed the lion of the tyrant town into the Arno, and took up arms against its officers. It is sad to witness this last spasm of the long-suppressed passion for liberty in the Pisans, while we know how soon they were reduced again to slavery by the selfish sister State, herself too thoroughly corrupt for liberty. The part of Charles—who espoused the cause of the Pisans with blundering carelessness, pretended to protect the new republic, and then abandoned it a few months later to its fate—provokes nothing but the languid contempt which all his acts inspire.

After the flight of Piero and the proclamation of Pisan liberty, the King of France was hailed as savior of the free Italian towns. Charles received a magnificent address from Savonarola, who proceeded to Pisa, and harangued him as the chosen vessel of the Lord and the deliverer of the Church from anarchy. At the same time the friar conveyed to the French King a courteous invitation from the Florentine republic to enter their city and enjoy their hospitality. Charles, after upsetting Piero de' Medici with the nonchalance of a horseman in the tilting-yard,

and restoring the freedom of Pisa for a caprice, remained as devoid of policy and as indifferent to the part assigned him by the prophet as he was before. He rode, armed at all points, into Florence on November 17th, and took up his residence in the palace of the Medici. Then he informed the elders of the city that he had come as conqueror and not as guest, and that he intended to reserve to himself the disposition of the State.

It was a dramatic moment. Florence, with the Arno flowing through her midst, and the hills around her gray with olive-trees, was then even more lovely than we see her now. The whole circuit of her walls remained, nor had their crown of towers been leveled yet to make resistance of invading force more easy. Brunelleschi's dome and Giotto's tower and Arnolfo's Palazzo and the Loggie of Orcagna gave distinction to her streets and squares. Her churches were splendid with frescoes in their bloom, and with painted glass over which as yet the injury of but a few brief years had passed. Her palaces, that are as strong as castles, overflowed with a population cultivated, polished, elegant, refined, and haughty. This Florence, the city of scholars, artists, intellectual sybarites, and citizens in whom the blood of the old factions beat, found herself suddenly possessed as a prey of war by flaunting Gauls in their outlandish finery, plumed Germans, kilted Kelts, and particolored Swiss. On the other hand, these barbarians awoke in a terrestrial paradise of natural and æsthetic beauty. Which of us who has enjoyed the late gleams of autumn in Valdarno, but can picture to himself the revelation of the inner meaning of the world, incomprehensible yet soul-subduing, which then first dawned upon the Breton bowmen and the bulls of Uri? Their impulse no doubt was to pillage and possess the wealth before them, as a child pulls to pieces the wonderful flower that has surprised it on some mountain meadow. But in the very rudeness of desire they paid a homage to the new-found loveliness of which they had not dreamed before.

Charles here as elsewhere showed his imbecility. He had entered and laid hands on hospitable Florence like a foe. What would he now do with her?—reform the republic—legislate—impose a levy on the citizens, and lead them forth to battle? No. He asked for a huge sum of money, and began to bargain. The Florentine secretaries refused his terms. He insisted. Then Piero Capponi snatched the paper on which they were written,

and tore it in pieces before his eyes. Charles cried, "I shall sound my trumpets." Capponi answered, "We will ring our bells." Beautiful as a dream is Florence; but her sombre streets, overshadowed by gigantic belfries and masked by grim brown palace fronts, contained a menace that the French King could not face. Let Capponi sound the tocsin, and each house would become a fortress, the streets would be barricaded with iron chains, every quarter would pour forth men by hundreds well versed in the arts of civic warfare. Charles gave way, covering with a bad joke the discomfiture he felt: *Ah, Ciappon, Ciappon, voi siete un mal Ciappon!* The secretaries beat down his terms. All he cared for was to get money. He agreed to content himself with 120,000 florins. A treaty was signed, and in two days he quitted Florence.

Hitherto Charles had met with no serious obstacle. His invasion had fallen like the rain from heaven; and like rain, as far as he was concerned, it ran away to waste. Lombardy and Tuscany, the two first scenes in the pageant displayed by Italy before the French army, had been left behind. Rome now lay before them, magnificent in desolation: not the Rome which the Farnesi and Chigi and Barberini have built up from the quarried ruins of amphitheatres and baths, but the Rome of the Middle Ages; the city crowned with relics of a pagan past, herself still pagan, and holding in her midst the modern Antichrist. The progress of the French was a continued triumph. They reached Siena on the second of December. The Duke of Urbino and the lords of Pesaro and Bologna laid down their arms at their approach. The Orsini opened their castles. Virginio, the captain-general of the Aragonese army and grand constable of the kingdom of Naples, hastened to win for himself favorable terms from the French sovereign. The Baglioni betook themselves to their own rancors in Perugia. The Duke of Calabria retreated. Italy seemed bent on proving that cowardice and selfishness and incapacity had conquered her. Viterbo was gained; the Ciminian heights were traversed; the Campagna, bounded by the Alban and the Sabine hills, with Rome a bluish cloud upon the lowlands of the Tiber, spread its solemn breadth of beauty at the invader's feet. Not a blow had been struck when he reached the Porta del Popolo, upon the 31st of December, 1494. At three o'clock in the afternoon began the entry of the French army. It was nine at night before the last soldiers, under the flaring

light of torches and flambeaux, defiled through the gates, and took their quarters in the streets of the Eternal City. The gigantic barbarians of the cantons, flaunting with plumes and emblazoned surcoats, the chivalry of France splendid with silk mantles and gilded corslets, the Scotch guard in their wild costume of kilt and philibeg, the scythe-like halberds of the German lanzknechts, the tangled elf-locks of stern-featured Bretons, stamped an ineffaceable impression on the people of the South. On this memorable occasion, as in a show upon some holiday, marched past before them specimens and vanguards of all those legioned races which were soon to be too well at home in every fair Italian dwelling-place. Nothing was wanting to complete the symbol of the coming doom but a representative of the grim, black, wiry infantry of Spain.

THE GENIUS OF GREEK ART

From 'Studies of the Greek Poets.' Published by Harper & Brothers

THE Greeks had no past; "no hungry generations trod them down:" whereas the multitudinous associations of immense antiquity envelop all our thoughts and feelings. "O Solon, Solon," said the priest of Egypt, "you Greeks are always children!" The world has now grown old; we are gray from the cradle onwards, swathed with the husks of outworn creeds, and rocked upon the lap of immemorial mysteries. The travail of the whole earth, the unsatisfied desires of many races, the anguish of the death and birth of successive civilizations, have passed into our souls. Life itself has become a thousandfold more complicated and more difficult for us than it was in the springtime of the world. With the increase of the size of nations, poverty and disease and the struggle for bare existence have been aggravated. How can we, then, bridge over the gulf which separates us from the Greeks? How shall we, whose souls are aged and wrinkled with the long years of humanity, shake hands across the centuries with those young-eyed, young-limbed, immortal children? Can we make criticism our Medea,—bid the magnificent witch pluck leaves and flowers of Greek poetry and art and life, distilling them for us to bathe therein, and regenerate our youth like Æson?

Like a young man newly come from the wrestling-ground, anointed, chapleted, and very calm, the Genius of the Greeks appears before us. Upon his soul there is yet no burden of the world's pain; the creation that groaneth and travaileth together has touched him with no sense of anguish, nor has he yet felt sin. The pride and the strength of adolescence are his: audacity and endurance, swift passions and exquisite sensibilities, the alternations of sublime repose and boyish noise, grace, pliancy, and stubbornness and power, love of all fair things and radiant in the world, the frank enjoyment of the open air, free merriment, and melancholy well beloved. Of these adolescent qualities, of this clear and stainless personality, this conscience whole and pure and reconciled to nature, what survives among us now? The imagination must be strained to the uttermost before we can begin to sympathize with such a being. The blear-eyed mechanic, stifled in a hovel of our sombre Northern towns, canopied through all the year with smoke, deafened with wheels that never cease to creak, stiffened by toil in one cramped posture, oblivious of the sunlight and green fields, could scarcely be taught even to envy the pure, clear life of art made perfect in humanity, which was the pride of Hellas. His soul is gladdened, if at all, by a glimpse of celestial happiness far off. The hope that went abroad across the earth so many centuries ago has raised his eyes to heaven. How can he comprehend a mode of existence in which the world itself was adequate to all the wants of the soul, and when to yearn for more than life affords was reckoned a disease?

We may tell of blue Ægean waves, islanded with cliffs that seem less real than clouds, whereon the temples stand, burning like gold in sunset or turning snowy fronts against the dawn. We may paint high porches of the gods, resonant with music and gladdened with choric dances; or describe perpetual sunshine and perpetual ease,—no work from year to year that might degrade the body or impair the mind, no dread of hell, no yearning after heaven, but summer-time of youth and autumn of old age and loveless death bewept and bravely borne. The life of the schools, the theatre, the wrestling-ground, the law courts; generous contests on the Pythian or Olympian plains; victorious crowns of athletes or of patriots; Simonidean epitaphs and funeral orations of Pericles for fallen heroes; the prize of martial prowess or poetic skill; the honor paid to the pre-eminence of beauty,—all

these things admit of scholar-like enumeration. Or we may recall by fancy the olive groves of the Academy; discern Hymettus pale against the burnished sky, and Athens guarded by her glistening goddess of the mighty brow,—Pallas, who spreads her shield and shakes her spear above the labyrinth of peristyles and pediments in which her children dwell. Imagination can lead us to the plane-trees on Cephissus's shore, the labors of the husbandmen who garner dues of corn and oil, the galleys in Peiræan harborage. Or with the Lysis and the Charmides beneath our eyes, we may revisit the haunts of the wrestlers and the runners; true-born Athenians, fresh from the bath and crowned with violets,—chaste, vigorous, inured to rhythmic movements of the passions and the soul.

Yet after all, when the process of an elaborate culture has thus been toilsomely accomplished, when we have trained our soul to sympathize with that which is so novel and so strange and yet so natural, few of us can fairly say that we have touched the Greeks at more than one or two points. *Novies Styx interfusa coerces*: between us and them crawls the nine times twisted stream of death. The history of the human race is one; and without the Greeks we should be nothing. But just as an old man of ninety is not the same being as the boy of nineteen,—nay, cannot even recall to memory how and what he felt when the pulse of manhood was yet gathering strength within his veins,—even so now, civilized humanity looks back upon the youth of Hellas, and wonders what she was in that blest time.

A few fragments yet remain from which we strive to reconstruct the past. Criticism is the product of the weakness as well as of the strength of our age. In the midst of our activity, we have so little that is artistically salient or characteristic in our life that we are not led astray by our own individuality, or tempted to interpret the past wrongly by making it square with the present. Impartial clearness of judgment in scientific research, laborious antiquarian zeal, methodic scrupulousness in preserving the minutest details of local coloring, and an earnest craving to escape from the dreary present of commonplace routine and drudgery into the spirit-stirring freedom of the past,—these are qualities of the highest value which our century has brought to bear upon history. They make up in some measure for our want of the creative faculties which more productive but less scientific ages have possessed, and enable those who have

but little original imagination to enjoy imaginative pleasures. at second hand, by living as far as may be in the clear light of antique beauty.

The sea, the hills, the plains, the sunlight of the South, together with some ruins which have peopled Europe with phantoms of dead art and the relics of Greek literature, are our guides in the endeavor to restore the past of Hellas. Among rocks golden with broom-flowers, murmurous with bees, burning with anemones in spring and oleanders in summer, and odorous through all the year with thyme, we first assimilate the spirit of the Greeks. It is here that we divine the meaning of the myths, and feel those poems that expressed themselves in marble 'mid the temples of the gods to have been the one right outgrowth from the sympathy of man, as he was then, with nature. In the silence of mountain valleys thinly grown with arbutus and pine and oak, open at all seasons to pure air, and breaking downwards to the sea, we understand the apparition of Pan to Pheidippides, we read the secret of a nation's art that aimed at definition before all things. The bay of Naples, the coast of Sicily, are instinct with the sense of those first settlers, who, coasting round the silent promontories, ran their keels upon the shelving shore, and drew them up along the strand, and named the spot Neapolis or Gela. The boys of Rome were yet in the wolf's cavern. Vesuvius was a peaceful hill on which the olive and the vine might slumber. The slopes of Pozzuoli were green with herbs, over which no lava had been poured. Wandering about Sorrento, the spirit of the Odyssey is ours. Those fishing-boats with lateen sail are such as bore the heroes from their ten-years' toil at Troy. Those shadowy islands caught the gaze of Æneas straining for the promised land. Into such clefts and rents of rock strode Herakles and Jason when they sought the golden apples and the golden fleece. Look down. There gleam the green and yellow dragon scales, coiled on the basement of the hills, and writhing to each curve and cleavage of the chasm. Is it a dream? Do we in fact behold the mystic snake, or in the twilight do those lustrous orange-trees deceive our eyes? Nay, there are no dragons in the ravine—only thick boughs and bur-nished leaves and snowy bloom and globes of glittering gold. Above them on the cliff sprout myrtle rods, sacred to love; myrtle branches, with which the Athenians wreathed their swords in honor of Harmodius. Lilies and jonquils and hyacinths stand,

each straight upon his stem,—a youth, as Greeks imagined, slain by his lover's hand, or dead for love of his own loveliness, or cropped in love's despite by death that is the foe of love. Scarlet and white anemones are there: some born of Adonis's blood, and some of Aphrodite's tears. All beauty fades; the flowers of earth, the bloom of youth, man's strength, and woman's grace, all wither and relapse into the loveless and inexorable grave. This the Greeks knew, mingling mirth with melancholy, and love with sadness, their sweetest songs with elegiac melodies.

Beneath the olive-trees, among the flowers and ferns, move stately maidens and bare-chested youths. Their eyes are starry-softened or flash fire, and their lips are parted to drink in the breath of life. Some are singing in the fields an antique, world-old monotone of song. Was not the lay of Linus, the burden of *μαχαὶ τὰ δρῦες ὦ Μενάλκᾳ* (High are the oak-trees, O Menalca), some such canzonet as this? These late descendants of Greek colonists are still beautiful—like moving statues in the sunlight and the shadow of the boughs. Yonder tall, straight girl, whose pitcher, poised upon her head, might have been filled by Electra or Chrysothemis with lustral waters for a father's tomb, carries her neck nobly as a Fate of Pheidias. Her body sways upon the hips, where rests her modeled arm; the ankle and the foot are sights to sit and gaze at through a summer's day. And where, if not here, shall we meet with Hylas and Hyacinth, with Gany-mede and Hymenæus, in the flesh? As we pass, the laughter and the singing die away. Bright dresses and pliant forms are lost. We stray onward through the sheen and shade of olive branches.

The olive was Athene's gift to Hellas, and Athens carved its leaves and berries on her drachma with the head of Pallas and her owl. The light which never leaves its foliage, silvery beneath and sparkling from the upper surface of burnished green; the delicacy of its stem, which in youth and middle and old age retains the distinction of finely accentuated form; the absence of sombre shadow on the ground beneath its branches,—might well fit the olive to be the symbol of the purity of classic art. Each leaf is cut into a lance-head of brilliancy, not jagged or fanciful or woolly like the foliage of Northern trees. There is here no mystery of darkness, no labyrinth of tortuous shade, no conflict of contrasted forms. Excess of light sometimes fatigues the eye amid those airy branches, and we long for the repose of gloom

to which we are accustomed in our climate. But gracefulness, fertility, power, radiance, pliability, are seen in every line. The spirit of the Greeks itself is not more luminous and strong and subtle. The color of the olive-tree, again, is delicate. Its pearly grays and softened greens in no wise interfere with the lustre which is the true distinction of the tree. Clear and faint like Guido's colors in the *Ariadne* of St. Luke's at Rome, distinct as the thought in a Greek epigram, the olive branches are relieved against the bright blue of the sea. The mountain slopes above are clothed by them with light as with a raiment; clinging to knoll and vale and winding creek, rippling in hoary undulations to the wind, they wrap the hills from feet to flank in lucid haze. Above the olives shine bare rocks in steady noon, or blush with dawn and evening. Nature is naked and beautiful beneath the sun,—like Aphrodite, whose raiment falls waist downward to her sandals on the sea, but whose pure breasts and forehead are unveiled.

Nature is thus the first, chief element by which we are enabled to conceive the spirit of the Greeks. The key to their mythology is here. Here is the secret of their sympathies, the well-spring of their deepest thoughts, the primitive potentiality of all they have achieved in art. What is Apollo but the magic of the sun whose soul is light? What is Aphrodite but the love charm of the sea? What is Pan but the mystery of nature, the felt and hidden want pervading all? What, again, are those elder, dimly discovered deities, the Titans and the brood of Time, but forces of the world as yet beyond the touch and ken of human sensibilities? But nature alone cannot inform us what that spirit was. For though the Greeks grew up in scenes which we may visit, they gazed on them with Greek eyes, eyes different from ours; and dwelt upon them with Greek minds, minds how unlike our own! Unconsciously, in their long and unsophisticated infancy, the Greeks absorbed and assimilated to their own substance that loveliness which it is left for us only to admire. Between them and ourselves—even face to face with mountain, sky, and sea, unaltered by the lapse of years—flow the rivers of Death and Lethe and New Birth, and the mists of thirty centuries of human life are woven like a veil. To pierce that veil, to learn even after the most partial fashion how they transmuted the splendors of the world into æsthetic forms, is a work which involves the further interrogation of their sculpture and their literature.

RAVENNA

From 'Sketches in Italy'

THE Emperor Augustus chose Ravenna for one of his two naval stations, and in course of time a new city arose by the sea-shore, which received the name of *Portus Classis*. Between this harbor and the mother city a third town sprang up, and was called *Cæsarea*. Time and neglect, the ravages of war, and the encroaching powers of nature, have destroyed these settlements, and nothing now remains of the three cities but Ravenna. It would seem that in classical times Ravenna stood, like modern Venice, in the centre of a huge lagoon, the fresh waters of the Ronco and the Po mixing with the salt waves of the Adriatic round its very walls. The houses of the city were built on piles; canals instead of streets formed the means of communication, and these were always filled with water artificially conducted from the southern estuary of the Po. Round Ravenna extended a vast morass, for the most part under shallow water, but rising at intervals into low islands like the Lido or Murano or Torcello which surround Venice. These islands were celebrated for their fertility: the vines and fig-trees and pomegranates, springing from a fat and fruitful soil, watered with constant moisture, and fostered by a mild sea wind and liberal sunshine, yielded crops that for luxuriance and quality surpassed the harvests of any orchards on the mainland. All the conditions of life in old Ravenna seem to have resembled those of modern Venice: the people went about in gondolas; and in the early morning, barges laden with fresh fruit or meat and vegetables flocked from all quarters to the city of the sea. Water also had to be procured from the neighboring shore; for as Martial says, a well at Ravenna was more valuable than a vineyard. Again, between the city and the mainland ran a long low causeway all across the lagoon, like that on which the trains now glide into Venice. Strange to say, the air of Ravenna was remarkably salubrious: this fact, and the ease of life that prevailed there, and the security afforded by the situation of the town, rendered it a most desirable retreat for the monarchs of Italy during those troublous times in which the empire nodded to its fall. Honorius retired to its lagoons for safety; Odoacer, who dethroned the last Cæsar of the West, succeeded him; and was in turn supplanted by Theodoric the Ostrogoth. Ravenna, as we see it now, recalls the peaceful and half Roman

rule of the great Gothic king. His palace, his churches, and the mausoleum in which his daughter Amalasuntha laid the hero's bones, have survived the sieges of Belisarius and Astolphus, the conquest of Pepin, the bloody quarrels of iconoclasts with the children of the Roman Church, the mediæval wars of Italy, the victory of Gaston de Foix; and still stand gorgeous with marbles and mosaics in spite of time and the decay of all around them.

As early as the sixth century, the sea had already retreated to such a distance from Ravenna that orchards and gardens were cultivated on the spot where once the galleys of the Cæsars rode at anchor. Groves of pines sprang up along the shore, and in their lofty tops the music of the wind moved like the ghost of waves and breakers plunging upon distant sands. This Pinetum stretches along the shore of the Adriatic for about forty miles, forming a belt of variable width between the great marsh and the tumbling sea. From a distance the bare stems and velvet crowns of the pine-trees stand up like palms that cover an oasis on Arabian sands; but at a nearer view the trunks detach themselves from an inferior forest growth of juniper and thorn and ash and oak, the tall roofs of the stately firs shooting their breadth of sheltering greenery above the lower and less sturdy brushwood. It is hardly possible to imagine a more beautiful and impressive scene than that presented by these long alleys of imperial pines. They grow so thickly one behind another that we might compare them to the pipes of a great organ, or the pillars of a Gothic church, or the basaltic columns of the Giant's Causeway. Their tops are ever green, and laden with the heavy cones from which Ravenna draws considerable wealth. Scores of peasants are quartered on the outskirts of the forest, whose business it is to scale the pines and rob them of their fruit at certain seasons of the year. Afterwards they dry the fir-cones in the sun, until the nuts which they contain fall out. The empty husks are sold for firewood, and the kernels in their stony shells reserved for exportation. You may see the peasants—men, women, and boys—sorting them by millions, drying and sifting them upon the open spaces of the wood, and packing them in sacks to send abroad through Italy. The *pinocchi*, or kernels, of the stone-pine are largely used in cookery, and those of Ravenna are prized for their good quality and aromatic flavor. When roasted or pounded, they taste like a softer and more mealy kind

of almonds. The task of gathering this harvest is not a little dangerous. They have to cut notches in the straight shafts, and having climbed often to the height of eighty feet, to lean upon the branches and detach the fir cones with a pole—and this for every tree. Some lives, they say, are yearly lost in the business.

As may be imagined, the spaces of this great forest form the haunt of innumerable living creatures. Lizards run about by myriads in the grass. Doves coo among the branches of the pines, and nightingales pour their full-throated music all day and night from thickets of white-thorn and acacia. The air is sweet with aromatic scents: the resin of the pine and juniper, the may-flowers and acacia blossoms, the violets that spring by thousands in the moss, the wild roses and faint honeysuckles which throw fragrant arms from bough to bough of ash or maple, join to make one most delicious perfume. And though the air upon the neighboring marsh is poisonous, here it is dry, and spreads a genial health. The sea wind murmuring through these thickets at nightfall or misty sunrise conveys no fever to the peasants stretched among their flowers. They watch the red rays of sunset flaming through the columns of the leafy hall, and flaring on its fretted rafters of entangled boughs; they see the stars come out, and Hesper gleam, an eye of brightness, among dewy branches; the moon walks silver-footed on the velvet tree-tops, while they sleep beside the camp fires; fresh morning wakes them to the sound of birds and scent of thyme and twinkling of dew-drops on the grass around. Meanwhile ague, fever, and death have been stalking all night long about the plain, within a few yards of their couch, and not one pestilential breath has reached the charmed precincts of the forest.

You may ride or drive for miles along green aisles between the pines in perfect solitude; and yet the creatures of the wood, the sunlight and the birds, the flowers and tall majestic columns at your side, prevent all sense of loneliness or fear. Huge oxen haunt the wilderness—gray creatures, with mild eyes and spreading horns and stealthy tread. Some are patriarchs of the forest, the fathers and the mothers of many generations who have been carried from their sides to serve in plows or wagons on the Lombard plain. Others are yearling calves, intractable and ignorant of labor. In order to subdue them to the yoke, it is requisite to take them very early from their native glades, or else they chafe and pine away with weariness. Then there is a sullen

canal, which flows through the forest from the marshes to the sea; it is alive with frogs and newts and snakes. You may see these serpents basking on the surface among thickets of the flowering rush, or coiled about the lily leaves and flowers,—lithe monsters, slippery and speckled, the tyrants of the fen.

It is said that when Dante was living at Ravenna he would spend whole days alone among the forest glades, thinking of Florence and her civil wars, and meditating cantos of his poem. Nor have the influences of the pine wood failed to leave their trace upon his verse.

VENICE

VENICE, thou Siren of sea cities, wrought
By mirage, built on water, stair o'er stair,
Of sunbeams and cloud shadows, phantom-fair,
With naught of earth to mar thy sea-born thought!
Thou floating film upon the wonder-fraught
Ocean of dreams! Thou hast no dream so rare
As are thy sons and daughters,—they who wear
Foam flakes of charm from thine enchantment caught.
O dark-brown eyes! O tangles of dark hair!
O heaven-blue eyes, blonde tresses where the breeze
Plays over sunburned cheeks in sea-blown air!
Firm limbs of molded bronze! frank debonair
Smiles of deep-bosomed women! Loves that seize
Man's soul, and waft her on storm melodies!

THE NIGHTINGALE

I WENT a-roaming through the woods alone,
And heard the nightingale that made her moan.
Hard task it were to tell how dewy-still
Were flowers and ferns and foliage in the rays
Of Hesper, white amid the daffodil
Of twilight flecked with faintest chrysoprase;
And all the while, embowered in leafy bays,
The bird prolonged her sharp soul-thrilling tone.
I went a-roaming through the woods alone,
And heard the nightingale that made her moan.

But as I stood and listened, on the air
Arose another voice, more clear and keen,
That startled silence with a sweet despair,
And stilled the bird beneath her leafy screen:
The star of Love, those lattice boughs between,
Grew large and leaned to listen from his zone.

I went a-roaming through the woods alone,
And heard the nightingale that made her moan.

The voice, methought, was neither man's nor boy's,
Nor bird's nor woman's, but all these in one:
In Paradise perchance such perfect noise
Resounds from angel choirs in unison,
Chanting with cherubim their antiphon
To Christ and Mary on the sapphire throne.

I went a-roaming through the woods alone,
And heard the nightingale that made her moan.

Then down the forest aisles there came a boy,
Unearthly pale, with passion in his eyes;
Who sang a song whereof the sound was joy,
But all the burden was of love that dies
And death that lives,—a song of sobs and sighs,
A wild swan's note of Death and Love in one.

I went a-roaming through the woods alone,
And heard the nightingale that made her moan.

Love burned within his luminous eyes, and Death
Had made his fluting voice so keen and high,
The wild wood trembled as he passed beneath,
With throbbing throat singing, Love-led, to die;
Then all was hushed, till in the thicket nigh
The bird resumed her sharp soul-thrilling tone.

I went a-roaming through the woods alone,
And heard the nightingale that made her moan.

But in my heart and in my brain the cry,
The wail, the dirge, the dirge of Death and Love,
Still throbs and throbs, flute-like, and will not die,
Piercing and clear the night-bird's tune above,—
The aching, anguished wild swan's note, whereof
The sweet sad flower of song was overblown.

I went a-roaming through the woods alone,
And heard the nightingale that made her moan.

FAREWELL

IT IS buried and done with,
The love that we knew:
Those cobwebs we spun with
Are beaded with dew.

I loved thee; I leave thee:
To love thee was pain;
I dare not believe thee,
To love thee again.

Like spectres unshriven
Are the years that I lost;
To thee they were given
Without count of cost.

I cannot revive them
By penance or prayer:
Hell's tempest must drive them
Through turbulent air.

Farewell, and forget me;
For I too am free
From the shame that beset me,
The sorrow of thee.

THE FEET OF THE BELOVED

FEAR not to tread,—it is not much
To bless the meadow with your touch:
Nay, walk unshod; for as you pass,
The dust will take your feet like grass.
Oh dearest melodies, oh beat
Of musically moving feet!
Stars that have fallen from the sky
To sparkle where you let them lie;
Blossoms, a new and heavenly birth,
Rocked on the nourishing breast of earth;
Dews that on leaf and petal fling
Multitudinous quivering;
Winged loves with light and laughter crowned;
Kind kisses pressed upon the ground!

EYEBRIGHT

As a star from the sea new risen,
As the waft of an angel's wing,
As a lark's song heard in prison,
As the promise of summer in spring,

She came to me through the stillness,
The shadows that ring me round,
The dungeon of years and illness
Wherein my spirit is bound.

She came with her eyes love-laden,
Her laughter of lily and rose,—
A fragile and flower-like maiden,
In the season of frosts and snows.

She smiled, and the shades departed;
She shone, and the snows were rain:
And he who was frozen-hearted
Bloomed up into love again.

TACITUS

(55 ?-?)

BY CHARLES E. BENNETT



UBLIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS (the prænomen Publius, long a matter of dispute, is now definitely assured) was born about 55 A. D. The place of his birth is quite uncertain: by some scholars this honor has been assigned to the Umbrian town Interamna, by others to Rome; but neither of these views rests upon any adequate foundation. Of the details of his life we are but scantily informed. In his 'Dialogus de Oratoribus' he tells us that when a youth he attached himself to Marcus Aper and Julius Secundus, the forensic leaders of his day. Whether he also enjoyed the instruction of Quintilian, the famous rhetorician, is a matter of doubt. In the year 78 he married the daughter of Agricola, governor of Britain. Subsequently he filled the offices of quæstor under Titus, of prætor under Domitian, and of consul (year 97) under Nerva. From the year 100 on, he appears to have held no public trust, but to have devoted himself exclusively to his literary labors. His death probably occurred shortly after the publication of the 'Annals' (115-117 A. D.).



TACITUS

WORKS

1. The 'Dialogus de Oratoribus.' Tacitus's earliest work was probably published about 81 A. D., and gives an account of a discussion at which the writer represents himself as having been present some seven years previously. The chief disputants are Aper and Messalla; the theme is the quality of contemporary eloquence. Aper maintains that the new oratory really marks a great advance upon that of preceding epochs: it is brilliant and attractive, where the earlier oratory was dull and tedious. An audience of to-day, Aper declares, would not tolerate such speakers. Even Cicero, with all his fame, was not free from the faults of his day; and was worthy of admiration only in his later speeches.

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In reply to Aper, Messalla vigorously defends the oratory of the Ciceronian era, and arraigns contemporary eloquence as disfigured by meretricious embellishment. To Messalla's mind the prime cause of this decadence is neglect in the training of the young. Formerly the mother personally superintended the education of her children; now these are given over to irresponsible slaves and nurses. Again, in the earlier days, a young man preparing himself for the profession of oratory was wont to attach himself to some eminent advocate or jurist; and so to acquire the mastery of his art by practical experience. To-day, Messalla complains, it is the fashion merely to declaim artificial show-pieces in the schools.

Secundus and Maternus, who share in the discussion, urge also changed political conditions as another important reason for the decline of eloquence. Under the republic there had been an active political life and keen strife of parties; under the empire the fortunes of the State were directed by a single head. What wonder then that eloquence had declined, when the causes that created it were no longer in existence!

In its fine dramatic setting, its profound grasp of the moving causes in Roman civilization, and in its elevated diction, the 'Dialogus' is a consummate literary masterpiece; Wolf well recognized its merits and its charm when he characterized it as an *aureus libellus* (golden little book).

2. The 'Agricola.' Between the publication of the 'Dialogus' and of the 'Agricola' seventeen years intervened. Of this period fifteen years were occupied by the reign of Domitian, under whom freedom of speech had been rigorously suppressed. The accession of Nerva, however, in 96 A. D., followed by that of Trajan at the beginning of 98, was the augury of a new era; and encouraged Tacitus to publish his 'Life of Agricola' in the latter year. Agricola, Tacitus's father-in-law, had died in 93; and it is quite possible that Tacitus's account of his life was written in the months immediately following that event, and then withheld from publication until the dawn of a more auspicious period. How keenly Tacitus had felt the intellectual and moral servitude enforced upon his countrymen by Domitian's rule is made clear by a passage of remarkable power contained in the preface to this work (here quoted).

The best years of Agricola's life had been spent in the service of his country, and for the most part in the field. His most conspicuous successes were achieved in Britain. He had been appointed governor of that province in 78, and remained there seven years. In the course of his administration he had not only reduced the entire island to subjection, as far north as the highlands of Scotland, but had also established the Roman civilization among the Britons. All these achievements are pictured in glowing colors and with signal

affection by the writer. Tacitus's apostrophe to his departed father-in-law (here quoted), is a lofty and impressive illustration of the writer's genius.

3. The 'Germania.' This was published in 98 A. D., the same year as the 'Agricola.' It is a brief treatise on the geography, peoples, and institutions of the Germans. The larger portion of the work—and by far the most interesting—is devoted to a consideration of those customs and institutions which are common to the Germans as a whole; such as their political organization, their military system, the courts, religion, dwellings, clothing, marriage, amusements, slavery, and industrial occupations. The remainder of the work treats of the location of the separate tribes, and of the institutions peculiar to each.

The purpose of the 'Germania' has been differently conceived by different critics. Some have thought that Tacitus's object was, by holding before his countrymen a picture of the Germans, to mark the contrast between the two civilizations, German and Roman, and to commend the rugged simplicity of the one as opposed to the degeneracy of the other. Others have regarded the treatise as a political pamphlet, written in support of Trajan, and intended to justify the attention which that prince was then bestowing upon the problems presented by the tribes of the North. Yet others have thought that the work was prepared as an introduction to the extensive historical writings which Tacitus had already projected.

But there are serious objections to each of these views; moreover, it seems improbable that the 'Germania' was written with any "tendency" or purpose beyond the natural and obvious one of acquainting its readers with accurate details of German geography and institutions. The German people had long been known to the Romans, and for a century and a half had furnished a more or less constant opposition to the Roman arms. Nor was the subject new: Cæsar, Livy, Pliny, and others, had given detailed accounts of this interesting and important race. That Tacitus, therefore, should have undertaken a fresh presentation of their situation and customs, seems perfectly natural, without resort to the theory of a special extraneous motive. Whatever its original purpose, the 'Germania' must be recognized as a mine of authentic information concerning the ancient Germans, and as a source of the first importance for all modern study of Germanic institutions.

4. The 'Histories.' In the preface to the 'Agricola,' Tacitus had already announced his purpose of writing the history of the reigns of Domitian, Nerva, and Trajan. Later, this plan was modified. The new project embraced the history of the imperial period from the death of Augustus to the death of Domitian,—a space of eighty-two

years. This period naturally fell into two eras: the former that of the Julian-Claudian dynasties (from the accession of Tiberius to the death of Nero), the latter that of the Flavian dynasty (Vespasian to Domitian), including the transition period of turmoil during the brief reigns of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius. It was the latter of these two eras that Tacitus treated first, giving to the work the title 'Historiæ.' The events he describes had all occurred within his own memory, and many within the range of his own observation and experience. The entire work consisted probably of twelve books, published at intervals between 104 and 109 A. D. Of these twelve books only the first four, and half of the fifth, have come down to us. The preserved portions begin with the accession of Galba, and carry the history only to the beginning of the reign of Vespasian. A vivid picture is given in this narrative of the stormy events of the years 68 and 69; including the murder of Galba, the defeat and suicide of Otho, the overthrow of Vitellius, the accession of Vespasian, along with the formidable insurrection of the Batavians under Civilis. But the descriptions are almost exclusively military. There is less of the fine psychological analysis which appears later as a striking characteristic of the 'Annals.' Doubtless this feature may have been more prominent in the lost books of the 'Histories' (6-12), which covered the reigns of Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian. One of the most interesting portions of the extant books is the account of the Jews, given at the beginning of Book v. The description of the siege and capture of Jerusalem by Titus is unfortunately lost.

5. The 'Annals.' The second part of Tacitus's programme embraced a history of the earlier period, from the accession of Tiberius to the death of Nero (14-68 A. D.). The exact title of this work was 'Ab Excessu Divi Augusti' (From the Decease of the Divine Augustus); but owing to the treatment of events year by year, Tacitus himself alludes to his work as 'Annals,' and this designation has become the current one. The 'Annals,' like the 'Histories,' was probably published in installments, about 115-117 A. D. The entire work in all likelihood consisted of eighteen books. These eighteen seem to have been devoted, in groups of six, to three epochs: the first six to the reign of Tiberius; the next six to the reigns of Caligula and Claudius; the concluding six to the reign of Nero. Large portions of the work have been lost. Books 7-10, along with 17 and 18, have disappeared completely; while extensive gaps occur in several of the others. The portions which we still have, deal with the reign of Tiberius, the concluding years of the reign of Claudius, and the reign of Nero down to 66 A. D. The account of Caligula is entirely lost.

The 'Annals' is universally regarded as Tacitus's ripest and greatest work. While nominally a history of the times, it is in reality a

series of masterly character sketches of figures of commanding interest and importance: the emperors, their advisers, their opponents, the members of the imperial family.

In his psychological analyses, Tacitus can hardly be regarded as free from prejudice and partisanship; in the case of most of the emperors and their consorts, he sees no good trait, recognizes no worthy motive. On the other hand, he is at times guilty of undue idealization; as in the case of Germanicus, who, though popular with the soldiers and the people, seems to have been deficient both in force of character and in military genius.

Tacitus's pictures, however, while overdrawn, give us in the main an accurate view of the imperial court: they exhibit the tyranny, cruelty, and wantonness of successive sovereigns, the servility of the courtiers, the degradation of the Senate, and the general demoralization of the aristocracy, in colors as powerful as they are sombre. It is greatly to be regretted that none of the ameliorating influences and tendencies of the imperial régime receive recognition at Tacitus's hands. The contemporary social, industrial, and commercial prosperity are completely ignored: it is the dark side only that is revealed in his pages.

TACITUS'S STYLE.—The artistic form in which Tacitus clothed the products of his genius is not only unique in itself, but also exhibits a striking development from his earliest work to his latest. In the 'Dialogus' he is manifestly under the influence of Cicero. The 'Agricola' and 'Germania,' published seventeen years later, show an almost complete emancipation from this early model. The strong individuality of the writer now reveals itself in greater condensation, in frequent boldness of word and phrase, and in sombre earnestness of thought; Sallust's influence is particularly noticeable at this stage. In the 'Histories' and in the 'Annals' we note the fullest culmination of Tacitus's stylistic development. What in the 'Agricola' and 'Germania' was a tendency, has become in the 'Histories,' and especially in the 'Annals,' a pervading characteristic. Short incisive sentences follow each other in quick succession: a single phrase or a single word is often as pregnant with meaning as a paragraph in another writer; poetic expressions abound (Virgil's influence being particularly noticeable); while a lofty moral earnestness dominates the whole.

This striking contrast of style between Tacitus's earliest and latest work is unparalleled in Roman literature; and for a long time tended to cast doubt on the authenticity of the 'Dialogus.' It is not, however, without a parallel in other literatures; and the difference between Carlyle's 'Life of Schiller' and his 'Frederick the Great'

has been aptly compared with that between the 'Dialogus' and the 'Annals.'

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Chas. E. Bennett.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN

From 'A Dialogue on Oratory'

WHO does not know that eloquence and all other arts have declined from their ancient glory, not from dearth of men, but from the indolence of the young, the carelessness of parents, the ignorance of teachers, and neglect of the old discipline? The evils which first began in Rome soon spread through Italy, and are now diffusing themselves into the provinces. But your provincial affairs are best known to yourselves. I shall speak of Rome, and of those native and home-bred vices which take hold of us as soon as we are born, and multiply with every stage of life, when I have first said a few words on the strict discipline of our ancestors in the education and training of children. Every citizen's son, the child of a chaste mother, was from the beginning reared, not in the chamber of a purchased nurse, but in that mother's bosom and embrace; and it was her special glory to study her home and devote herself to her children. It was usual to select an elderly kinswoman of approved and esteemed character to have the entire charge of all the children of the household. In her presence it was the last offense to utter an unseemly word or to do a disgraceful act. With scrupulous piety and modesty she regulated not only the boy's studies and occupations, but even his recreations and games. Thus it was, as tradition says, that the mothers of the Gracchi, of Cæsar, of Augustus,—Cornelia, Aurelia, Atia,—directed their children's education and reared the greatest of sons. The strictness of

the discipline tended to form in each case a pure and virtuous nature, which no vices could warp, and which would at once with the whole heart seize on every noble lesson. Whatever its bias, —whether to the soldier's or the lawyer's art, or to the study of eloquence,—it would make that its sole aim, and imbibe it in its fullness.

But in our day we intrust the infant to a little Greek servant-girl, who is attended by one or two—commonly the worst of all the slaves—creatures utterly unfit for any important work. Their stories and their prejudices from the very first fill the child's tender and uninstructed mind. No one in the whole house cares what he says or does before his infant master. Even parents themselves familiarize their little ones, not with virtue and modesty, but with jesting and glib talk; which lead on by degrees to shamelessness, and to contempt for themselves as well as for others. Really I think that the characteristic and peculiar vices of this city—a liking for actors and a passion for gladiators and horses—are all-but conceived in the mother's womb. When these occupy and possess the mind, how little room has it left for worthy attainments! Few indeed are to be found who talk of any other subjects in their homes; and whenever we enter a class-room, what else is the conversation of the youths? Even with the teachers, these are the more frequent topics of talk with their scholars. In fact, they draw pupils, not by strictness of discipline or by giving proof of ability, but by assiduous court and cunning tricks of flattery.

DOMITIAN'S REIGN OF TERROR

From the 'Agricola'

WE HAVE read that the panegyrics pronounced by Arulenus Rusticus on Pætus Thræsea, and by Herennius Senecio on Priscus Helvidius, were made capital crimes; that not only their persons but their very books were objects of rage, and that the triumvirs were commissioned to burn in the forum those works of splendid genius. They fancied, forsooth, that in that fire the voice of the Roman people, the freedom of the Senate, and the conscience of the human race were perishing; while at the same time they banished the teachers of philosophy, and exiled every noble pursuit, that nothing good might anywhere confront them. Certainly we showed a magnificent example of

patience; as a former age had witnessed the extreme of liberty, so we witnessed the extreme of servitude, when the informer robbed us of the interchange of speech and hearing. We should have lost memory as well as voice, had it been as easy to forget as to keep silence.

Now at last our spirit is returning. And yet, though at the dawn of a most happy age Nerva Cæsar blended things once irreconcilable,—sovereignty and freedom; though Nerva Trajan is now daily augmenting the prosperity of the time, and though the public safety has not only our hopes and good wishes, but has also the certain pledge of their fulfillment,—still, from the necessary condition of human frailty, the remedy works less quickly than the disease. As our bodies grow but slowly, perish in a moment, so it is easier to crush than to revive genius and its pursuits. Besides, the charm of indolence steals over us, and the idleness which at first we loathed we afterwards love. What if during those fifteen years,—a large portion of human life,—many were cut off by ordinary casualties, and the ablest fell victims to the Emperor's rage, if a few of us survive,—I may almost say, not only others but our own selves survive, though there have been taken from the midst of life those many years which brought the young in dumb silence to old age, and the old almost to the very verge and end of existence! Yet we shall not regret that we have told, though in language unskillful and unadorned, the story of past servitude, and borne our testimony to present happiness. Meanwhile this book, intended to do honor to Agricola my father-in-law, will, as an expression of filial regard, be commended, or at least excused.

APOSTROPHE TO AGRICOLA

From the 'Agricola'

THOU wast indeed fortunate, Agricola, not only in the splendor of thy life, but in the opportune moment of thy death.

Thou submittedst to thy fate, so they tell us who were present to hear thy last words, with courage and cheerfulness, seeming to be doing all thou couldst to give thine Emperor full acquittal. As for me and thy daughter, besides all the bitterness of a father's loss, it increases our sorrow that it was not permitted us to watch over thy failing health, to comfort thy weakness, to satisfy ourselves with those looks, those embraces.

Assuredly we should have received some precepts, some utterances, to fix in our inmost hearts. This is the bitterness of our sorrow, this the smart of our wound: that from the circumstance of so long an absence thou wast lost to us four years before. Doubtless, best of fathers, with the most loving wife at thy side, all the dues of affection were abundantly paid thee; yet with too few tears thou wast laid to thy rest, and in the light of thy last day there was something for which thine eyes longed in vain.

If there is any dwelling-place for the spirits of the just; if, as the wise believe, noble souls do not perish with the body,—rest thou in peace; and call us, thy family, from weak regrets and womanish laments to the contemplation of thy virtues, for which we must not weep nor beat the breast. Let us honor thee not so much with transitory praises as with our reverence; and if our powers permit us, with our emulation. That will be true respect, that the true affection of thy nearest kin. This too is what I would enjoin on daughter and wife: to honor the memory of that father, that husband, by pondering in their hearts all his words and acts, by cherishing the features and lineaments of his character rather than those of his person. It is not that I would forbid the likenesses which are wrought in marble or in bronze; but as the faces of men, so all similitudes of the face are weak and perishable things, while the fashion of the soul is everlasting,—such as may be expressed not in some foreign substance, or by the help of art, but in our own lives. Whatever we loved, whatever we admired in Agricola, survives, and will survive in the hearts of men, in the succession of the ages, in the fame that waits on noble deeds. Over many, indeed, of those who have gone before, as over the inglorious and ignoble, the waves of oblivion will roll: Agricola, made known to posterity by history and tradition, will live for ever.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE GERMANS

From the 'Germania'

GOVERNMENT. INFLUENCE OF WOMEN

THEY choose their kings by birth, their generals for merit. These kings have not unlimited or arbitrary power, and the generals do more by example than by authority. If they are energetic, if they are conspicuous, if they fight in the front, they

lead because they are admired. But to reprimand, to imprison, even to flog, is permitted to the priests alone; and that not as a punishment, or at the general's bidding, but as it were, by the mandate of the god whom they believe to inspire the warrior. They also carry with them into battle certain figures and images taken from their sacred groves. And what most stimulates their courage is that their squadrons or battalions, instead of being formed by chance or by a fortuitous gathering, are composed of families and clans. Close by them too are those dearest to them, so that they hear the shrieks of women, the cries of infants. *They* are to every man the most sacred witnesses of his bravery—*they* are his most generous applauders. The soldier brings his wounds to mother and wife, who shrink not from counting or even demanding them, and who administer both food and encouragement to the combatant.

Tradition says that armies already wavering and giving way have been rallied by women, who, with earnest entreaties and bosoms laid bare, have vividly represented the horrors of captivity; which the Germans fear with such extreme dread on behalf of their women, that the strongest tie by which a State can be bound is the being required to give, among the number of hostages, maidens of noble birth. They even believe that the sex has a certain sanctity and prescience; and they do not despise their counsels, or make light of their answers. In Vespasian's days we saw Veleda, long regarded by many as a divinity. In former times too they venerated Aurinia, and many other women; but not with servile flatteries or with sham deification.

DEITIES

MERCURY is the deity whom they chiefly worship; and on certain days they deem it right to sacrifice to him even with human victims. Hercules and Mars they appease with more lawful offerings. Some of the Suevi also sacrifice to Isis. Of the occasion and origin of this foreign rite I have discovered nothing but that the image, which is fashioned like a light galley, indicates an imported worship. The Germans, however, do not consider it consistent with the grandeur of celestial beings to confine the gods within walls, or to liken them to the form of any human countenance. They consecrate woods and groves; and they apply the names of deities to the abstraction which they see only in spiritual worship.

AUGURIES AND METHOD OF DIVINATION

AUGURY and divination by lot no people practice more diligently. The use of the lots is simple. A little bough is lopped off a fruit-bearing tree, and cut into small pieces; these are distinguished by certain marks, and thrown carelessly and at random over a white garment. In public questions the priest of the particular State, in private the father of the family, invokes the gods; and with his eyes towards heaven, takes up each piece three times, and finds in them a meaning according to the mark previously impressed on them. If they prove unfavorable, there is no further consultation that day about the matter; if they sanction it, the confirmation of augury is still required. For they are also familiar with the practice of consulting the notes and the flight of birds. It is peculiar to this people to seek omens and monitions from horses. Kept at the public expense, in these same woods and groves are white horses, pure from the taint of earthly labor; these are yoked to a sacred car, and accompanied by the priest and the king, or chief of the tribe, who note their neighings and snortings. No species of augury is more trusted, not only by the people and by the nobility, but also by the priests; who regard themselves as the ministers of the gods, and the horses as acquainted with their will. They have also another method of observing auspices, by which they seek to learn the result of an important war. Having taken, by whatever means, a prisoner from the tribe with whom they are at war, they pit him against a picked man of their own tribe, each combatant using the weapons of their country. The victory of the one or the other is accepted as an indication of the issue.

COUNCILS

ABOUT minor matters the chiefs deliberate, about the more important the whole tribe. Yet even when the final decision rests with the people, the affair is always thoroughly discussed by the chiefs. They assemble, except in the case of a sudden emergency, on certain fixed days, either at new or at full moon; for this they consider the most auspicious season for the transaction of business. Instead of reckoning by days as we do, they reckon by nights; and in this manner fix both their ordinary and their legal appointments. Night they regard as bringing on day. Their

freedom has this disadvantage,—that they do not meet simultaneously or as they are bidden, but two or three days are wasted in the delays of assembling. When the multitude think proper, they sit down armed. Silence is proclaimed by the priests, who have on these occasions the right of keeping order. Then the king or the chief—according to age, birth, distinction in war, or eloquence—is heard, more because he has influence to persuade than because he has power to command. If his sentiments displease them, they reject them with murmurs; if they are satisfied, they brandish their spears. The most complimentary form of assent is to express approbation with their weapons.

PUNISHMENTS. ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE

IN THEIR councils an accusation may be preferred, or a capital crime prosecuted. Penalties are distinguished according to the offense. Traitors and deserters are hanged on trees; the coward, the unwarlike, the man stained with abominable vices, is plunged into the mire of the morass, with a hurdle put over him. This distinction in punishment means that crime, they think, ought in being punished to be exposed, while infamy ought to be buried out of sight. Lighter offenses, too, have penalties proportioned to them: he who is convicted is fined in a certain number of horses or of cattle. Half of the fine is paid to the king or to the State, half to the person whose wrongs are avenged and to his relatives. In these same councils they also elect the chief magistrates, who administer law in the cantons and the towns. Each of these has a hundred associates chosen from the people, who support him with their advice and influence.

TRAINING OF THE YOUTH

THEY transact no public or private business without being armed. It is not, however, usual for any one to wear arms till the State has recognized his power to use them. Then in the presence of the council one of the chiefs, or the young man's father, or some kinsman, equips him with a shield and a spear. These arms are what the "toga" is with us,—the first honor with which youth is invested. Up to this time he is regarded as a member of a household, afterwards as a member of the commonwealth. Very noble birth or great services rendered by

the father secure for lads the rank of a chief; such lads attach themselves to men of mature strength and of long-approved valor. It is no shame to be seen among a chief's followers. Even in his escort there are gradations of rank, dependent on the choice of the man to whom they are attached. These followers vie keenly with each other as to who shall rank first with his chief; the chiefs as to who shall have the most numerous and the bravest followers. It is an honor as well as a source of strength to be thus always surrounded by a large body of picked youths: it is an ornament in peace and a defense in war. And not only in his own tribe but also in the neighboring States it is the renown and glory of a chief to be distinguished for the number and valor of his followers; for such a man is courted by embassies, is honored with presents, and the very prestige of his name often settles a war.

WARLIKE ARDOR OF THE PEOPLE

WHEN they go into battle, it is a disgrace for the chief to be surpassed in valor, a disgrace for his followers not to equal the valor of the chief. And it is an infamy and a reproach for life to have survived the chief, and returned from the field. To defend, to protect him, to ascribe one's own brave deeds to his renown, is the height of loyalty. The chief fights for victory; his vassals fight for their chief. If their native State sinks into the sloth of prolonged peace and repose, many of its noble youths voluntarily seek those tribes which are waging some war: both because inaction is odious to their race, and because they win renown more readily in the midst of peril, and cannot maintain a numerous following except by violence and war. Indeed, men look to the liberality of their chief for their war-horse and their blood-stained and victorious lance. Feasts and entertainments—which, though inelegant, are plentifully furnished—are their only pay. The means of this bounty come from war and rapine. Nor are they as easily persuaded to plow the earth and to wait for the year's produce, as to challenge an enemy and earn the honor of wounds. Nay, they actually think it tame and stupid to acquire by the sweat of toil what they might win by their blood.

HABITS IN TIME OF PEACE

WHENEVER they are not fighting, they pass much of their time in the chase, and still more in idleness, giving themselves up to sleep and to feasting; the bravest and the most warlike doing nothing, and surrendering the management of the household, of the home, and of the land, to the women, the old men, and all the weakest members of the family. They themselves lie buried in sloth: a strange combination in their nature, that the same men should be so fond of idleness, so averse to peace. It is the custom of the States to bestow by voluntary and individual contribution on the chiefs a present of cattle or of grain, which, while accepted as a compliment, supplies their wants. They are particularly delighted by gifts from neighboring tribes; which are sent not only by individuals but also by the State, such as choice steeds, heavy armor, trappings, and neck-chains. We have now taught them to accept money also.

ARRANGEMENT OF THEIR TOWNS. SUBTERRANEAN DWELLINGS

It is well known that the nations of Germany have no cities, and that they do not even tolerate closely contiguous dwellings. They live scattered and apart, just as a spring, a meadow, or a wood has attracted them. Their villages they do not arrange in our fashion,—with the buildings connected and joined together,—but every person surrounds his dwelling with an open space, either as a precaution against the disasters of fire, or because they do not know how to build. No use is made by them of stone or tile: they employ timber for all purposes, rude masses without ornament or attractiveness. Some parts of their buildings they stain more carefully, with a clay so clear and bright that it resembles painting, or a colored design. They are wont also to dig out subterranean caves, and pile on them great heaps of dung, as a shelter from winter, and as a receptacle for the year's produce; for by such places they mitigate the rigor of the cold. And should an enemy approach, he lays waste the open country, while what is hidden and buried is either not known to exist, or else escapes him from the very fact that it has to be searched for.

MARRIAGE LAWS

THEIR marriage code is strict, and indeed no part of their manners is more praiseworthy. Almost alone among barbarians they are content with one wife; except a very few among them, and these not from sensuality, but because their noble birth procures for them many offers of alliance. The wife does not bring a dower to the husband, but the husband to the wife. The parents and relatives are present, and pass judgment on the marriage gifts, gifts not meant to suit a woman's taste, nor such as a bride would deck herself with, but oxen, a caparisoned steed, a shield, a lance, and a sword. With these presents the wife is espoused, and she herself in her turn brings her husband a gift of arms. This they count their strongest bond of union, these their sacred mysteries, these their gods of marriage. Lest the woman should think herself to stand apart from aspirations after noble deeds and from the perils of war, she is reminded by the ceremony which inaugurates marriage that she is her husband's partner in toil and danger, destined to suffer and to dare with him alike both in peace and in war. The yoked oxen, the harnessed steed, the gift of arms, proclaim this fact. She must live and die with the feeling that she is receiving what she must hand down to her children neither tarnished nor depreciated, what future daughters-in-law may receive, and may be so passed on to her grandchildren.

Thus with their virtue protected they live uncorrupted by the allurements of public shows or the stimulant of feasting. Clandestine correspondence is equally unknown to men and women. . . . The loss of chastity meets with no indulgence: neither beauty, youth, nor wealth will procure the culprit a husband. No one in Germany laughs at vice, nor do they call it the fashion to corrupt or to be corrupted. Still better is the condition of those States in which only maidens are given in marriage, and where the hopes and expectations of a bride are then finally terminated. They receive one husband, as having one body and one life, that they may have no thoughts beyond, no further-reaching desires, that they may love not so much the husband as the married state. To limit the number of their children or to destroy any of their subsequent offspring is accounted infamous; and good habits are here more effectual than good laws elsewhere.

SCENE OF THE DEFEAT OF VARUS

From the 'Annals.' Translation of Church and Brodribb

Not far hence lay the forest of Teutoburgium; and in it the bones of Varus and the legions, by report still unburied.

Germanicus upon this was seized with an eager longing to pay the last honor to those soldiers and their general; while the whole army present was moved to compassion by the thought of their kinsfolk and friends, and indeed, of the calamities of wars and the lot of mankind. Having sent on Cæcina in advance to reconnoitre the obscure forest passes, and to raise bridges and causeways over watery swamps and treacherous plains, they visited the mournful scenes, with their horrible sights and associations. Varus's first camp, with its wide circumference and the measurements of its central space, clearly indicated the handiwork of three legions. Further on, the partially fallen rampart and the shallow fosse suggested the inference that it was a shattered remnant of the army which had there taken up a position. In the centre of the field were the whitening bones of men, as they had fled or stood their ground, strewn everywhere or piled in heaps. Near, lay fragments of weapons and limbs of horses, and also human heads, prominently nailed to trunks of trees. In the adjacent groves were the barbarous altars on which they had immolated tribunes and first-rank centurions. Some survivors of the disaster who had escaped from the battle or from captivity, described how this was the spot where the officers fell, how yonder the eagles were captured, where Varus was pierced by his first wound, where too by the stroke of his own ill-starred hand he found for himself death. They pointed out too the raised ground from which Arminius had harangued his army, the number of gibbets for the captives, the pits for the living, and how in his exultation he had insulted the standards and eagles.

SERVILITY OF THE SENATE

From the 'Annals'

As for the Senate, it was no part of their anxiety whether dishonor fell on the extreme frontiers of the empire. Fear at home had filled their hearts; and for this they sought relief in sveophancy. And so, although their advice was asked

on totally different subjects, they decreed an altar to Clemency; an altar to Friendship; and statues round them to Cæsar and Sejanus, both of whom they earnestly begged with repeated entreaties to allow themselves to be seen in public. Still, neither of them would visit Rome or even the neighborhood of Rome: they thought it enough to quit the island and show themselves on the opposite shores of Campania. Senators, knights, a number of the city populace, flocked thither, anxiously looking to Sejanus; approach to whom was particularly difficult, and was consequently sought by intrigue and by complicity in his counsels. It was sufficiently clear that his arrogance was increased by gazing on this foul and openly displayed servility. At Rome indeed hurrying crowds are a familiar sight, and from the extent of the city no one knows on what business each citizen is bent: but there, as they lounged in promiscuous crowds in the fields or on the shore, they had to bear day and night alike the patronizing smiles and the supercilious insolence of hall-porters, till even this was forbidden them; and those whom Sejanus had not deigned to accost or to look on, returned to the capital in alarm, while some felt an evil joy, though there hung over them the dreadful doom of that ill-starred friendship.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF TIBERIUS

From the 'Annals'

ON THE 15th of March, his breath failing, he was believed to have expired; and Caius Cæsar was going forth with a numerous throng of congratulating followers to take the first possession of the empire, when suddenly news came that Tiberius was recovering his voice and sight, and calling for persons to bring him food to revive him from his faintness. Then ensued a universal panic; and while the rest fled hither and thither, every one feigning grief or ignorance, Caius Cæsar, in silent stupor, passed from the highest hopes to the extremity of apprehension. Marco, nothing daunted, ordered the old emperor to be smothered under a huge heap of clothes; and all to quit the entrance-hall.

And so died Tiberius in the seventy-eighth year of his age. Nero was his father, and he was on both sides descended from the Claudian house; though his mother passed by adoption, first

into the Livian, then into the Julian family. From earliest infancy, perilous vicissitudes were his lot. Himself an exile, he was the companion of a proscribed father; and on being admitted as a stepson into the house of Augustus, he had to struggle with many rivals, so long as Marcellus and Agrippa, and subsequently Caius and Lucius Cæsar, were in their glory. Again, his brother Drusus enjoyed in a greater degree the affection of the citizens. But he was more than ever on dangerous ground after his marriage with Julia, whether he tolerated or escaped from his wife's profligacy. On his return from Rhodes he ruled the emperor's now heirless house for twelve years; and the Roman world, with absolute sway, for about twenty-three. His character too had its distinct periods. It was a bright time in his life and reputation while under Augustus he was a private citizen or held high offices; a time of reserve and crafty assumption of virtue, as long as Germanicus and Drusus were alive. Again, while his mother lived, he was a compound of good and evil; he was infamous for his cruelty, though he veiled his debaucheries, while he loved or feared Sejanus. Finally he plunged into every wickedness and disgrace, when, fear and shame being cast off, he simply indulged his own inclinations.

THE GREAT FIRE AT ROME, AND NERO'S ACCUSATION OF THE CHRISTIANS

From the 'Annals'

A DISASTER followed—whether accidental or treacherously contrived by the emperor is uncertain, as authors have given both accounts; worse, however, and more dreadful than any which have ever happened to this city by the violence of fire. It had its beginning in that part of the Circus which adjoins the Palatine and Cælian hills, where amid the shops containing inflammable wares, the conflagration both broke out, and instantly became so fierce and so rapid from the wind that it seized in its grasp the entire length of the Circus. For here there were no houses fenced in by solid masonry, or temples surrounded by walls, or any other obstacle to interpose delay. The blaze in its fury ran first through the level portions of the city, then rising to the hills, while it again devastated every place below them; it outstripped all preventive measures, so rapid was

the mischief and so completely at its mercy the city, with those narrow winding passages and irregular streets which characterized old Rome. Added to this were the wailings of terror-stricken women, the feebleness of age, the helpless inexperience of childhood; the crowds who sought to save themselves or others, dragging out the infirm or waiting for them, and by their hurry in the one case, by their delay in the other, aggravating the confusion. Often while they looked behind them, they were intercepted by flames on their side or in their face. Or if they reached a refuge close at hand, when this too was seized by the fire they found that even places which they had imagined to be remote were involved in the same calamity. At last, doubting what they should avoid or whither to betake themselves, they crowded the streets or flung themselves down in the fields; while some who had lost their all, even their very daily bread, and others out of love for the kinsfolk whom they had been unable to rescue, perished, though escape was open to them. And no one dared to stop the mischief, because of incessant menaces from a number of persons who forbade the extinguishing of the flames; or because again others openly hurled brands, and kept shouting that there was one who gave them authority,—either seeking to plunder more freely, or obeying orders.

Nero at this time was at Antium, and did not return to Rome until the fire approached his house, which he had built to connect the palace with the gardens of Mæcenas. It could not however be stopped from devouring the palace, the house, and everything around it. However, to relieve the people, driven out homeless as they were, he threw open to them the Campus Martius and the public buildings of Agrippa, and even his own gardens; and raised temporary structures to receive the destitute multitude. Supplies of food were brought up from Ostia and the neighboring towns, and the price of corn was reduced to three sesterces a peck. These acts, though popular, produced no effect; since a rumor had gone forth everywhere that, at the very time when the city was in flames, the Emperor appeared on a private stage and sang of the destruction of Troy, comparing present misfortunes with the calamities of antiquity.

Such indeed were the precautions of human wisdom. The next thing was to seek a means of propitiating the gods; and recourse was had to the Sibylline Books, by the direction of which prayers were offered to Vulcanus, Ceres, and Proserpina.

Juno too was entreated by the matrons; first in the Capitol, then on the nearest part of the coast, whence water was procured to sprinkle the fane and image of the goddess. And there were sacred banquets and nightly vigils celebrated by married women. But all human efforts, all the lavish gifts of the Emperor, and the propitiations of the gods, did not banish the sinister belief that the conflagration was the result of an order. Consequently, to get rid of the report, Nero fastened the guilt and inflicted the most exquisite tortures on a class hated for their abominations, called Christians by the populace. Christus, from whom the name had its origin, suffered the extreme penalty during the reign of Tiberius at the hands of one of our procurators, Pontius Pilatus; and a most mischievous superstition, thus checked for the moment, again broke out not only in Judæa, the first source of the evil, but even in Rome, where all things hideous and shameful from every part of the world find their centre and become popular. Accordingly an arrest was first made of all who pleaded guilty; then upon their information, an immense multitude was convicted, not so much of the crime of firing the city as of hatred against mankind. Mockery of every sort was added to their deaths. Covered with the skins of beasts, they were torn by dogs and perished; or were nailed to crosses, or were doomed to the flames and burnt, to serve as a nightly illumination when daylight had expired.

Nero offered his gardens for the spectacle, and was exhibiting a show in the Circus, while he mingled with the people in the dress of a charioteer, or stood aloft on a car. Hence, even for criminals who deserved extreme and exemplary punishment, there arose a feeling of compassion; for it was not, as it seemed, for the public good, but to glut one man's cruelty, that they were being destroyed.

TAHITIAN LITERATURE

The Teva Poets: Notes on a Poetic Family in Tahiti

BY JOHN LA FARGE



IN THE Home of the Ogre I pillowed my head;
 I followed in safety the Path of the Dead;
 With the Sons of the Shark I lived as a guest;
 I saw float before me the Isles of the Blest.

I have bathed in the sea where the Siren still sleeps;
 The Kiss of the Queen is still red on my lips;
 My hands touched the Tree with the Branchings of Gold,—
 For a season I lived in the Order of Old.

It is a part of the charm of little Tahiti, or Otaheite, whose double island is not more than a hundred miles about, that it has been the type of the oceanic island in story.

With its discovery begins the interest that awoke Europe by the apparent realization of man in his earliest life—a life that recalled the silver if not the golden age. Here men and women made a beautiful race, living free from the oppression of nature, and at first sight also free from the cruel and terrible superstitions of many savage tribes. I have known people who could recall the joyous impression made upon them by these stories of new paradises, only just opened; and both Wallis's and Bougainville's short and official reports are bathed in a feeling of admiration, that takes no definite form, but refers both to the people and the place and the gentleness of the welcome.

The state of nature had just then been the staple reference in the polemic literature of the century about to close. The refined and dry civilization of the few was troubled by the confused sentiments, the dreams, and the obscure desires of the ignorant and suffering many. Their inarticulate voice was suddenly phrased by Rousseau. With that cry came in the literary belief in the natural man, in the possibility of analyzing the foundations of government and civilization, in the perfectibility of the human race and its persistent goodness when freed from the weight of society's blunders and oppressions.

Later, Byron:—

“—the happy shores without a law,
Where all partake the earth without dispute,
And bread itself is gathered as a fruit;
Where none contest the fields, the woods, the streams:
The goldless age, where gold disturbs no dreams.”

There is no doubt that at the moment of the discovery our islanders had reached the full extent of their civilization; that, numerous, splendid, and untainted in their physical development, they seemed to live in a facility of existence, in an absence of anxiety emphasized by their love of pleasure and fondness for society,—by a simplicity of conscience which found no fault in what we reprobate,—in a happiness which is not and could not be our own. The “pursuit of happiness” in which these islanders were engaged, and in which they seemed successful, is the catchword of the eighteenth century.

People were far then from the cruel ideas of Hobbes; and the more amiable views of the nature of man, and of his rights, echo in the sentimentality of the last century like the sound of the island surf about Tahiti.

The name recalls so many associations of ideas, so much romance of reading, so much of the history of thought, that I find it difficult to disentangle the varying strands of the threads. There are many boyish recollections behind the charm of Melville's ‘Omoo’ and Stoddard's ‘Idylls,’ or even the mixed pleasure of Loti's ‘Marriage.’

I believe too that my feelings are intensified because they are directed towards an island, a word, a thing of all time marked by man as something wherein to place the ideal, the supernatural, the home of the blest, the abode of the dead, the fountain of eternal youth, as in Heine's song about the island of Bimini:—

“Little birdling Colibri,
Lead us thou to *Tahiti!*”

Captain Cook and Bougainville and Wallis first appealed to me with the name of Otaheite or Tahiti; and I remember the far-away missionary stories and the pictures of their books, the shores fringed with palm-trees, the strange, impossible mountain peaks, the half-classical figures of natives, and the eighteenth-century costumes of the gallant discoverers. And I remember gruesome pictures in which figure human sacrifices and deformed idols, and still the skirts of the uniform of Captain Cook. Long ago there lay, by a Newport wharf, an old hulk, relic of former days. We were told that this had been one of the ships of Captain Cook,—the once famous Endeavor. Here

was the end of her romance; now slowly rotted the keel that had plowed through new seas, and first touched the shores of races disconnected from time immemorial.

On that little ship, enormous to her eyes, had been Oberea, the princess, the Queen of Otaheite, whose name comes up in the stories of Wallis or of Cook, and early in the first missionary voyages.

Oberea was the tall woman of commanding presence, who, undismayed, with the freedom of a person accustomed to rule, visited Wallis on board of his ship, soon after his first arrival and the attempt at attacking him (July 1767). She, you may remember too, carried him, a sick man, in her arms, as easily as if he had been a child. I remember her in the engraving, stepping towards Wallis, with a palm branch in her hand, while he stands with gun in hand at the head of his marines.

And do you remember the parting: how the Queen could not speak for tears; how she sank inconsolable on the stern of her canoe, without noticing the presents made her; and how the gallant captain's eyes filled with tears? Surely this is no ordinary story,—this sentimental end of an official record of discovery.

When Wallis arrived in June 1767, Tahiti and its neighboring island Moorea were under the rule of a chief, Amo or Aamo, as he is called by Wallis and Cook. He was their great chief,—a word we have managed to translate as king. It was a moment of general peace; and the "happy islanders" enjoyed, in a "terrestrial paradise," pleasures of social life, of free intercourse, whose description even at this day reads with a charm of impossible amenity. The wonderful island, striking in its shape, so beautiful apparently that each successive traveler has described it as the most beautiful of places, was prepared to offer to the discoverer expecting harsh and savage sights, a race of noble proportion, of great elegance of form, accustomed to most courteous demeanor, and speaking one of the softest languages of man. Even the greatest defects of the Polynesian helped to make the exterior picture of amiability and ease of life still more grateful. The harsher side added to the picture the interest of mystery and contradiction. Just as Wallis left one side of the island, Bougainville the Frenchman came up to the other, different in its make, different in the first attitude of the natives, but with the same story of gracious kindness and feminine bounty; so that the Frenchman called it the New Cytherea, and carried home images of pastoral, idyllic life in a savage Eden, where all was beautiful, and untainted by the fierceness and greed imposed upon natural man by artificial civilization. So strong was the impression produced by what he had to say, and by the elaborations of Diderot and the encyclopædists, that the keen and critical analysis of his own mistakes in judgment

which Bougainville affixed to his 'Journal,' was, as he complained, passed over, because people wished to have their minds made up.

Last of all came Captain Cook, whose name has absorbed all others. Twice he visited Tahiti, and helped to fix in European minds the impression of a state nearer to nature, which the thought of the day insisted upon.

That early figure of Purea (Oberea), the queen for whom Wallis shed tears in leaving, remains the type of the South Sea woman. With Cook she is also inseparably associated; and the anger of the first missionaries with her only serves to complete and certify the character.

Her residence and that of her husband Amo was at Papara, on the south shore of Tahiti. Both belonged to a family whose ancestors were gods; and they lived a ceremonial life recalling, at this extreme of civilization, the courtesies, the adulation, the flattery, the superstitious veneration, of the East.

This family and its allies had reigned in these islands and in the others for an indefinite period. The names of their ancestors, the poetry commemorating them, were still sung long after the white man had helped to destroy their supremacy.

Now Oberea was the great-great-grand-aunt of the old chiefess Arii Taimai, or Hinarii (Mother of Chiefs), whom I visited in her country home. This great lady, the greatest in all the islands, is the last link of the old and new. With her will go all sorts of traditions and habits; and both she and her daughter, Queen Marau, were very affable and entertaining, telling us legends and stories. The mother of our old chiefess was known by at least thirteen different names, each of which was a title, each of which conveyed land: so for instance she was Marama in the island of Moorea, and owned almost all of it; so she was Aromaiterai in Papara. This investiture would be received by a child, as child to a chief, and it would be carried to the family temple to be made sacred, as was done in this case,—thirteen different temples having received the child, the mother of our chiefess. She repeated to us, with curious cadences and intonations unknown to the people here to-day, some of the forms of salutation through which a visitor addressed the honored person that he visited, or was addressed by him. These words gave names and surnames, and references to past history, and made out the proper titles to descent. They were recited in the form of a lamentation, and there were pauses, she said, when the speaker was supposed to weep; and in committing them to memory, she learned also when this wailing was to come. Once, she said, she had visited the island Raiatea with her friend, the famous late queen, Pomare, to call upon the queen of that island; and Queen Pomare, less versed than herself,

asked her to speak these salutations for her, as they walked along upon their official visit. "It was difficult," said the old lady: "I had to walk just so, and to repeat all this at the same time, without an error, and at the proper places to lament." For our hostess is a lady of the greatest family,—of greater family than Queen Pomare's, though her affection for her prevents her saying what she thinks.

The famous Queen Pomare's name was known to all sea-going people in that half of the globe. She was the Pomare of Melville's 'Omoo' and of Loti's 'Marriage.' The Pomares date only from the time of Cook. They were slowly wresting the power from the Tevas by war, and by that still more powerful means, marriage. The old lady Hinaarii is the chiefess representing that great line of the Teva, alongside of which the Pomares—the kings through the foreigner—are new people. Some years ago King Kalakaua of Hawaii had wished to obtain the traditions and genealogies of her family; but the old lady had never been favorable. This, the earliest of the traditions of the family, was told me at different times by Queen Marau; so that in many cases what little I shall quote will be the very words of our royal historian.

The great ancestress Hototu, from whom come all the Tevas, was the first queen of Vaieri. She married Temanutunu, the first king of Punaia. (Temanutunu means *Bird that Let Loose the Army*.) This was at the time when gods and men and animals were not divided as they are to-day, or when, as in the Greek stories, the gods took the shapes of men or beasts. . . . In the course of time this king left the island, and made an expedition to the far-away Pomotu. It is said that he went to obtain the precious red feathers that have always had a mysterious value to South Sea Islanders, and that he meant them for the *maroura* or royal red girdle of his son. The investiture with the girdle, red or white according to circumstances, had the same value as our form of crowning, and took place in the ancestral temples. While the king was far away in the pursuit of these red feathers, to be gathered perhaps one by one, the queen Hototu traveled into the adjoining country of Papara, and there met the mysterious personage Paparuiia. This wonderful creature, half man, half fish, recalls the god of Raratonga, who himself recalled to the missionaries the god Dagon. With Paparuiia, or Tino-ia as he was also called, the queen was well pleased; so that from them was born a son who later was called Teva. But this is anticipating. While the king was still away, his dog Pihoro returned; and finding the queen he ran up to her and fawned upon her, to the jealous disgust of Tino-ia, one half of whom said to the other, "She cares for that dog more than for me." Then he arose and departed in anger, —telling her, however, that she would bear a son whom she should

call Teva: that for this son he had built a temple at Mataua, and that there he should wear the *maro tea*, the white or yellow girdle; his mother the queen, and her husband the king, being the only ones that had the right to the *maroura*, the red maro or girdle—for which, you will remember, the king was hunting. Then he departed, and was met by Temanutunu, the king, who entreated him to return; but he refused, saying that his wife was a woman too fond of dogs.

When I asked if he never came back, the queen told me that since that day the man-fish had been seen many times.

When I asked about the old divinity of the family, the shark, I was told that he still frequents—harmless to his friends—the water inside the reef; changing his size when he comes in or out, because of the small passage.

The old songs that she orders to be sung to us are not hymns but *himenes*, a name now applied to all choral singing. The mode of singing has not changed for its being church music—it is the South Sea chant: a buzzing bass *brum-brum* that sounds almost instrumental, and upon this ground a brocading of high, shrill cadencing, repeated indefinitely, and ending always in a long *i-t-e—i-t-e*,—a sound that we first heard in Hawaii, and afterwards as an accompaniment to the paddling of Samoan boats.

I shall transcribe in prose some of the poems that are woven into the story of the family. . . . Some of these form parts of methods of addresses; that is to say, of the poems or words recited upon occasions of visiting, or that serve as tribe-cries and slogans. Such for instance are the verses connected with the name of Tauraatua that are handed down. The explanations may confuse it; but they make it all the more authentic, because all songs handed down and familiar must receive varying glosses. Where one sees, for instance, a love-song, another sees a song of war. The chief, Tauraatua, of that far-back day was enamored of a fair maiden whose name was Maraaura, and lived with or near her. This poem, which is an appeal to him to return to duty or to home, or to wake him from a dream, is supposed to be the call of the bird messenger and his answer. The bird messenger (*euriri*) repeats the places and names of things most sacred to the chief,—his mount, his cape, his temple. To which the chief answers that he will look at his mistress's place or person on the shore.

“Tauraatua, living in the house of Roa,”

(Says) the bird that has flown to the *rua rua*,

“Papara is a land of heavy leaves that drag down the branches.

Go to Teva; at Teva is thy home,

Thy golden land.

The mount that rises yonder

Is thy Mount Tamaiti.

The point that stands on the shore is
 Thy Outumanomano.
 It is the crowning of a king that makes sacred
 Teriitere of Tooarai »

(the chief's name as ruling over Papara).

(*Answer.*)

“Then let me push away the golden leaves
 Of the *rua rua*,
 That I may see the twin buds of Maraeura
 On the shore.”

Tati, the brother of Queen Marau, takes another view of the poem, regarding as frivolous the feminine connection, and giving the whole a martial character. His version ends with this, which is fine enough:—

“Tauraatua is swifter than the one who carries the fort.
 He is gone and he is past before even the morning star was up.
 The grass covering the cliff is trampled by Tauraatua.”

Every point, the proverb says, has a chief. A poem traditional in the family gives expression to the value of these points—to the attachment to and desire to be near them again—in the mind of an exile, Aromaiterai, who had been sent into the neighboring peninsula and forbidden to make himself known. From his place of exile he could see across the water the land of Papara with its hills and cape. The poem which he composed, and which is dear to the Tevas, revealed his identity:—

LAMENT OF AROMAITERAI

From Mataaoe I look to my own land Tianina,
 My mount Tearatupu, my valley Temaite,
 My “drove of pigs” on the great mountain.
 The dews have fallen on the mountain,
 And they have spread my cloak.
 Rains, clear away that I may look at my home!
 Aue! alas! the wall of my dear land.

The two thrones of Mataoa open their arms to me Temarii.
 No one will ever know how my heart yearns for my mount of
 Tamaiti.

Tiaapuaa (Drove of Pigs) was the name of certain trees growing along the edge of the mountain Moarahi. The profile against the sky suggested—and the same trees, or others in the same position to-day as I looked at them, did make—a procession along the ridge.

The "cloak" of the family is the rain; the Tevas are "the children of the mist." Not so many years ago one of the ladies objected to some protection from rain for her son who was about to land in some ceremony: "Let him wear his cloak," she said.

By the "two thrones" I understand two of the hills that edge the valley.

I have received from Queen Marau three poems: one about a girl asked to wed an old chief; one in honor of King Pomare. The third, a song of reproof, cherished by the Teva as a protest against fate, explains how the dissensions among the different branches of the eight clans of Teva allowed them to become a prey to the rising power of the Purionu clans headed by Pomare.

Jno. Latarge

SONG OF REPROOF

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WARS BETWEEN TEVA AND PURIONU, IN
1768, A YEAR BEFORE THE COMING OF COOK

A STANDARD is raised at Tooarai,
Like the crash of thunder
And flashes of lightning.
The rays of the midday sun
Surround the standard of the king,
The king of the thousand skies.
Honor the standard
Of the king of the thousand skies!

A standard is raised at Matahihae,
In the presence of Vehiatua.
The rebels Teicie and Tetumanua,
They broke the king's standard,
And Oropaa is troubled.
If your crime had but ended there!
The whole land is laid prostrate.

Thou art guilty, O Vehiatua,
Of the standard of thy king,
Broken by the people of Tairapu,
By whom we are all destroyed.
Thou bringest the greatest of armies
To the laying of stones
Of the temple of Mahaiatea. . . .

Thou hast sinned, O Purahi,
 Thou hast broken the standard of the king.
 Taïarapu has caused
 The destruction of us all.
 The approach of the front rank
 Has loosened the decoration.
 One murderous hand is stretched,
 And another murderous hand:
 Two armies in and two out.
 If you had but listened
 To the command of Amo
 Calling to the Oropaa—
 "Let us take our army
 By canoe and by land!
 We have only to fear
 Matitaupé and the dry reef of the Purionu.

"There we will die the death
 Of Pairi Temaharu and Pahupua."
 The coming of the great army of Taïarapu
 Has swept Papara away,
 And drawn its mountains with it.
 Thou hast sinned, Purahi,
 Thou and Taïarapu.
 Thou hast broken the standard of the king,
 And hast caused the destruction of us all.

SOLILOQUY OF TEURA, A BEAUTY, ASKED TO WED PUNU, AN
 OLD CHIEF

THE golden rays of the sky grow wider and wider.
 What is this wind, Teura, that makes the shadows fall
 upon thee?
 Thy heart beats fast, Teura; it takes away thy breath.
 I see a rock approaching: it is my lord Punu Teraiatua.
 I hurry with fright, I fall paralyzed with fear of his love.
 I step and I stop; I should advance, and I hesitate.
 I would give myself up to death at the cave Tiare.
 In what way can I find death? [like the sky
 Oh to die six deaths! I would give a golden leaf glistening
 Rather than that his love should come to me Teura.
 There are but seven times for love and eight for death.
 I am ill, aweary, fretting at the love that is given me.
 I would rather die than return it.

SONG FOR THE CROWNING OF POMARE

THE sky flashes like a torch that is thrown.
It is the welcome of the surroundings.
Tahiti trembles.
It is the coming of thy king from Hawiri,
Wearing his girdle of scarlet feathers.
Welcome Pomare,
King of many isles.
Thou hast put down
The elder power of Matue.
Thou goest outside of the reefs of Hitiaa.
At Vaiatis is thy house.
Thou wilt go to the shores of Tautira,
But thou wilt long for the murmurs of the Pare.
Thou wilt go and thou wilt find the little pass at Paite;
It is like the seat of Pomare.
Courage, Paite, it is the crowning!
Courage at the power of Pomare!
Pomare is the king who has been turned to light
With the consent of the god.
Courage, Pare, it is the crowning of thy king!

[The above article with the translations are from the informal note-book of
Mr. La Farge.]

HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINÉ

(1828-1893)

BY FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE

FEW writers of our time have exercised, not only in France but outside of France, a greater influence than Taine; and at first this seems strange, when one considers superficially the nature of his works. Even though he has written an excellent 'History of English Literature,' and has shown rare powers of mind in his 'Origins of Contemporary France,' there are many histories of the French Revolution, some of which are based on better information or are no less eloquent than his; there are some less tedious to read: and what can we say of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Dryden, or of Shelley, that would be new enough, after so much that others have said, to modify ever so little the thought of a whole generation? But let us look a little closer and more attentively: we ought to join to the 'History of English Literature' and 'Origins of Contemporary France' a book like 'The Philosophy of Art,' or like the book 'On the Intelligence'; in these books it is necessary to grasp, in the midst of the diversity of subjects, the points in common. And one then sees how true it is that more than a treatise on the matter in hand, and over and above being a history of the French Revolution or an analysis of the power of comprehension, all these works are applications, examples, or "illustrations," of a method conceived as universal or universally applicable, having for its object to separate the principles of critical judgment from the variations of individual opinion. It is this that makes the greatness of Taine's work, and it is this that explains his far-reaching influence. It is this, no less, that is meant by those who profess to see in him not a "critic," nor a "historian," but a "philosopher." And finally, it is from this point of view, at once very general and very particular, that he must be seen to be appreciated at his true worth.



H. A. TAINÉ

Taine's life was uneventful. Born at Vouziers, in the Ardennes mountains, in 1828; entered at the École Normale de Paris in 1848; a provincial professor, obliged to send in his resignation on account of his independent spirit and freedom of thought; professor of æsthetics and the history of art at the École des Beaux-Arts; indifferent to outside affairs and superior to most of the vanities that beset mankind,—Taine is of that small number of writers who live solely in order to think, and who, according to Flaubert's phrase, have seen in their surroundings, in history, or even in the universe itself, only "what could contribute to the perfecting personally of their intelligence." It is moreover entirely unnecessary, in tracing a portrait of him that shall resemble him, to linger over useless details, or to republish trivial anecdotes concerning him which contain nothing characteristic, and would not help us to know him better. We should go directly to the point, and keep in view solely that which, together with his literary gift, was of unique interest in him,—I mean the evolution of his thought.

Apparently there was something disconcerting in it, and it is even a sufficiently curious fact, that in his last years he counted among his adversaries some of his most ardent admirers of former times, and on the other hand among his supporters those very ones against whom his first works were employed somewhat like a machine of war. Nay more, in his 'Origins of Contemporary France,' when, after showing at the outset—and according to his expression—that the abuses of the old order of things had made the France of 1789 uninhabitable, he had next assailed with still more violence the religion of the Revolution and of the Napoleonic idolatry, it may be said that he would have turned against him the entire thinking world of France, if two things had not protected him: the brilliance of his talent and his evident sincerity. It was not he, however, who had changed! No more was it his adversaries nor his admirers, nor even the trend of ideas or the spirit of the times. But in going to the bottom of his first principles he had himself seen unexpected results developing from them; and in contact with the better-known reality, these principles in their turn bending and modifying themselves, but not undergoing a fundamental change. What resemblance is there between the acorn and the oak, between a grain and a stalk of wheat, between the worm and the chrysalis? And yet one proceeds from the other. And can we say that they are not the same?

His first ambition, summed up in a celebrated phrase become almost proverbial,—“Vice and virtue are products like vitriol and sugar,”—had been to communicate to the sciences called moral and political that absolute certainty which, like all the scholars and philosophers of his generation, he was accustomed to attribute to the

physical or natural sciences; and in fact, this is what he tried to do in his essay on 'La Fontaine and his Fables' (1855), in his essay on Titus Livius' (1856), in his 'Historical and Critical Essays' (1856-58), and above all in his 'History of English Literature' (1863). Starting with the principle that "Moral things, like physical things, have appendages and conditions," he proposed to determine them and to show (the examples are his own) that between a yoke-elm hedge of Versailles, a decree of Colbert, and a tragedy of Racine, there are relations that enable us to recognize in them so many manifestations, not involuntary but yet unconscious, of the same general state of mind. To-day nothing seems simpler, or rather more commonplace. Scarcely less so appears the analysis that he has given of the elements or factors of that state of mind: the Race, the Environment, the Moment. We all admit that between the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' and 'Tartuffe' there is an initial and fundamental difference; which means that Shakespeare was an Englishman who wrote for English people, and Molière a Frenchman who wrote for French people. We are equally able to conceive without the least difficulty that the court of Louis XIV. did not in all points resemble that of Elizabeth, and that consequently the pleasures of an Essex and a Leicester were differently ordered from those of a Guiche and a Lauzun. And finally, we have no difficulty in understanding that to all these differences must be added still another; namely, that of the *moment*, or of the change that takes place from one century or from one generation to another in the general civilization of the world. It is not possible to reason before and after Descartes in the same way; and the discoveries or inventions of Newton have fundamentally modified the very substance of the human intellect. If it happened that some dilettanti doubted this, still it is precisely what Taine has demonstrated with an abundance of illustrations, a wealth of knowledge,—literary, historical, philosophical, scientific,—with an incomparable vigor and brilliancy of style. If he has "invented" nothing, in the somewhat rough sense in which this word is used elsewhere, and if the theory of environments for example goes back at least to Hippocrates, he has set the seal of talent on inventions that had not yet received it; he has popularized them, made them familiar even to those who do not understand them; and so mingled them with the current of ideas that they have become anonymous, and to-day we must make an effort of history and of justice if we would restore to him what may be called their literary paternity.

How is it then that in their time they stirred up so much opposition and from so many sides? For while recognizing the worth of the writer, there was about 1860 an almost universal protest against the philosopher. One reproached him for his pantheism, another for

his materialism, a third for his fatalism. The French Academy, intimidated by the public outcry, dared not crown the 'History of English Literature.' The saying was now applied to Taine which is employed in France against all innovators; namely, that "whatever was true in his doctrine was not new, and whatever was found to be new in it was false." A turbulent and blundering prelate, Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orléans, made himself conspicuous by the violence of his attacks,—one might call them invectives. The last representatives of official ecclesiasticism, whom also Taine had treated with great severity, several years before, in his book on 'The French Philosophers' (1857), made up a chorus, so to speak, with the archbishop. And finally, for nothing more than having wished to give literary criticism a basis less fragile and above all less fluctuating than individual impression, or because he tried, as we said, to determine the conditions of objective critical judgment, Taine was classed in the camp of "dangerous spirits" and "freethinkers." A little more and he would have been accused of bringing on the destruction of society. What then had he said other or more than what we have just said, and how had it been understood?

The truth is that in all times, threatened interests are apt to deceive themselves in their choice of defensive weapons,—and fortunately! for after all, what would become of us if all conquerors were as able to keep as to capture?—but they are rarely deceived as to the bearing of the attacks that are directed against them. And in truth I do not think that at this epoch Taine had yet pronounced the enlightening word, nor had he yet perceived all the consequences of his doctrine—and we shall soon see why: but his adversaries had perfectly understood that thenceforth his design was to "solder the moral sciences to the natural sciences,"—or, to use a better word, to identify them; and if his attitude in the presence of the "products of the human intellect" was not that of a materialist, they did not err in taking it for that of a naturalist. Let the naturalist study the tiger or the sheep, he is equally unbiased and feels the same kind of interest in either case; and the first step in his science is to forget that man is the tiger's lamb. No more does he change his habit of mind, still less his method, when instead of the rose or the violet it is belladonna or digitalis that he studies. In like manner proceeded the author of the 'History of English Literature.' He excluded from his research every consideration of an æsthetic or moral order, retaining only what he saw in it that was natural or physical. He delivered, properly speaking, no judgment upon 'Othello,' nor upon 'Hamlet,' and still less upon Shakespeare; he expressed no personal opinion whatever, nor indeed any opinion at all. In fact, it is not an opinion to believe that two and two make

four, and that a ruminant and a carnivorous animal have not the same kind of teeth. He analyzed only; he resolved combinations of forces into their elements. He classified feelings and ideas, as a series of ethers or alcohols is made. Before a canvas of Rembrandt or a sculpture of Donatello he made an abstraction of art emotion or moral sentiment. His intellect alone was occupied with it. And what was the result of this method, if it did not, as in natural history, reduce to the same level all the "products of the human intellect"? This is the meaning of the phrase, "Vice and virtue are products like vitriol and sugar." Just as sugar and vitriol contain nothing irreducible by chemical analysis, so neither vice nor virtue contains anything inaccessible to ideological analysis. This Taine's adversaries thoroughly understood; and if we would find the reasons for their exasperation against him, we need only consider what was the scope of the affirmation.

In fact, since for at least six thousand years the destiny of the human species has differed profoundly from that of all the other animal species, what principle would serve as a basis for applying to the study of mankind the same processes that are applied in that of the animal creation? Here is a very simple question to which no one has yet given a satisfactory answer: "The mistake of all moralists," Spinoza had said in his 'Ethics,' "is to consider man in nature as an empire within an empire;" and such precisely is the opinion of Taine, as well as of all those who confound the history of nature and that of humanity. But they have never proved that they had the right to confound them; and when they have shown, what is not difficult to understand, that we form a part of nature, they forget, on the other hand, that we are excepted from nature by all the characteristics that constitute the normal definition of humanity. To be a man is precisely not to be a brute; and better still, that which we call nature in the animal is imperfection, vice, or crime in the man. "*Vitium hominis natura pecoris*" (The depravity of man is the nature of the herd).

This is the first point: now for the second. Suppose we should succeed in reducing ourselves completely to what is absolutely animal in us; suppose our industries to be only a prolongation of the industry of the bee or of the ant, and our very languages a continuation of the beast's cry or the bird's song; our arts and our literatures would always be human things, uniquely, purely human, and consequently things not to be reasoned about independently and outside of the emotion that they offer to our sensibility; since that emotion is not merely their object, but also their excuse for being and their historical origin. There is no "natural" architecture or painting: these are the invention of man,—human in their principle, human in

their development, human in their object. Let us put it still more strongly: If some day humanity should disappear altogether, the material of science would exist exactly as before. The worlds would continue to roll through space, and the eternal geometry, impossible to be conceived by us, would continue no less to obey its own laws. But what would become of art? and if there is no doubt that the very notion of it would be blotted out with humanity, what is that method which, the better to study its "dependences and conditions," begins by abstracting it, isolating it, and as it were severing it from the most evident, the straitest and strictest of those dependences?

This is just what Taine, who was a sincere and loyal spirit, could scarcely fail sooner or later to perceive. He had just been appointed professor of *Æsthetics* and of the History of Art at the *École des Beaux-Arts*; and to rise to the height of his task, by completing his art education, this man who formerly had been fed only on Greek and Latin had begun by visiting the museums of Italy. This was a revelation to him; proof of which may be found in the pages, themselves so full of color, of his 'Journey to Italy' (1866). But above all, his very method had in this way been utterly transformed. He perceived the impossibility of being ideological in painting, and consequently of treating in the same manner a geological crust and a masterpiece of art. Behold an impossibility. A poor writer—a writer who writes badly, incorrectly, tediously, pretentiously, with no feeling either for art or for the genius of his language—can say things true, things useful, things profound; and we know examples of such writers. But one does not think in colors; and what sort of a painter is it who can neither draw nor paint, and what can we say is left of such a painter? Natural history and physiology have no hold here, but talent is indispensable. A critical judgment, then, can only be delivered by expressing certain preferences; and the history of art is essentially qualitative. Taine knew this, or rather he succumbed to it; and from year to year, in the four works which have since been united under the common title of 'The Philosophy of Art,' he was observed to relinquish the naturalist's impartiality which he had affected till then, and re-establish against himself the reality of that æsthetic criterion that he had so energetically denied.

In this regard, the 'Philosophy of Art,' which is not the best-known portion of his work, is not the least interesting, nor the least characteristic. In it he is far from abandoning his theory of the Race, the Milieu, the Moment; on the contrary, his theory of Greek architecture and Dutch painting ought to be reckoned among the number of his most admirable generalizations. No more did he relinquish the aid of natural history; on the contrary, he has nowhere more skillfully drawn support from Cuvier, from Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire,

from Darwin. It was even yet upon the basis of natural history, upon the principles of the permanence of characteristics and of the convergence of effects, that he tried to found his classifications. But after all that, when he reached his conclusion, truth was too strong for him; and the supreme criterion by which he thought that the value of a work should be judged, was what he himself called the "degree of beneficence of its character." So much had not been asked of him: and here it may be observed that none of those French philosophers whom he had so ridiculed had said more nor as much; neither Théodore Jouffroy, nor Victor Cousin himself in his famous book—'Of the True, of the Beautiful, of the Good.' They had simply arrived at analogous conclusions by wholly different roads. Have I any need to show that the beneficence of the characteristic is a human criterion if ever there was one,—purely human,—I should say almost sociological? But it is perhaps more important to note that there was no contradiction in the evolution of Taine's thought. He had simply and consistently recognized that art, being made for man and by man, cannot be studied as we study natural objects; which are not at all our work, and concerning which the Christian, the spiritualist, in fact everybody, can very well say or believe that they were made for us—but not the naturalist.

Nevertheless, while the thought of Taine was thus developing itself, certain of his disciples adhered closely to his 'Critical and Historical Essays,' and drew from them the theory of literary naturalism. This is not the place to set it forth, still less to discuss it. But the important thing to note is, that the disciples were right in believing that they were applying the principle of the master; and on his side the master was no more in error than they, when he protested that those were not his principles. He had gone beyond them, but he had surely taught them; and just this was the whole of the misunderstanding. His followers had stopped half-way from the summit that their master had toiled to reach. They stayed where they were, while he continued his journey. One last step remained for him to take; and this he accomplished by devoting his last years to the 'Origins of Contemporary France' (1875-1894), and particularly in writing his 'Old Régime' and the first volume of his 'Revolution.'

It is commonly said, apropos of this, that the events of 1870, and above all those of 1871, were a kind of crisis for Taine,—depriving him of his former lucidity of impressions, and taking away at the same stroke his liberty of judgment. This may be: but on the one hand, nothing is less certain; and on the other, in spite of all that could be said, there is no more opposition or contradiction between the author of the 'Origins of Contemporary France' and that of the

'Philosophy of Art,' than between the author of the 'Philosophy of Art' and that of the 'History of English Literature.' We readily accuse a writer of contradicting himself when we fail to perceive the reason of the progress of his ideas; and to reproach him for defective logic, it suffices us that his own has a wider scope than ours. In fact, the 'Origins of Contemporary France' is clearly the work of the same systematic and vigorous mind as the 'Critical and Historical Essays.' But just as in passing from the history of ideas to the history of works, Taine had recognized the necessity of an æsthetic criterion, so also he was obliged to recognize, in passing from the history of works to the history of deeds, the necessity of a moral criterion. There lay all the difference: and yet again, to make sure that there is no contradiction, we have only to recall what was the principal object of his inquiry; namely, "On what grounds can a critical judgment be formed?" and to extract this certainty from the variations and caprices of individual opinions.

I am far from sharing, for my part, the opinions of Taine regarding the French Revolution; and I think that on the whole, if he has ruthlessly and profitably set before us naked, as it were, some of its worst excesses as well as its most essential characteristics, he has nevertheless judged it imperfectly. He has taken into consideration neither the generosity of its first transport, nor the tragic circumstances in the midst of which it was forced to develop, nor the fecundity of some of the ideas that have spread from it through the world. He has judged Napoleon no better. This is because he was without what is called in France the "military fibre." And finally I think that he has imperfectly judged contemporary France. For while he has carefully pointed out some of the faults that are unhappily ours, he has scarcely accounted to the race for other qualities which are nevertheless also its own,—its endurance, its flexibility, its spirit of order and economy; I will even say its wisdom, and that underlying good sense which from age to age, and for so many years now, have repaired the errors of our governments.

But from the point of view that I have chosen, I have no need of dwelling upon the particular opinions of Taine; and not having expressed my own upon his Shakespeare or upon his Rubens, I shall not express them upon his Napoleon. I merely say that in attempting history he has been compelled to see that men cannot be treated like abstractions, and that to speak truth the moral sciences are decidedly not natural sciences. He has been obliged to admit to himself that the verities here were constituted after another order, and could not be reached by the same means. In his endeavor to explain, in some of the most beautiful pages he ever wrote, the genesis, the slow and successive formation, the laborious formation, of

the ideas of conscience and of honor, he was unable to find either a "physical basis" or an "animal origin" for them. He became equally aware that there were no beautiful crimes nor beautiful monsters, as he had believed in the days of his youth; and he felt that to affect, in the presence of the massacres of September or of the Reign of Terror, the serene indifference of the chemist in his laboratory, was not to serve the cause of science, but to betray that of humanity. And as he was accused of contradicting himself in this point, I well know that he yielded to the weakness of recording, in some sort, his old and his new principles. "This volume, like those that have preceded it," he wrote in 1884, in the 'Preface' to the third volume of his 'Revolution,' "is written only *for the lovers of moral zoölogy, for the naturalists of the intellect*, . . . and not for the public, which has taken its stand and made up its mind concerning the Revolution." Only he forgot to tell us what a "naturalist of the intellect" is, and what above all is "moral zoölogy." He might as well have spoken of "immaterial physics"! But he deceived himself strangely if he did not believe that he had "written for the public," and with the purpose of changing our preconceived opinion (*parti pris*), whatever it was, toward the Revolution, or of trying to substitute his own for it. Why did he not simply say that the more closely he studied human acts, the better he saw their distinguishing and original character; that without abandoning any of his former principles, he had simply bent their first rigidity to the exigencies of the successive problems that he had studied; and that after cruelly ridiculing at the outset the subordination of all questions to the moral question, he had himself gone over to that side? If this was an avowal that cost him little, perhaps, it is nevertheless the philosophical significance of his 'Origins of Contemporary France,' and it is the last limit of the evolution of his thought.

It is moreover in this way that the unity of his system and the extent of his influence are explicable. No, I repeat that he did not contradict himself at all, if his object was to determine what might be called the concrete conditions of objective knowledge; and such indeed was his object, or at least, the result of his work. In literature first, then in art, and finally in history, he wished to set a foundation for the certainty; and—let us reiterate it—"separate the reality of things from the fluctuations of individual opinion." If all the world agree in placing Shakespeare above Addison, 'Coriolanus' or 'Julius Cæsar' above 'Cato,' and all the world prefers the methods of government of Henry IV. to those of Robespierre, there are reasons for it which are not merely sentimental, but positive; and out of the midst of school or party controversy, Tainé desired to draw the evidence of them and an incontestable formula for them.

And in truth, he himself yielded more than once to the attraction of the subject he chose at first only as material for experiments. So it sometimes happens that a naturalist lingers in admiration over an animal he meant only to dissect. Taine likewise forgot his theories at times in the presence of Raphaël and Michael Angelo, of Rembrandt or of Rubens, and he even forgot that he was a theorist. But neither is his 'History of English Literature' properly speaking, a history of English literature, nor his 'Origins of Contemporary France' a history of the Revolution: they are only a demonstration of the objectivity of the critical judgment by means of the history of the Revolution or of English literature.

To feel convinced of this, it is enough to read those of his works that I have not yet mentioned: his 'Essay on Titus Livius,' his 'Journey to the Pyrenees,' his 'Thomas Graindorge,' his 'Notes on England,' or his 'Note-Books of Travel.' Not only does he never lose sight in them of his principal object, but in all that he sees or in all that is told him, he notes or retains only what is in accordance with his critical preoccupations. A landscape to him is not a landscape, but a *milieu*; and a characteristic custom is not a characteristic custom for him, but a commentary on the race. In the museums of Italy as in the streets of London, he sees only "permanences of qualities" or "convergences of effects." If it happens that he becomes interested in the spectacle of things, he repents of it and recovers himself. Facts are for him only materials; and they have value in his eyes only in so far as they enter into the construction of his edifice. And doubtless this is why not only the English do not admit the truth of his 'Notes on England,' but the French still less the truth of those that he set down in his 'Note-Books of Travel.'

On the other hand, here is the very reason for the range and depth of his influence, if in all that we have just said of him we need change only a few words in order to say it of an Auguste Comte, of a Hegel, or of a Spinoza. These are great names, I am well aware! But when I consider what before Taine were those ideas that he has marked with the seal of his literary genius, so hard at times, but so vigorous; when I recall in what a nebulous state, so to speak, they floated in the mind; and when I see to what degree they now form the substance of contemporary thought,—their merit, that cannot be contested, is to have recreated methods; and though there are other merits in the history of thought, there are none greater. There lay his honor, and there rests his claim to glory. *He has renewed the methods of criticism.* It is this that the future will not forget. One can discuss the value of his opinions, literary, æsthetic, historical; one can refuse to take him for guide,—combat him, refute him perhaps; and one may prefer to his manner of writing, so powerful and

so telling, often charged with too many colors, and generally too emphatic, the manner of such-and-such of his contemporaries,—the treacherous charm of Sainte-Beuve, the fleeting grace of Renan: but no one more than he is certain of having “made an epoch”; and to grasp the full meaning of this phrase, it suffices to reckon, in the history of the literatures, how many there are to whom it can be applied!

F. Brundage

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ENGLISH MIND

From ‘Notes on England’

THE interior of an English head may not unaptly be likened to one of Murray’s Handbooks, which contains many facts and few ideas; a quantity of useful and precise information, short statistical abridgments, numerous figures, correct and detailed maps, brief and dry historical notices, moral and profitable counsels in the guise of a preface,—no view of the subject as a whole, none of the literary graces,—a simple collection of well-authenticated documents, a convenient memorandum for personal guidance during a journey. A Frenchman requires that everything and every piece of writing should be cast in a pleasing form; an Englishman is satisfied if the substance be useful. A Frenchman loves ideas in and for themselves; an Englishman employs them as instruments of mnemonics or of prevision. . . .

The impression produced is the same if we consider in turn the journals, the reviews, and the oratory of the two nations. The special correspondent of an English journal is a sort of photographer who forwards proofs taken on the spot; these are published untouched. Sometimes indeed there are discrepancies between the arguments in the leading articles and the statements in the letter. The latter are always extremely lengthy and detailed: a Frenchman would abridge and lighten them; they leave on him a feeling of weariness: the whole is a jumble; it is a badly hewn and unwieldy block. The editor of a French journal is bound to help his correspondent, to select from his materials what is essential, to pick out from the heap the three or four

notable anecdotes, and to sum up the whole in a clear idea, embodied in a telling phrase. Nor is the difference less perceptible if their great quarterlies and our reviews are contrasted. An article in ours, even an article on science or political economy, must possess an exordium, a peroration, a plan; every one in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* commences with an exposition of general ideas. With them, facts, figures, and technical details predominate: their articles are exceedingly heavy, excepting in the hands of a Macaulay; they are excellent quarries filled with solid but unshapen stones, requiring additional workmanship in order to fit them for general use. Moreover, in Parliament and public meetings, English eloquence is hampered by documents, while French eloquence evaporates in theories.

English education tends to produce this result. . . . Recently, however, new discoveries and Continental methods of education have gained entrance: still, even at this day, the system of education is better fitted for strengthening than for expanding the mind; graduates leave the universities as they leave a course of gymnastics, bringing away with them no conception whatever of man or the world. Besides, there is one ready-made, and very acceptable, which a young man has no difficulty in adopting. In France no fixed limit bounds his thoughts; the Constitution, ten times altered, has no authority; the religion is that of the Middle Ages; the old forms are in discredit, the new are merely chalked out. From the age of sixteen he is assailed by doubt; he oscillates: if he has any brains, his most pressing need is to construct for himself a body of convictions, or at least of opinions. In England the mold is prepared; the religion is almost rational, and the Constitution excellent; awakening intelligence there finds the broad lines of future beliefs already traced. The necessity for erecting a complete habitation is not felt; the utmost that appears wanting relates to the enlargement of a Gothic window, the cleansing of a cellar, the repair of a staircase. English intellect, being less unsettled, less excited, is less active, because it has not skepticism for a spur.

. Through all channels, open from infancy to the close of life, exact information flows into an English head as into a reservoir. But the proximity of these waters does not yet suffice to explain their abundance: there is a slope which invites them, an innate disposition peculiar to the race,—to wit, the liking for facts, the love of experiment, the instinct of induction, the longing for certitude. Whoever has studied their literature and their philosophy,

from Shakespeare and Bacon to the present day, knows that this inclination is hereditary, and appertains to the very character of their minds; that it is bound up with their manner of comprehending truth. According to them the tree must be judged by its fruit, and speculation proved by practice; they do not value a truth unless it evokes useful applications. Beyond practical truths lie only vain chimeras. Such is man's condition: a restricted sphere, capable of enlargement, but always walled in; a sphere within which knowledge must be acquired, not for its own sake, but in order to act,—science itself being valuable only to the office which verifies it and for the purpose which it serves.

That being granted, it appears to me that the ordinary furnishing of an English head becomes discernible. As well as I can judge, an educated Englishman possesses a stock of facts three or four times in excess of that possessed by a Frenchman of corresponding position,—at least in all that relates to language, geography, political and economical truths, and the personal impressions gained in foreign parts by contact with men and living objects. On the other hand, it frequently happens that the Englishman turns his big trunk to less account than the Frenchman does his little bag. This is perceptible in many books and reviews; the English writer, though very well informed, being limited in his range. Nothing is rarer among them than free and full play of the soaring and expanding intellect. Determined to be prudent, they drag their car along the ground over the beaten track; with two or three exceptions, not one now makes readers think. More than once, when in England, after having conversed with a man, I was surprised at his store of knowledge, alike varied and sound, and also to find him so deficient in ideas. At this moment I can recall five or six who were so largely endowed as to be entitled to take general views. They paused, however, half-way, arriving at no definite conclusion. They did not even experience a desire to co-ordinate their knowledge in a sort of system: they possessed only partial and isolated ideas; they did not feel either the inclination or the power to connect them together under a philosophical conception. Their language bears the best witness to this, it being extremely difficult to translate somewhat lofty abstractions into English. Compared with French, and above all with German, it is what Latin is to Greek. . . . Their library of words is wanting in an entire row of compartments,—namely, the upper ones; they have no ideas wherewith to fill them.

TYPICAL ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN

From 'Notes on England'

AT BOTTOM the essential thing in a country is man. Since my arrival I have made a collection of types, and I class them with those I had collected last year. . . . Arranged in groups, the following are those which have struck me most:—

First, the robust individual, largely and solidly built, the fine colossus, at times six feet high and broad in proportion. This is very common among soldiers, notably among the Life Guards, a select body of men. Their countenance is fresh and blooming, their flesh magnificent; it might be supposed they had been chosen for an exhibition of human products, like picked prize beets and cauliflowers. They have a fund of good-humor, sometimes of good-nature, generally of awkwardness. . . . In point of mass they are monuments; but there may be too much of a good thing, and movement is so essential to matter! Other monuments, rather less tall, but even fresher and more varnished, are the servants of a great house. They wear white cravats with large faultless bows, scarlet or canary-colored knee-breeches; they are magnificent in shape and amplitude—their calves especially are enormous. . . . The coachmen are prodigiously broad-shouldered and well developed: how many yards of cloth must be required to clothe such figures? These are the favorites of creation, the best fed, the most easy-going, all chosen and picked in order to act as specimens of the nation's physique. . . .

There is the same athletic and full-fleshed type among the gentlemen; I know four or five specimens among my acquaintances. Sometimes the excess of feeding adds a variety. This was true of a certain gentleman in my railway carriage on the Derby day: large ruddy features, with flabby and pendent cheeks, large red whiskers, blue eyes without expression, an enormous trunk in a short light jacket, noisy respiration; his blood gave a tinge of pink to his hands, his neck, his temple, and even underneath his hair: when he compressed his eyelids, his physiognomy was as disquieting and heavy as that seen in the portraits of Henry VIII.; when in repose, in presence of this mass of flesh, one thought of a beast for the butcher, and quietly computed twenty stone of meat. Toward fifty, owing to the effect of the same diet seasoned with port wine, the figure and the face are spoiled, the teeth protrude, the physiognomy is distorted, and they turn to horrible and tragical caricature.



AN ENGLISH LITERARY PARTY

BOSWELL	JOHNSON	REYNOLDS	GARRICK	BURKE	PAOLI	BURNEY	WATSON	GOLDSMITH
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The last variety is seen among the common people, where spirits take the place of port, among other places in the low streets which border the Thames: several apoplectic and swollen faces, whereof the scarlet hue turns almost to black; worn-out, blood-shot eyes like raw lobsters; the brute brutalized. Lessen the quantity of blood and fat, while retaining the same bone and structure, and increasing the countrified look; large and wild beard and mustache, tangled hair, rolling eyes, truculent muzzle, big knotted hands—this is the primitive Teuton issuing from his woods: after the portly animal, after the overfed animal, comes the fierce animal, the English bull.

All this is rare enough; these are the extremes of type. Much more common is the laboring animal: the great bony body, full of protuberances and projections, not well set up, ungainly, clumsy, slightly automatic, but of strong build, and as capable of resistance as of effort. It is not less common among gentlemen, clergymen, the liberal professions, than among the people. . . .

Place in this powerful frame of bones and muscles the lucid, calm, active intelligence developed by special education, or by complete education, and you will have the fine variety of the same type: the serious, capable man, worthy of commanding, in whom during the hour of need one may and one ought to place confidence, who will accomplish difficult tasks. In spick-span new clothes, in too light a dress, the disparity between the habit and its wearer is not far from being grotesque. But fancy him on the bridge of a vessel, in battle,—or simply in a counting-house at the head of twenty clerks, on the bench and pronouncing decisions, governing fortunes or lives,—he will be beautiful, morally beautiful. This body can contain the soul without succumbing.

Many of the women have the same power of growth and structure, more frequently indeed than in France; out of every ten young girls one is admirable, and upon five or six a naturalist painter would look with pleasure. On horseback especially, and in full gallop, they are amazons; not only by their skill and the firmness of their seat, but on account of their figure and their health. In their presence one thinks of the natural form of life, Grecian and gymnastic. Yesterday one of them in a drawing-room, tall, with well-developed bust and shoulders, blooming cheeks, active, and without too much expression, seemed to me to be made to live in the avenues of a park, or in the great hall of a castle, like her sister the antique statue, in the free air of

the mountains, or under the portico of a temple upon the sea-shore; neither the one nor the other could breathe in our small Parisian dwellings. The mauve silk of the dress follows the form from the neck to the hips, descends and spreads forth like a lustrous wave: in order to depict her as a goddess it would require the palette of Rubens, his rosy red spread over a tint of milk, his large masses of flesh fixed by one dash of the brush; only here the contour is more severe, and the head is nobler. Yet, even when the physiognomy and the form are commonplace the whole satisfies the mind: a solid bony structure, and upon it healthy flesh, constitute what is essential in a living creature. . . .

There are two probable causes: the one, which is of a special character,—the hereditary conformation of the race; the other, which is the custom of open-air living and bodily exercise. A review spoke recently about the rude, unfeeling health which slightly startles delicate foreign ladies, and attributes it to riding on horseback and the long walks which English ladies take in the country. To these advantages are joined several inconveniences: the fair complexion is easily and quickly spoilt; in the case of many young ladies, the nose reddens early; they have too many children, and this deteriorates them. You marry a blonde, slender, and clear-complexioned woman: ten years afterwards you will perhaps have at your side a housekeeper, a nurse, a sitting hen. I have in my mind two or three of these matrons, broad, stiff, and destitute of ideas; red face, eyes the color of blue china, huge white teeth—forming the tricolor flag. In other cases the type becomes exaggerated: one sees extraordinary asparagus-sticks planted in spreading dresses. Moreover, two out of every three have their feet shod with stout masculine boots; and as to the long projecting teeth, it is impossible to train oneself to endure them. Is this a cause, or an effect, of the carnivorous régime? The too ornate and badly adjusted dress completes these disparities. It consists of violet or dark-crimson silks, of grass-green flowered gowns, blue sashes, jewelry—the whole employed sometimes to caparison gigantic jades who recall discharged heavy-cavalry horses, sometimes vast well-hooped butts which burst in spite of their hoops. Of this cast was a lady in Hyde Park one of these days, on horseback, followed by her groom. She was fifty-five, had several chins, the rest in proportion, an imperious and haughty mien; the whole shook at the slightest trot, and it was hard not to laugh.

THE RACE CHARACTERS EXPRESSED IN ART

From 'Art in the Netherlands.' Copyright 1870, by Leypoldt & Holt

LET us consider the common characteristics of the Germanic race, and the differences by which it is opposed to the Latin race. Physically we find a whiter and softer skin, generally speaking; blue eyes, often of a porcelain or pale hue, paler as you approach the north, and sometimes glassy in Holland; hair of a flaxy blond, and with children, almost white. The body is generally large, but thick-set or burly, heavy and inelegant. In a similar manner the features are apt to be irregular; especially in Holland, where they are flabby, with projecting cheek-bones and strongly marked jaws. They lack, in short, sculptural nobleness and delicacy. You will rarely find the features regular, like the numerous pretty faces of Toulouse and Bordeaux, or like the spirited and handsome heads which abound in the vicinity of Rome and Florence. You will much oftener find exaggerated features, incoherent combinations of form and tones, curious fleshy protuberances, so many natural caricatures. Taking them for works of art, living forms testify to a clumsy and fantastic hand through their more incorrect and weaker drawing.

Observe now this body in action, and you will find its animal faculties and necessities of a grosser kind than among the Latins: matter and mass seem to predominate over motion and spirit; it is voracious and even carnivorous. Compare the appetite of an Englishman, or even a Hollander, with that of a Frenchman or an Italian: those among you who have visited the countries can call to mind the public dinner-tables,—and the quantities of food, especially meat, tranquilly swallowed several times a day by a citizen of London, Rotterdam, or Antwerp. In English novels people are always lunching; the most sentimental heroine, at the end of the third volume, having consumed an infinite number of buttered muffins, cups of tea, bits of chicken, and sandwiches. The climate contributes to this: in the fogs of the North, people could not sustain themselves, like a peasant of the Latin race, on a bowl of soup or a piece of bread flavored with garlic, or on a plate of macaroni. For the same reason the German is fond of potent beverages. . . .

Enter, in Amsterdam, one of these little shops, garnished with polished casks, where glass after glass is swallowed of white,

yellow, green, and brown brandy, strengthened with pepper and pimento. Place yourself at nine o'clock in the evening in a Brussels brewery, near a dark wooden table, around which the hawkers of crabs, salted rolls, and hard-boiled eggs circulate: observe the people quietly seated there, each one intent on himself; sometimes in couples, but generally silent, smoking, eating, and drinking bumpers of beer, which they now and then warm up with a glass of spirits: you can understand sympathetically the strong sensation of heat and animal plenitude they feel in their speechless solitude, in proportion as superabundant solid and liquid nourishment renews in them the living substance, and as the whole body partakes in the gratification of the satisfied stomach.

One point more of their exterior remains to be shown, which especially strikes people of southern climes, and that is the sluggishness and torpidity of their impressions and movements. . . . Many a time have I passed before a shop-window to contemplate some rosy, placid, and candid face,—a mediæval madonna making up the fashions. It is the very reverse of this in our land and in Italy, where the grisette's eyes seem to be gossiping with the chairs for lack of something better, and where a thought, the moment it is born, translates itself into gesture. In Germanic lands the channels of sensation and expression seem to be obstructed: delicacy, impulsiveness, and readiness of action, appear impossible; a southerner has to exclaim at their awkwardness and lack of adroitness. . . .

In brief, the human animal of this race is more passive and more gross than the other. One is tempted to regard him as inferior on comparing him with the Italian or southern Frenchman, so temperate, so quick intellectually, who is naturally apt in expression, in chatting and in pantomime, possessing taste and attaining to elegance; and who without effort, like the Provençals of the twelfth and the Florentines of the fourteenth century, become cultivated, civilized, and accomplished at the first attempt. . . .

This same reason and this same good sense establish and maintain amongst them diverse descriptions of social engagements, and first the conjugal bond. . . . But very lately, a wealthy and noble Hollander named to me several young ladies of his family who had no desire to see the great Exposition, and who remained at home whilst their husbands and brothers visited

Paris. A disposition so calm and so sedentary diffuses much happiness throughout domestic life; in the repose of curiosity and of desire, the ascendancy of pure ideas is much greater; the constant presence of the same person not being wearisome, the memory of plighted faith, the sentiment of duty and of self-respect, easily prevails against temptations which elsewhere triumph because they are elsewhere more powerful.

I can say as much of other descriptions of association, and especially of the free assemblage. This, practically, is a very difficult thing. To make the machine work regularly without obstruction, those who compose it must have calm nerves and be governed by the end in view. One is expected to be patient in a "meeting," to allow himself to be contradicted and even vilified, await his turn for speaking, reply with moderation, and submit twenty times in succession to the same argument enlivened with figures and documentary facts. It will not answer to fling aside the newspaper the moment its political interest flags, nor take up politics for the pleasure of discussion and speech-making, nor excite insurrections against officials the moment they become distasteful, which is the fashion in Spain and elsewhere. You yourselves have some knowledge of a country where the government has been overthrown because inactive and because the nation felt ennui. Among Germanic populations, people meet together not to talk but to act: politics is a matter to be wisely managed; they bring to bear on it the spirit of business: speech is simply a means, while the effect, however remote, is the end in view. They subordinate themselves to this end, and are full of deference for the persons who represent it. How unique! Here the governed respect the governing; if the latter prove objectionable they are resisted, but legally and patiently; if institutions prove defective, they are gradually reformed without being disrupted. Germanic countries are the patrimony of free parliamentary rule. . . . To act in a body, no one person oppressing another, is a wholly Germanic talent, and one which gives them such an empire over matter; through patience and reflection they conform to the laws of physical and human nature, and instead of opposing them profit by them.

If now from action we turn to speculation,—that is to say, to the mode of conceiving and figuring the world,—we shall find the same imprint of this thoughtful and slightly sensualistic genius. The Latins show a decided taste for the external and

decorative aspect of things, for a pompous display feeding the senses and vanity, for logical order, outward symmetry, and pleasing arrangement,—in short, for form. The Germanic people, on the contrary, have rather inclined to the inward order of things, to truth itself,—in fact, to the fundamental. Their instinct leads them to avoid being seduced by appearances, to remove mystery, to seize the hidden even when repugnant and sorrowful, and not to eliminate or withhold any detail, even when vulgar and unsightly. Among the many products of this instinct, there are two which place it in full light through the strongly marked contrast in each of form and substance; namely, literature and religion. The literatures of Latin populations are classic, and nearly or remotely allied to Greek poesy, Roman eloquence, the Italian Renaissance, and the age of Louis XIV.; they refine and ennoble, they embellish and prune, they systematize and give proportion. Their latest masterpiece is the drama of Racine, who is the painter of princely ways, court proprieties, social paragons, and cultivated natures; the master of an oratorical style, skillful composition, and literary elegance. The Germanic literatures, on the contrary, are romantic: their primitive source is the 'Edda' and the ancient sagas of the north; their greatest masterpiece is the drama of Shakespeare,—that is to say, the crude and complete representation of actual life, with all its atrocious, ignoble, and commonplace details, its sublime and brutal instincts, the entire outgrowth of human character displayed before us, now in a familiar style bordering on the trivial, and now poetic even to lyricism, always independent of rule, incoherent, excessive, but of an incomparable force, and filling our souls with the warm and palpitating passion of which it is the outcry. . . .

This race, thus endowed, has received various imprints, according to the various conditions of its abiding-place. Sow a number of seeds of the same vegetable species in different soils, under various temperatures, and let them germinate, grow, bear fruit and reproduce themselves indefinitely, each on its own soil, and each will adapt itself to its soil, producing several varieties of the same species so much the more distinct as the contrast is greater between the diverse climates. Such is the experience of the Germanic race in the Netherlands. Ten centuries of habitation have done their work: the end of the Middle Ages shows us that in addition to its innate character, there is an acquired character. . . .

The country is an outflow of mighty waters, which, as they reach it, become sluggish and remain stagnant for want of a fall. Dig a hole anywhere and water comes. Examine the landscapes of Van der Neer and you will obtain some idea of the vast sluggish streams, which, on approaching the sea, become a league wide, and lie asleep, wallowing in their beds like some huge, flat, slimy fish, turbid and feebly glimmering with scaly reflections. The plain is oftentimes below their level, and it is only protected by levées of earth. You feel as if some of them were going to give way; a mist is constantly rising from their surfaces, and at night a dense fog envelops all things in a bluish humidity. Follow them down to the sea, and here a second and more violent inundation, arising from the daily tides, completes the work of the first. The northern ocean is hostile to man. Look at the 'Estacade' of Ruysdael, and imagine the frequent tempests casting up ruddy waves and monstrous foaming billows on the low, flat band of earth, already half submerged by the enlargement of the rivers. . . .

Here there had to be good sound heads, a capacity to subject sensation to thought, to endure patiently ennui and fatigue, to accept privation and labor in view of a remote end,—in short, a Germanic race; meaning by this, men organized to co-operate together, to toil, to struggle, to begin over and over again and ameliorate unceasingly, to dike streams, to oppose tides, to drain the soil, to turn wind, water, flats, and argillaceous mud to account, to build canals, ships, and mills, to make brick, raise cattle, and organize various manufacturing and commercial enterprises. The difficulty being very great, the mind was absorbed in overcoming it; and turned wholly in this direction, was diverted from other things. To subsist, to obtain shelter, food, and raiment, to protect themselves against cold and damp, to accumulate stores and lay up wealth, left the settlers no time to think of other matters: the mind got to be wholly positive and practical. . . .

Compared with other nations of the same stock, and with a genius no less practical, the denizen of the Netherlands appears better balanced and more capable of being content. We do not see in him the violent passions, the militant disposition, the overstrained will, the bulldog instincts, the sombre and grandiose pride, which three permanent conquests and the secular establishment of political strife have implanted in the English; nor that

restless and exaggerated desire for action which a dry atmosphere, sudden changes from heat to cold, a surplus electricity, have implanted in the Americans of the United States. He lives in a moist and equable climate: one which relaxes the nerves and develops the lymphatic temperament, which moderates the insurrections, explosions, and impetuosity of the spirit; soothing the asperities of passion, and diverting the character to the side of sensuality and good-humor. . . .

All circumstances, moral and physical, their geographical and political state, the past and the present, combine to one end,—namely, the development of one faculty and one tendency at the expense of the rest, shrewd management and temperate emotions, a practical understanding and limited desires; they comprehend the amelioration of outward things, and this accomplished they crave no more.

Consider their work: its perfection and lacunæ indicate at once the limits and the power of their intellect. The profound philosophy which is so natural in Germany, and the elevated poetry which flourishes in England, they lack. They fail to overlook material things and positive interests in order to yield to pure speculation, to follow the temerities of logic, to attenuate the delicacy of analysis, and to bury themselves in the depths of abstraction. They ignore that spiritual turmoil, those eruptions of suppressed feeling, which give to style a tragic accent; and that vagabond fancy, those exquisite and sublime reveries, which outside of life's vulgarities reveal a new universe. . . . They are epicureans as well as gourmands in the matter of comfortable living; regularly, calmly, without heat or enthusiasm, they glean up every pleasing harmony of savor, sound, color, and form that arises out of their prosperity and abundance, like tulips on a heap of compost. All this produces good sense somewhat limited, and happiness somewhat gross. . . .

Such, in this country, is the human plant; we have now to examine its art, which is the flower. Among all the branches of the Germanic trunk, this plant alone has produced a complete flower; the art which develops so happily and so naturally in the Netherlands proves abortive with the other Germanic nations, for the reason that this glorious privilege emanates from the national character as we have just set it forth.

To comprehend and love painting requires an eye sensitive to forms and to colors, and without education or apprenticeship, one

which takes pleasure in the juxtaposition of tones, and is delicate in the matter of optical sensations; the man who would be a painter must be capable of losing himself in viewing the rich consonance of red and green, in watching the diminution of light as it is transformed into darkness, and in detecting the subtle hues of silks and satins, which according to their breaks, recesses, and depths of fold, assume opaline tints, vague luminous gleams, and imperceptible shades of blue. The eye is epicurean like the palate, and painting is an exquisite feast served up to it. For this reason it is that Germany and England have had no great pictorial art. In Germany the too great domination of abstract ideas has left no room for the sensuousness of the eye. . . .

One of the leading merits of this art is the excellence and delicacy of its coloring. This is owing to the education of the eye, which in Flanders and in Holland is peculiar. . . . Here, as at Venice, nature has made man a colorist. Observe the different aspect of things according as you are in a dry country, like Provence and the neighborhood of Florence, or on a wet plain like the Netherlands. In the dry country the line predominates, and at once attracts attention: the mountains cut sharp against the sky, with their stories of architecture of a grand and noble style; all objects projecting upward in the limpid air in varied prominence. Here the low horizon is without interest, and the contours of objects are softened, blended, and blurred out by the imperceptible vapor with which the atmosphere is always filled; that which predominates is the spot. A cow pasturing, a roof in the centre of a field, a man leaning on a parapet, appear as one tone among other tones. The object emerges: it does not start suddenly out of its surroundings as if punched out; you are struck by its modeling,—that is to say, by the different degrees of advancing luminousness, and the diverse gradations of melting color, which transform its general tint into a relief, and give to the eye a sensation of thickness. You would have to pass many days in this country in order to appreciate the subordination of the line to the spot. A bluish or gray vapor is constantly rising from the canals, the rivers, the sea, and from the saturated soil; a universal haze forms a soft gauze over objects, even in the finest weather. Flying scuds, like thin, half-torn white drapery, float over the meadows night and morning. I have repeatedly stood on the quays of the Scheldt contemplating the broad, pallid, and slightly rippled water, on which float the dark hulks. The river

shines; and on its flat surface the hazy light reflects here and there unsteady scintillations. Clouds ascend constantly around the horizon; their pale, leaden hue and their motionless files suggesting an army of spectres,—the spectres of the humid soil, like so many phantoms, always revived and bringing back the eternal showers. Towards the setting sun they become ruddy; while their corpulent masses, trellised all over with gold, remind one of the damascene copes, the brocaded simarres, and the embroidered silks, with which Jordaens and Rubens envelop their bleeding martyrs and their sorrowful Madonnas. Quite low down on the sky the sun seems an enormous blaze subsiding into smoke. On reaching Amsterdam or Ostend the impression again deepens; both sea and sky have no form; the fog and interposed showers leave nothing to remember but colors. The water changes in hue every half-hour—now of a pale wine tinge, now of a chalky whiteness, now yellow like softened mortar, now black like liquid soot, and sometimes of a sombre purple striped with dashes of green. After a few days' experience you find that in such a nature, only gradations, contrasts, and harmonies—in short, only the value of tones is of any importance. . . .

You have seen the seed, the plant, and the flower. A race with a genius totally opposed to that of the Latin peoples makes for itself, after and alongside of them, its place in the world. Among the numerous nations of this race, one there is in which a special territory and climate develop a particular character predisposing it to art and to a certain phase of art. Painting is born with it, lasts, becomes complete; and the physical *milieu* surrounding it, like the national genius which founds it, gives to and imposes on its subjects its types and its coloring. We find four distinct periods in the pictorial art of the Netherlands; and through a remarkable coincidence, each corresponds to a distinct historic period. Here, as everywhere, art translates life; the talent and taste of the painter change at the same time, and in the same sense as the habits and sentiments of the public. . . .

The first period of art lasts about a century and a half (1400–1530). It issues from a renaissance; that is to say, from a great development of prosperity, wealth, and intellect. Here, as in Italy, the cities at an early period are flourishing, and almost free. . . . In these swarming hives an abundance of food and habits of personal activity maintain courage, turbulence, audacity, and even insolence,—all excesses of brutal and boundless energy;

these weavers were men, and when we encounter men we may expect soon to encounter the arts. . . .

At the end of the fourteenth century Flanders, with Italy, is the most industrious, the wealthiest, the most flourishing country in Europe. . . .

A Flemish renaissance underneath Christian ideas,—such in effect is the twofold nature of art under Hubert and John Van Eyck, Roger Van der Weyde, Hemling, and Quintin Matsys; and from these two characteristics proceed all the others. On the one hand, artists take interest in actual life; their figures are no longer symbols like the illuminations of ancient missals, nor purified spirits like the Madonnas of the school of Cologne, but living beings and bodies. They attend to anatomy, the perspective is exact, the minutest details are rendered of stuffs, of architecture, of accessories, and of landscape; the relief is strong, and the entire scene stamps itself on the eye and on the mind with extraordinary force and sense of stability; the greatest masters of coming times are not to surpass them in all this, nor even go so far. Nature evidently is now discovered by them. The scales fall from their eyes: they have just mastered, almost in a flash, the proportions, the structure, and the coloring of visible realities; and moreover they delight in them. Consider the superb copes wrought in gold and decked with diamonds, the embroidered silks, the flowered and dazzling diadems, with which they ornament their saints and divine personages, all of which represents the pomp of the Burgundian court. Look at the calm and transparent water, the bright meadows, the red and white flowers, the blooming trees, the sunny distances, of their admirable landscapes. Observe their coloring,—the strongest and richest ever seen,—the pure and full tones side by side in a Persian carpet, and united solely through their harmony, the superb breaks in the folds of purple mantles, the azure recesses of long falling robes, the green draperies like a summer field permeated with sunshine, the display of gold skirts trimmed with black, the strong light which warms and enlivens the whole scene: you have a concert in which each instrument sounds its proper note, and the more true because the more sonorous. They see the world on the bright side and make a holiday of it,—a genuine fête, similar to those of this day, glowing under a more bounteous sunlight; and not a heavenly Jerusalem suffused with supernatural radiance, such as Fra Angelico painted. They

copy the real with scrupulous accuracy, and all that is real: the ornaments of armor, the polished glass of a window, the scrolls of a carpet, the hairs of fur, the undraped body of an Adam and an Eve, a canon's massive, wrinkled, and obese features, a burgomaster's or soldier's broad shoulders, projecting chin, and prominent nose, the spindling shanks of a hangman, the over-large head and diminutive limbs of a child, the costumes and furniture of the age; their entire work being a glorification of this present life. But on the other hand, it is a glorification of Christian belief. . . .

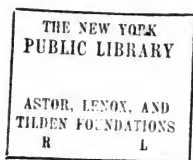
When a great change is effected in human affairs, it brings on by degrees a corresponding change in human conceptions. After the discovery of the Indies and of America, after the invention of printing and the multiplication of books, after the restoration of classic antiquity and the Reformation of Luther, any conception of the world then formed could no longer remain monastic and mystic. The tender and melancholy aspiration of a soul sighing for the celestial kingdom, and humbly subjecting its conduct to the authority of an undisputed Church, gave way to free inquiry nourished on so many fresh conceptions, and disappeared at the admirable spectacle of this real world which man now began to comprehend and to conquer. . . . While the mind is expanding, the temperature around it becomes modified and establishes the conditions of a new growth. . . . Society, ideas, and tastes, have undergone a transformation, and there is room for a new art.

Already in the preceding epoch we see premonitory symptoms of the coming change. From Hubert Van Eyck to Quintin Matsys, the grandeur and gravity of religious conceptions have diminished. Nobody now dreams of portraying the whole of Christian faith and doctrine in a single picture; scenes are selected from the Gospel and from history,—Annunciations, shepherd adorations, Last Judgments, martyrdoms, and moral legends. Painting, which is epic in the hands of Hubert Van Eyck, becomes idyllic in those of Hemling, and almost worldly in those of Quintin Matsys. It gets to be pathetic, interesting, and pleasing. The charming saints, the beautiful Herodias, and the little Salome of Quintin Matsys, are richly attired noble dames, and already laic: the artist loves the world as it is and for itself, and does not subordinate it to the representation of the supernatural world; he does not employ it as a means but as an end. Scenes

of profane life multiply: he paints townspeople in their shops, money-changers, amorous couples, and the attenuated features and stealthy smiles of a miser. Lucas of Leyden, his contemporary, is an ancestor of the painters whom we call the lesser Flemings: his 'Presentation of Christ' and 'The Magdalen's Dance' have nothing religious about them but their titles; the evangelical subject is lost in the accessories: that which the picture truly presents is a rural Flemish festival, or a gathering of Flemings on an open field. Jerome Bosch, of the same period, paints grotesque, infernal scenes. Art, it is clear, falls from heaven to earth; and is no longer to treat divine but human incidents. Artists in other respects lack no process and no preparation: they understand perspective, they know the use of oil, and are masters of modeling and relief; they have studied actual types; they know how to paint dresses, accessories, architecture, and landscape, with wonderful accuracy and finish; their manipulative skill is admirable. One defect only still chains them to hieratic art, which is the immobility of their faces, and the rigid folds of their stuffs. They have but to observe the rapid play of physiognomies and the easy movement of loose drapery, and the renaissance is complete; the breeze of the age is behind them, and already fills their sails. On looking at their portraits, their interiors, and even their sacred personages, as in the 'Entombment' of Quintin Matsys, one is tempted to address them thus: "You are alive—one effort more! Come, bestir yourselves! Shake off the Middle Age entirely! Depict the modern man for us as you find him within you and outside of you. Paint him vigorous, healthy, and content with existence. Forget the meagre, ascetic, and pensive spirit, dreaming in the chapels of Hemling. If you choose a religious scene for the motive of your picture, compose it, like the Italians, of active and healthy figures, only let these figures proceed from your national and personal taste. You have a soul of your own, which is Flemish and not Italian: let the flower bloom; judging by the bud it will be a beautiful one." And indeed when we regard the sculptures of the time, such as the chimney of the Palais de Justice, the tomb of Charles the Bold at Bruges, and the church and monuments of Brou, we see the promise of an original and complete art, less sculptural and less refined than the Italian, but more varied, more expressive, and closer to nature; less subject to rule but nearer to the real; more capable of manifesting spirit

and personality, the impulses, the unpremeditated, the diversities, the lights and darks of education, temperament, and age, of the individual; in short, a Germanic art which indicates remote successors to the Van Eycks and remote predecessors of Rubens.

They never appeared; or at all events, they imperfectly fulfilled their task. No nation, it must be noted, lives alone in the world: alongside of the Flemish renaissance there existed the Italian renaissance, and the large tree stifled the small plant. It flourished and grew for a century: the literature, the ideas, and the masterpieces of precocious Italy imposed themselves on sluggish Europe; and the Flemish cities through their commerce, and the Austrian dynasty through its possessions and its Italian affairs, introduced into the North the tastes and models of the new civilization. Towards 1520 the Flemish painters began to borrow from the artists of Florence and Rome. John of Mabuse is the first one who, in 1513, on returning from Italy, introduced the Italian into the old style, and the rest followed. It is so natural in advancing into an unexplored country to take the path already marked out! This path, however, is not made for those who follow it; the long line of Flemish carts is to be delayed and stuck fast in the disproportionate ruts which another set of wheels has worn. There are two traits characteristic of Italian art, both of which run counter to the Flemish imagination. On the one hand, Italian art centres on the natural body: healthy, active, and vigorous,—endowed with every athletic aptitude, that is to say,—naked or semi-draped, frankly pagan, enjoying freely and nobly in full sunshine every limb, instinct, and animal faculty, the same as an ancient Greek in his city or palæstrum; or, as at this very epoch, a Cellini on the Italian streets and highways. Now a Fleming does not easily enter into this conception. He belongs to a cold and humid climate; a man there in a state of nudity shivers. The human form here does not display the fine proportions nor the easy attitudes required by classic art: it is often dumpy or too gross; the white, soft, yielding flesh, easily flushed, requires to be clothed. When the painter returns from Rome and strives to pursue Italian art, his surroundings oppose his education; his sentiment being no longer renewed through his contact with living nature, he is reduced to his souvenirs. Moreover, he is of Germanic race: in other terms, he is organically good in his moral nature, and modest as well: he has difficulty in appreciating the pagan idea of nudity; and still greater





COUNTESS DUBARRY AND LOUIS XV

From a Painting by Guy la Benczur

difficulty in comprehending the fatal and magnificent idea which governs civilization and stimulates the arts beyond the Alps,—namely, that of the complete and sovereign individual, emancipated from every law, subordinating all else, men and things, to the development of his own nature and the growth of his own faculties.

Translated by J. Durand.

THE COMEDY OF MANNERS AT VERSAILLES

From 'The Ancient Régime.' Copyright 1876, by Henry Holt

TO APPROACH the King, to be a domestic in his household, an usher, a cloak-bearer, a valet, is a privilege that is purchased, even in 1789, for thirty, forty, or a hundred thousand livres; so much greater the reason why it is a privilege to form a part of his society,—the most honorable, the most useful, and the most coveted of all. In the first place, it is a proof of race. A man to follow the King in the chase, and a woman to be presented to the Queen, must previously satisfy the genealogist, and by authentic documents, that his or her nobility goes back to the year 1400. In the next place, it insures good fortune. This drawing-room is the only place within reach of royal favors; accordingly, up to 1789, the great families never stir away from Versailles, and day and night they lie in ambush. The valet of the Marshal de Noailles says to him one night on closing his curtains, "At what hour will Monseigneur be awakened?" "At ten o'clock, if no one dies during the night." Old courtiers are again found who, "eighty years of age, have passed forty-five on their feet in the antechambers of the King, of the princes, and of the ministers." . . . "You have only three things to do," says one of them to a débutant: "speak well of everybody, ask for every vacancy, and sit down when you can."

Hence the King always has a crowd around him. The Comtesse du Barry says, on presenting her niece at court, the first of August, 1773, "The crowd is so great at a presentation, one can scarcely get through the antechambers." In December 1774, at Fontainebleau, when the Queen plays at her own table every evening, "the apartment, though vast, is never empty. . . . The crowd is so great that one can talk only to the two or three persons with whom one is playing." The fourteen apartments,

at the receptions of ambassadors, are full to overflowing with seigniors and richly dressed women. On the first of January, 1775, the Queen "counted over two hundred ladies presented to her to pay their court." In 1780, at Choisy, a table for thirty persons is spread every day for the King, another with thirty places for the seigniors, another with forty places for the officers of the guard and the equerries, and one with fifty for the officers of the bedchamber. According to my estimate, the King, on getting up and on retiring, on his walks, on his hunts, at play, has always around him at least forty or fifty seigniors, and generally a hundred, with as many ladies, besides his attendants on duty; at Fontainebleau, in 1756, although "there were neither fêtes nor ballets this year, one hundred and six ladies were counted." When the King holds a "*grand appartement*," when play or dancing takes place in the gallery of mirrors, four or five hundred guests, the elect of the nobles and of the fashion, range themselves on the benches or gather around the card and *cavagnole* tables.

This is a spectacle to be seen, not by the imagination, or through imperfect records, but with our own eyes and on the spot, to comprehend the spirit, the effect, and the triumph, of monarchical culture. In an elegantly furnished house, the dining-room is the principal room; and never was one more dazzling than this. Suspended from the sculptured ceiling peopled with sporting cupids, descend, by garlands of flowers and foliage, blazing chandeliers, whose splendor is enhanced by the tall mirrors; the light streams down in floods on gildings, diamonds, and beaming, arch physiognomies, on fine busts, and on the capacious, sparkling, and garlanded dresses. The skirts of the ladies ranged in a circle, or in tiers on the benches, "form a rich *espalier* covered with pearls, gold, silver, jewels, spangles, flowers, and fruits, with their artificial blossoms, gooseberries, cherries, and strawberries," a gigantic animated bouquet of which the eye can scarcely support the brilliancy. There are no black coats, as nowadays, to disturb the harmony. With the hair powdered and dressed, with buckles and knots, with cravats and ruffles of lace, in silk coats and vests of the hues of fallen leaves, or of a delicate rose tint, or of celestial blue, embellished with gold braid and embroidery, the men are as elegant as the women. Men and women, each is a selection: they are all of the accomplished class, gifted with every grace which race, education, fortune, leisure, and custom, can bestow; they are perfect of their kind. There

is not a toilet here, an air of the head, a tone of the voice, an expression in language, which is not a masterpiece of worldly culture, the distilled quintessence of all that is exquisitely elaborated by social art. Polished as the society of Paris may be, it does not approach this; compared with the court, it seems provincial. It is said that a hundred thousand roses are required to make an ounce of the unique perfume used by Persian kings: such is this drawing-room,—the frail vial of crystal and gold containing the substance of a human vegetation. To fill it, a great aristocracy had to be transplanted to a hot-house, and become sterile in fruit and flowers, and then, in the royal alembic, its pure sap is concentrated into a few drops of aroma. The price is excessive, but only at this price can the most delicate perfumes be manufactured.

An operation of this kind absorbs him who undertakes it as well as those who undergo it. A nobility for useful purposes is not transformed with impunity into a nobility for ornament: one falls himself into the ostentation which is substituted for action. The King has a court which he is compelled to maintain. So much the worse if it absorbs all his time, his intellect, his soul, the most valuable portion of his active forces and the forces of the State. To be the master of a house is not an easy task, especially when five hundred persons are to be entertained; one must necessarily pass his life in public, and be on exhibition. Strictly speaking, it is the life of an actor who is on the stage the entire day. To support this load, and work besides, required the temperament of Louis XIV.: the vigor of his body, the extraordinary firmness of his nerves, the strength of his digestion, and the regularity of his habits; his successors who come after him grow weary or stagger under the same load. But they cannot throw it off; an incessant, daily performance is inseparable from their position, and it is imposed on them like a heavy, gilded, ceremonial coat.

The King is expected to keep the entire aristocracy busy; consequently to make a display of himself, to pay back with his own person, at all hours, even the most private, even on getting out of bed, and even in his bed. In the morning, at the hour named by himself beforehand, the head valet awakens him; five series of persons enter in turn to perform their duty, and, "although very large, there are days when the waiting-rooms can hardly contain the crowd of courtiers." The first one admitted is "*l'entrée familière*," consisting of the children of France, the

prince and princesses of the blood, and besides these, the chief physician, the chief surgeon, and other serviceable persons. Next comes the "grande entrée," which comprises the grand chamberlain, the grand master and master of the wardrobe, the first gentleman of the bedchamber, the Dukes of Orleans and Penthievre, some other highly favored seigniors, the ladies of honor and in waiting of the Queen, Mesdames, and other princesses, without enumerating barbers, tailors, and various descriptions of valets. Meanwhile spirits of wine are poured on the King's hands from a service of plate, and he is then handed the basin of holy-water; he crosses himself and repeats a prayer. Then he gets out of bed before all these people, and puts on his slippers. The grand chamberlain and the first gentleman hand him his dressing-gown; he puts this on and seats himself in the chair in which he is to put on his clothes.

At this moment the door opens, and a third group enters, which is the "entrée des brevets,"—the seigniors who compose this enjoy in addition the precious privilege of assisting at the "petit coucher"; while at the same moment there enters a detachment of attendants, consisting of the physicians and surgeons in ordinary, the intendants of the amusements, readers, and others, and among the latter those who preside over physical requirements. The publicity of a royal life is so great that none of its functions can be exercised without witnesses. At the moment of the approach of the officers of the wardrobe to dress the King, the first gentleman, notified by an usher, advances to read him the names of the grandees who are waiting at the door: this is the fourth entry, called "la chambre," and larger than those preceding it; for, not to mention the cloak-bearers, gun-bearers, rug-bearers, and other valets, it comprises most of the superior officials, the grand almoner, the almoners on duty, the chaplain, the master of the oratory, the captain and major of the body-guard, the colonel-general and major of the French guards, the colonel of the King's regiment, the captain of the *Cent Suisses*, the grand huntsman, the grand wolf-huntsman, the grand provost, the grand master and master of ceremonies, the first butler, the grand master of the pantry, the foreign ambassadors, the ministers and secretaries of State, the marshals of France, and most of the seigniors and prelates of distinction. Ushers place the ranks in order, and if necessary, impose silence.

Meanwhile the King washes his hands and begins his toilet. Two pages remove his slippers; the grand master of the wardrobe

draws off his night-shirt by the right arm, and the first valet of the wardrobe by the left arm, and both of them hand it to an officer of the wardrobe, whilst a valet of the wardrobe fetches the shirt, wrapped up in white taffeta. Things have now reached the solemn point, the culmination of the ceremony: the fifth entry has been introduced; and in a few moments, after the King has put his shirt on, all that is left of those who are known, with other household officers waiting in the gallery, complete the influx. There is quite a formality in regard to this shirt. The honor of handing it is reserved to the sons and grandsons of France; in default of these, to the princes of the blood or those legitimated; in their default, to the grand chamberlain or to the first gentleman of the bedchamber;—the latter case, it must be observed, being very rare, the princes being obliged to be present at the King's *lever* as well as the princesses at that of the Queen. At last the shirt is presented, and a valet carries off the old one; the first valet of the wardrobe and the first valet-de-chambre hold the fresh one, each by a right and left arm respectively; while two other valets, during this operation, extend his dressing-gown in front of him to serve as a screen. The shirt is now on his back, and the toilet commences.

A valet-de-chambre supports a mirror before the King, while two others on the two sides light it up, if occasion requires, with flambeaux. Valets of the wardrobe fetch the rest of the attire; the grand master of the wardrobe puts the vest on and the doublet, attaches the blue ribbon, and clasps his sword around him; then a valet assigned to the cravats brings several of these in a basket, while the master of the wardrobe arranges around the King's neck that which the King selects. After this a valet assigned to the handkerchiefs brings three of these on a silver salver; while the grand master of the wardrobe offers the salver to the King, who chooses one. Finally the master of the wardrobe hands to the King his hat, his gloves, and his cane. The King then steps to the side of the bed, kneels on a cushion, and says his prayers; whilst an almoner in a low voice recites the orison *Quæsumus, deus omnipotens*. This done, the King announces the order of the day, and passes with the leading persons of his court into his cabinet, where he sometimes gives audience. Meanwhile the rest of the company await him in the gallery, in order to accompany him to mass when he comes out.

Such is the *lever*, a piece in five acts. Nothing could be contrived better calculated to fill up the void of an aristocratic life:

a hundred or thereabouts of notable seigniors dispose of a couple of hours in coming, in waiting, in entering, in defiling, in taking positions, in standing on their feet, in maintaining an air of respect and of ease suitable to a superior class of walking gentlemen, while those best qualified are about to do the same thing over in the Queen's apartment. The King, however, to offset this, suffers the same torture and the same inaction as he imposes. He also is playing a part: all his steps and all his gestures have been determined beforehand; he has been obliged to arrange his physiognomy and his voice, never to depart from an affable and dignified air, to award judiciously his glances and his nods, to keep silent or to speak only of the chase, and to suppress his own thoughts if he has any. One cannot indulge in reverie, meditate, or be absent-minded, when before the foot-lights: the part must have due attention. Besides, in a drawing-room there is only drawing-room conversation; and the master's thoughts, instead of being directed in a profitable channel, must be scattered about as if they were the holy-water of the court.

All hours of the day are thus occupied, except three or four in the morning, during which he is at the council or in his private room; it must be noted, too, that on the days after his hunts, on returning home from Rambouillet at three o'clock in the morning, he must sleep the few hours he has left to him. The ambassador Mercy, nevertheless, a man of close application, seems to think it sufficient; he at least thinks that "Louis XVI. is a man of order, losing no time in useless things": his predecessor indeed worked much less, scarcely an hour a day. Three quarters of his time is thus given up to show. The same retinue surrounds him when he puts on his boots, when he takes them off, when he changes his clothes to mount his horse, when he returns home to dress for the evening, and when he goes to his room at night to retire. "Every evening for six years," says a page, "either myself or one of my comrades has seen Louis XVI. get into bed in public," with the ceremonial just described. "It was not omitted ten times to my knowledge, and then accidentally or through indisposition." The attendance is yet more numerous when he dines and takes supper; for besides men there are women present,—duchesses seated on the folding-chairs, also others standing around the table. It is needless to state that in the evening when he plays, or gives a ball, or a concert, the crowd rushes in and overflows. When he hunts, besides the ladies on horses and in vehicles, besides officers of the hunt and

of the guards, the equerry, the cloak-bearer, gun-bearer, surgeon, bone-setter, lunch-bearer, and I know not how many others, all the gentlemen who accompany him are his permanent guests. And do not imagine that this suite is a small one: the day M. de Châteaubriand is presented, there are four fresh additions; and "with the utmost punctuality" all the young men of high rank join the King's retinue two or three times a week.

Not only the eight or ten scenes which compose each of these days, but again the short intervals between the scenes, are besieged and carried. People watch for him, walk by his side, and speak with him on his way from his cabinet to the chapel, between his apartment and his carriage, between his carriage and his apartment, between his cabinet and his dining-room. And still more, his life behind the scenes belongs to the public. If he is indisposed and broth is brought to him, if he is ill and medicine is handed to him, "a servant immediately summons the 'grande entrée.'" Verily the King resembles an oak stifled by the innumerable creepers which from top to bottom cling to its trunk.

Under a régime of this stamp there is a want of air; some opening has to be found: Louis XV. availed himself of the chase and of suppers; Louis XVI. of the chase and of lock-making. And I have not mentioned the infinite detail of etiquette, the extraordinary ceremonial of the state dinner, the fifteen, twenty, and thirty beings busy around the King's plates and glasses, the sacramental utterances of the occasion, the procession of the retinue, the arrival of "la nef," "l'essai des plats," all as if in a Byzantine or Chinese court. On Sundays the entire public, the public in general, is admitted; and this is called the "grand couvert," as complex and as solemn as a high mass. Accordingly, to eat, to drink, to get up, to go to bed, to a descendant of Louis XIV., is to officiate. Frederick II., on hearing an account of this etiquette, declared that if he were the King of France his first edict would be to appoint another king to hold court in his place. In effect, if there are idlers to salute, there must be an idler to be saluted. Only one way was possible by which the monarch could have been set free; and that was to have recast and transformed the French nobles, according to the Prussian system, into a hard-working regiment of serviceable functionaries. But so long as the court remains what it is,—that is to say, a pompous parade and a drawing-room decoration,—the

King himself must likewise form a showy decoration, of little use or of none at all.

THE TASTES OF GOOD SOCIETY

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SIMILAR circumstances have led other aristocracies in Europe to nearly similar ways and habits. There also the monarchy has given birth to the court, and the court to a refined society. But the development of this rare plant has been only partial. The soil was unfavorable, and the seed was not of the right sort. In Spain, the King stands shrouded in etiquette like a mummy in its wrappings; while a too rigid pride, incapable of yielding to the amenities of the worldly order of things, ends in a sentiment of morbidity and in insane display. In Italy, under petty despotic sovereigns, and most of them strangers, the constant state of danger and of hereditary distrust, after having tied all tongues, turns all hearts toward the secret delights of love, or toward the mute gratifications of the fine arts. In Germany and in England, a cold temperament, dull and rebellious to culture, keeps man up to the close of the last century within the Germanic habits of solitude, inebriety, and brutality. In France, on the contrary, all things combine to make the social sentiment flourish; in this the national genius harmonizes with the political régime, the plant appearing to be selected for the soil beforehand.

The Frenchman loves company through instinct; and the reason is, that he does well and easily whatever society calls on him to do. He has not the false shame which renders his northern neighbors awkward, nor the powerful passions which absorb his neighbors of the south. Talking is no effort to him, he having none of the natural timidity which begets constraint, and no constant preoccupation to overcome. He accordingly converses at his ease, ever on the alert; and conversation affords him extreme pleasure. For the happiness which he requires is of a peculiar kind,—delicate, light, rapid, incessantly renewed and varied, in which his intellect, his self-love, all his emotional and sympathetic faculties, find nutriment; and this quality of happiness is provided for him only in society and in conversation. Sensitive as he is, personal attention, consideration, cordiality, delicate flattery, constitute his natal atmosphere, out of which he breathes

with difficulty. He would suffer almost as much in being impolite as in encountering impoliteness in others. For his instincts of kindness and vanity there is an exquisite charm in the habit of being amiable; and this is all the greater because it proves contagious. When we afford pleasure to others there is a desire to please us, and what we bestow in deference is returned in attentions. In company of this kind one can talk; for to talk is to amuse another in being oneself amused,—a Frenchman finding no pleasure equal to it. Lively and sinuous conversation to him is like the flying of a bird: he wings his way from idea to idea, alert, excited by the inspiration of others, darting forward, wheeling round and unexpectedly returning, now up, now down, now skimming the ground, now aloft on the peaks, without sinking into quagmires or getting entangled in the briers, and claiming nothing of the thousands of objects he slightly grazes but the diversity and the gayety of their aspects.

Thus endowed and thus disposed, he is made for a régime which for ten hours a day brings men together; natural feeling in accord with the social order of things renders the drawing-room perfect. The King, at the head of all, sets the example. Louis XIV. had every qualification for the master of a household: a taste for pomp and hospitality, condescension accompanied with dignity, the art of playing on the self-love of others and of maintaining his own position, chivalrous gallantry, tact, and even charms of intellectual expression. "His address was perfect: whether it was necessary to jest, or he was in a playful humor, or deigned to tell a story, it was ever with infinite grace, and a noble refined air which I have found only in him." "Never was man so naturally polite, nor of such circumspect politeness, so powerful by degrees, nor who better discriminated age, worth, and rank, both in his replies and in his deportment. . . . His salutations, more or less marked, but always slight, were of incomparable grace and majesty. . . . He was admirable in the different acknowledgments of salutes at the head of the army and at reviews. . . . But especially toward women there was nothing like it. . . . Never did he pass the most indifferent woman without taking off his hat to her; and I mean chambermaids whom he knew to be such. . . . Never did he chance to say anything disobliging to anybody. . . . Never before company anything mistimed or venturesome; but even to the smallest gesture, his walk, his bearing, his features, all being

proper, respectful, noble, grand, majestic, and thoroughly natural."

Such is the model; and nearly or remotely, it is imitated up to the end of the ancient régime. If it undergoes any change, it is only to become more sociable. In the eighteenth century, except on great ceremonial occasions, it is seen descending step by step from its pedestal. It no longer imposes "that stillness around it which lets one hear a fly walk." "Sire," said the Marshal de Richelieu (who had seen three reigns), addressing Louis XVI., "under Louis XIV. no one dared utter a word; under Louis XV. people whispered; under your Majesty they talk aloud." If authority is a loser, society is the gainer: etiquette, insensibly relaxed, allows the introduction of ease and cheerfulness. Henceforth the great, less concerned in overawing than in pleasing, cast off stateliness like an uncomfortable and ridiculous garment, "seeking respect less than applause. It no longer suffices to be affable: one has to appear amiable at any cost, with one's inferiors as with one's equals." The French princes, says again a contemporary lady, "are dying with fear of being deficient in graces." Even around the throne "the style is free and playful." The grave and disciplined court of Louis XIV. became at the end of the century, under the smiles of the youthful Queen, the most seductive and gayest of drawing-rooms. Through this universal relaxation, a worldly existence gets to be perfect. "He who was not living before 1789," says Talleyrand at a later period, "knows nothing of the charm of living."

It was too great: no other way of living was appreciated; it engrossed men wholly. When society becomes so attractive, people live for it alone. There is neither leisure nor taste for other matters, even for things which are of most concern to man, such as public affairs, the household, and the family. With respect to the first, I have already stated that people abstain from them, and are indifferent; the administration of things, whether local or general, is out of their hands and no longer interests them. They only allude to it in jest; events of the most serious consequence form the subject of witticisms. After the edict of the Abbé Terray, which threw the funds half into bankruptcy, a spectator too much crowded in the theatre cried out, "Ah, how unfortunate that our good Abbé Terray is not here to cut us down one-half!" Everybody laughs and applauds. All Paris, the following day, is consoled for public ruin by repeating the phrase. Alliances,

battles, taxation, treaties, ministries, coups d'état—the entire history of the country is put into epigrams and songs. One day in a group of young people belonging to the court, one of them, as the current witticism was passing around, raised his hands in delight and exclaimed, "How can one help being pleased with great events, even with disturbances, when they give us such wit!" Thereupon the wit circulates, and every disaster in France is turned into nonsense. A song on the battle of Hochstädt was pronounced poor, and some one in this connection said: "I am sorry that battle was lost, the song is so worthless."

Even when eliminating from this trait all that belongs to the sway of impulse and the license of paradox, there remains the stamp of an age in which the State is almost nothing and society almost everything. We may on this principle divine what order of talent was required in the ministers. M. Necker, having given a magnificent supper with serious and comic opera, "finds that this festivity is worth more to him in credit, favor, and stability than all his financial schemes put together. . . . His last arrangement concerning the *vingtième* excited remark only for one day, while everybody is still talking about his fête; at Paris, as well as in Versailles, its attractions are dwelt on in detail, people emphatically declaring that M. and Madame Necker are a grace to society." Good society devoted to pleasure imposes on those in office the obligation of providing pleasures for it. It might also say, in a half-serious, half-ironical tone, with Voltaire, "that the gods created kings only to give fêtes every day provided they differ; that life is too short to make any other use of it; that lawsuits, intrigues, warfare, and the quarrels of priests, which consume human life, are absurd and horrible things; that man is born only to enjoy himself;" and that among the essential things we must put the "superfluous" in the first rank.

According to this, we can easily foresee that they will be as little concerned with their private affairs as with public affairs. Housekeeping, the management of property, domestic economy, are in their eyes vulgar, insipid in the highest degree, and only suited to an intendant or a butler. Of what use are such persons if we must have such cares? Life is no longer a festival if one has to provide the ways and means. Comforts, luxuries, the agreeable, must flow naturally and greet our lips of their own accord. As a matter of course and without his intervention, a man belonging to this world should find gold always in his

pocket, a handsome coat on his toilet table, powdered valets in his antechamber, a gilded coach at his door, and a fine dinner on his table; so that he may reserve all his attention to be expended in favors on the guests in his drawing-room. Such a mode of living is not to be maintained without waste; and the domestics, left to themselves, make the most of it. What matter is it, so long as they perform their duties? Moreover, everybody must live, and it is pleasant to have contented and obsequious faces around one. Hence the first houses in the kingdom are given up to pillage. Louis XV., on a hunting expedition one day, accompanied by the Duc de Choiseul, inquired of him how much he thought the carriage in which they were seated had cost. M. de Choiseul replied that he should consider himself fortunate to get one like it for 5,000 or 6,000 francs; but "his Majesty, paying for it as a king, and not always paying cash, might have paid 8,000 francs for it." "You are wide of the mark," rejoined the King; "for this vehicle, as you see it, cost me 30,000 francs. . . . The robberies in my household are enormous, but it is impossible to put a stop to them."

In effect, the great help themselves as well as the little—either in money, or in kind, or in services. There are in the King's household fifty-four horses for the grand equerry, thirty-eight of them being for Madame de Brionne, the administratrix of the office of the stables during her son's minority; there are two hundred and fifteen grooms on duty, and about as many horses kept at the King's expense for various other persons, entire strangers to the department. What a nest of parasites on this one branch of the royal tree! Elsewhere I find Madame Elisabeth, so moderate, consuming fish amounting to 30,000 francs per annum; meat and game to 70,000 francs; candles to 60,000 francs: Mesdames burn white and yellow candles to the amount of 215,068 francs; the light for the Queen comes to 157,109 francs. The street at Versailles is still shown, formerly lined with stalls, to which the King's valets resorted to nourish Versailles by the sale of his dessert. There is no article from which the domestic insects do not manage to scrape and glean something. The King is supposed to drink orgeat and lemonade to the value of 2,190 francs; "the grand broth, day and night," which Madame Royale, aged six years, sometimes drinks, costs 5,201 francs per annum. Towards the end of the preceding reign the *femmes-de-chambre* enumerate in the dauphine's outlay

"four pairs of shoes per week; three ells of ribbon per diem, to tie her dressing-gown; two ells of taffeta per diem, to cover the basket in which she keeps her gloves and fan." A few years earlier the King paid 200,000 francs for coffee, lemonade, chocolate, orgeat, and water-ices; several persons were inscribed on the list for ten or twelve cups a day: while it was estimated that the coffee, milk, and bread each morning for each lady of the bedchamber cost 2,000 francs per annum.

We can readily understand how, in households thus managed, the purveyors are willing to wait. They wait so well that often under Louis XV. they refuse to provide, and "hide themselves." Even the delay is so regular that at last they are obliged to pay them five per cent. interest on their advances; at this rate, in 1778, after all Turgot's economic reforms, the King still owes nearly 800,000 livres to his wine merchant, and nearly three millions and a half to his purveyor. The same disorder exists in the houses which surround the throne. "Madame de Guéménée owes 60,000 livres to her shoemaker, 16,000 livres to her paper-hanger, and the rest in proportion." Another lady, whom the Marquis de Mirabeau sees with hired horses, replies to his look of astonishment, "It is not because there are not seventy horses in our stables, but none of them are able to walk to-day." Madame de Montmorin, on ascertaining that her husband's debts are greater than his property, thinks she can save her dowry of 200,000 livres; but is informed that she had given security for a tailor's bill, which, "incredible and ridiculous to say, amounts to the sum of 180,000 livres." "One of the decided manias of these days," says Madame d'Oberkirk, "is to be ruined in everything and by everything." "The two brothers Villemer build country cottages at from 500,000 to 600,000 livres; one of them keeps forty horses to ride occasionally in the Bois de Boulogne on horseback." In one night M. de Chenonceaux, son of M. and Madame Dupin, loses at play 700,000 livres. "M. de Chenonceaux and M. de Francueil ran through seven or eight millions at this epoch." "The Duc de Lauzun, at the age of twenty-six, after having run through the capital of 100,000 crowns revenue, is prosecuted by his creditors for nearly two millions of indebtedness." "M. le Prince de Conti lacks bread and wood, although with an income of 600,000 livres," for the reason that "he buys and builds wildly on all sides."

Where would be the pleasure if these people were reasonable? What kind of a seignior is he who studies the price of things? And how can the exquisite be reached if one grudges money? Money, accordingly, must flow and flow on until it is exhausted, first by the innumerable secret or tolerated bleedings through domestic abuses, and next in broad streams of the master's own prodigality,—through structures, furniture, toilets, hospitality, gallantry, and pleasures. The Comte d'Artois, that he may give the Queen a fête, demolishes, rebuilds, arranges, and furnishes Bagatelle from top to bottom, employing nine hundred workmen day and night; and as there is no time to go any distance for lime, plaster, and cut stone, he sends patrols of the Swiss guards on the highways to seize, pay for, and immediately bring in all carts thus loaded. The Marshal de Soubise, entertaining the King one day at dinner and over night, in his country-house, expends 200,000 livres. Madame de Matignon makes a contract to be furnished every day with a new head-dress, at 24,000 livres per annum. Cardinal de Rohan has an alb bordered with point lace, which is valued at more than 100,000 livres, while his kitchen utensils are of massive silver.

Nothing is more natural, considering their ideas of money: hoarded and piled up, instead of being a fertilizing stream, it is a useless marsh exhaling bad odors. The Queen, having presented the dauphin with a carriage whose silver-gilt trappings are decked with rubies and sapphires, naïvely exclaims, "Has not the King added 200,000 livres to my treasury? That is no reason for keeping them!" They would rather throw it out of the window—which was actually done by the Marshal de Richelieu with a purse he had given to his grandson, and which the lad, not knowing how to use, brought back intact. Money, on this occasion, was at least of service to the passing street-sweeper that picked it up. But had there been no passer-by to pick it up, it would have been thrown into the river. One day Madame de B——, being with the Prince de Conti, hinted that she would like a miniature of her canary-bird set in a ring. The prince offers to have it made. His offer is accepted, but on condition that the miniature be set plain and without jewels. Accordingly the miniature is placed in a simple rim of gold. But to cover over the painting, a large diamond, made very thin, serves as a glass. Madame de B—— having returned the diamond, "M. le Prince

de Conti had it ground to powder which he used to dry the ink of the note he wrote to Madame de B—— on the subject." This pinch of powder cost four or five thousand livres, but we may divine the turn and tone of the note. The extreme of profusion must accompany the height of gallantry; the man of the world being important in the ratio of his contempt for money.

POLITE EDUCATION

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THE Duc de Lauzun finds it difficult to obtain a good tutor for his son; for this reason, the latter writes, "he conferred the duty on one of my late mother's lackeys who could read and write tolerably well, and to whom the title of valet-de-chambre was given to insure greater consideration. They gave me the most fashionable teachers besides; but M. Roch (which was my mentor's name) was not qualified to arrange their lessons, nor to qualify me to benefit by them. I was, moreover, like all the children of my age and of my station, dressed in the handsomest clothes to go out, and naked and dying with hunger in the house:" and not through unkindness, but through household oversight, dissipation, and disorder; attention being given to things elsewhere. One might easily count the fathers who, like the Marshal de Belle-Isle, brought up their sons under their own eyes, and themselves attended to their education methodically, strictly, and with tenderness. As to the girls, they were placed in convents: relieved from this care, their parents only enjoy the greater freedom. Even when they retain charge of them, the children are scarcely more of a burden to them. Little Félicité de Saint-Aubin sees her parents "only on their waking up and at meal-times." Their day is wholly taken up: the mother is making or receiving visits; the father is in his laboratory or engaged in hunting. Up to seven years of age the child passes her time with chambermaids, who teach her only a little catechism, "with an infinite number of ghost stories." About this time she is taken care of, but in a way which well portrays the epoch. The marquise her mother, the author of mythological and pastoral operas, has a theatre built in the chateau; a great crowd of company resorts to it from Bourbon-Lancy and Moulins: after rehearsing twelve weeks the little girl, with a quiver

of arrows and blue wings, plays the part of Cupid, and the costume is so becoming she is allowed to wear it for common during the entire day for nine months. To finish the business they send for a dancing-fencing master, and still wearing the Cupid costume, she takes lessons in fencing and in deportment. "The entire winter is devoted to playing comedy and tragedy." Sent out of the room after dinner, she is brought in again only to play on the harpsichord or to declaim the monologue of Alzire before a numerous assembly. Undoubtedly such extravagances are not customary: but the spirit of education is everywhere the same; that is to say, in the eyes of parents there is but one intelligible and rational existence,—that of society,—even for children; and the attentions bestowed on these are solely with a view to introduce them into it or to prepare them for it.

Even in the last years of the ancient régime, little boys have their hair powdered, "a pomatumed chignon [*bourse*], ringlets, and curls"; they wear the sword, the chapeau under the arm, a frill, and a coat with gilded cuffs; they kiss young ladies' hands with the air of little dandies. A lass of six years is bound up in a whalebone waist; her large hoop-petticoat supports a skirt covered with wreaths; she wears on her head a skillful combination of false curls, puffs, and knots, fastened with pins, and crowned with plumes, and so high that frequently "the chin is half-way down to her feet"; sometimes they put rouge on her face. She is a miniature lady, and she knows it: she is fully up in her part, without effort or inconvenience, by force of habit; the unique, the perpetual instruction she gets is that on her deportment: it may be said with truth that the fulcrum of education in this country is the dancing-master. They could get along with him without any others; without him the others were of no use. For without him, how could people go through easily, suitably, and gracefully, the thousand and one actions of daily life,—walking, sitting down, standing up, offering the arm, using the fan, listening and smiling, before eyes so experienced and before such a refined public? This is to be the great thing for them when they become men and women, and for this reason it is the thing of chief importance for them as children. Along with graces of attitude and of gesture, they already have those of the mind and of expression. Scarcely is their tongue loosened when they speak the polished language of their parents. The latter amuse themselves with them and use them as pretty dolls; the

preaching of Rousseau, which during the last third of the last century brought children into fashion, produces no other effect. They are made to recite their lessons in public, to perform in proverbs, to take parts in pastorals. Their sallies are encouraged. They know how to turn a compliment, to invent a clever or affecting repartee, to be gallant, sensitive, and even *spirituelle*. The little Duc d'Angoulême, holding a book in his hand, receives Suffren, whom he addresses thus: "I was reading Plutarch and his 'Illustrious Men.' You could not have entered more à propos." The children of M. de Sabran, a boy and a girl, one eight and the other nine, having taken lessons from the comedians Sainval and Larive, come to Versailles to play before the King and Queen in Voltaire's 'Oreste'; and on the little fellow being interrogated about the classic authors, he replies to a lady, the mother of three charming girls, "Madame, Anacreon is the only poet I can think of here!" Another, of the same age, replies to a question of Prince Henry of Prussia with an agreeable impromptu in verse. To cause witticisms, insipidities, and mediocre verse to germinate in a brain eight years old—what a triumph for the culture of the day! It is the last characteristic of the régime which after having stolen man away from public affairs, from his own affairs, from marriage, from the family, hands him over, with all his sentiments and all his faculties, to social worldliness,—he and all that belong to him. Below him fine ways and forced politeness prevail, even with his servants and tradesmen. A Frontin has a gallant unconstrained air, and he turns a compliment. An abigail needs only to be a kept mistress to become a lady. A shoemaker is a "monsieur in black," who says to a mother on saluting the daughter, "Madame, a charming young person, and I am more sensible than ever of the value of your kindness;" on which the young girl, just out of a convent, takes him for a suitor and blushes scarlet. Undoubtedly less unsophisticated eyes would distinguish the difference between this pinchbeck louis d'or and a genuine one; but their resemblance suffices to show the universal action of the central mint—machinery which stamps both with the same effigy, the base metal and the refined gold.

A society which obtains such ascendancy must possess some charm: in no country indeed, and in no age, has so perfect a social art rendered life so agreeable. Paris is the schoolhouse of Europe,—a school of urbanity to which the youth of Russia,

Germany, and England resort to become civilized. Lord Chesterfield in his letters never tires of reminding his son of this, and of urging him into these drawing-rooms, which will remove "his Cambridge rust." Once familiar with them they are never abandoned; or if one is obliged to leave them, one always sighs for them. "Nothing is comparable," says Voltaire, "to the genial life one leads there, in the bosom of the arts and of a calm and refined voluptuousness; strangers and monarchs have preferred this repose—so agreeably occupied and so enchanting—to their own countries and thrones. The heart there softens and melts away like aromatics slowly dissolving in moderate heat, evaporating in delightful perfumes." Gustavus III., beaten by the Russians, declares that he will pass his last days in Paris in a house on the boulevards; and this is not merely complimentary, for he sends for plans and an estimate. A supper or an evening entertainment brings people two hundred leagues away. Some friends of the Prince de Ligne "leave Brussels after breakfast, reach the opera in Paris just in time to see the curtain rise, and after the spectacle is over, return immediately to Brussels, traveling all night."

Of this delight, so eagerly sought, we have only imperfect copies; and we are obliged to revive it intellectually. It consists, in the first place, in the pleasure of living with perfectly polite people: there is no enjoyment more subtle, more lasting, more inexhaustible. The self-love of man being infinite, intelligent people are always able to produce some refinement of attention to gratify it. Worldly sensibility being infinite, there is no imperceptible shade of it permitting indifference. After all, man is still the greatest source of happiness or of misery to man; and in those days the ever-flowing fountain brought to him sweetness instead of bitterness. Not only was it essential not to offend, but it was essential to please: one was expected to lose sight of oneself in others, to be always cordial and good-humored, to keep one's own vexations and grievances in one's own breast, to spare others melancholy ideas, and to supply them with cheerful ideas. "Was any one old in those days? It is the Revolution which brought old age into the world. Your grandfather, my child, was handsome, elegant, neat, gracious, perfumed, playful, amiable, affectionate, and good-tempered, to the day of his death. People then knew how to live and how to die; there was no such thing as troublesome infirmities. If any one had the

gout, he walked along all the same and made no faces; people well brought up concealed their sufferings. There was none of that absorption in business which spoils a man inwardly and dulls his brain. People knew how to ruin themselves without letting it appear, like good gamblers who lose their money without showing uneasiness or spite. A man would be carried half dead to a hunt. It was thought better to die at a ball or at the play, than in one's bed between four wax candles and horrid men in black. People were philosophers: they did not assume to be austere, but often were so without making a display of it. If one was discreet, it was through inclination, and without pedantry or prudishness. People enjoyed this life, and when the hour of departure came they did not try to disgust others with living. The last request of my old husband was that I would survive him as long as possible, and live as happily as I could." [So discourses her beautiful grandmother to George Sand.]

DRAWING-ROOM LIFE

From 'The Ancient Régime.' Copyright 1876, by Henry Holt

ONE can very well understand this kind of pleasure in a summary way, but how is it to be made apparent? Taken by themselves the pastimes of society are not to be described: they are too ephemeral; their charm arises from their accompaniments. A narrative of them would be but tasteless dregs,—does the libretto of an opera give any idea of the opera itself? If the reader would revive for himself this vanished world, let him seek for it in those works that have preserved its externals or its accent; and first in the pictures and engravings of Watteau, Fragonard, and the Saint-Aubins, and then in the novels and dramas of Voltaire and Marivaux, and even in Collé and Crébillon *filz*: then do we see the breathing figures and hear their voices. What bright, winning, intelligent faces, beaming with pleasure and with the desire to please! What ease in bearing and gesture! What piquant grace in the toilet, in the smile, in vivacity of expression, in the control of the flute-like voice, in the coquetry of hidden meanings! How involuntarily we stop to look and listen! Attractiveness is everywhere,—in the small *spirituelle* heads, in the slender hands, in the rumpled attire, in the pretty

features, in the demeanor. The slightest gesture, a pouting or mutinous turn of the head, a plump little wrist peering from its nest of lace, a yielding waist bent over an embroidery frame, the rapid rustling of an opening fan, is a feast for the eyes and the intellect. It is indeed all daintiness, a delicate caress for delicate senses, extending to the external decoration of life, to the sinuous outlines, the showy drapery, and the refinements of comfort in the furniture and architecture.

Fill your imagination with these accessories and with these figures, and you will take as much interest in their amusements as they did. In such a place and in such company it suffices to be together to be content. Their indolence is no burden to them, for they sport with existence. At Chanteloup, the Duc de Choiseul, in disgrace, finds the fashionable world flocking to see him; nothing is done, and yet no hours of the day are unoccupied. "The duchess has only two hours' time to herself, and these two hours are devoted to her toilet and her letters: the calculation is a simple one,—she gets up at eleven, breakfasts at noon, and this is followed by conversation, which lasts three or four hours; dinner comes at six, after which there is play and the reading of the memoirs of Madame de Maintenon." Ordinarily "the company remains together until two o'clock in the morning." Intellectual freedom is complete. There is no confusion, no anxiety. They play whist and tric-trac in the afternoon and faro in the evening. "They do to-day what they did yesterday, and what they will do to-morrow; the dinner-supper is to them the most important affair in life, and their only complaint in the world is of their digestion. Time goes so fast I always fancy that I arrived only the evening before." Sometimes they get up a little race, and the ladies are disposed to take part in it, "for they are all very spry and able to run around the drawing-room five or six times every day." But they prefer indoors to the open air; in these days true sunshine consists of candle-light, and the finest sky is a painted ceiling,—is there any other less subject to inclemencies, or better adapted to conversation and merriment? They accordingly chat and jest, in words with present friends, and by letters with absent friends. They lecture old Madame du Deffand, who is too lively, and whom they style the "little girl"; the young duchess, tender and sensible, is "her grandmama." As for "grandpapa," M. de Choiseul, "a slight cold keeping him in bed, he has fairy stories

read to him all day long: a species of reading to which we are all given; we find them as probable as modern history. Do not imagine that he is unoccupied. He has had a tapestry frame put up in the drawing-room; at which he works, I cannot say with the greatest skill, but at least with the greatest assiduity. . . . Now our delight is in flying a kite: grandpapa has never seen this sight, and he is enraptured with it." The pastime, in itself, is nothing; it is resorted to according to opportunity or the taste of the hour,—now taken up and now let alone,—and the abbé soon writes: "I do not speak about our races, because we race no more; nor of our readings, because we do not read; nor of our promenades, because we do not go out. What then do we do? Some play billiards, others dominoes, and others backgammon. We weave, we ravel, and we unravel. Time pushes us on, and we pay him back."

Other circles present the same spectacle. Every occupation being an amusement, a caprice or an impulse of fashion brings one into favor. At present it is unraveling; every white hand at Paris, and in the châteaux, being busy in undoing trimmings, epaulettes, and old stuffs, to pick out the gold and silver threads. They find in this employment the semblance of economy, an appearance of occupation,—in any event something to keep them in countenance. On a circle of ladies being formed, a big unraveling bag in green taffeta is placed on the table, which belongs to the lady of the house; immediately all the ladies call for their bags, and "*voilà les laquais en l'air.*" It is all the rage. They unravel every day and several hours in the day; some derive from it a hundred louis d'or per annum. The gentlemen are expected to provide the materials for the work: the Duc de Lauzun, accordingly, gives to Madame de V—— a harp of natural size, covered with gold thread; an enormous golden fleece, brought as a present from the Comte de Lowenthal, and which cost two or three thousand francs, brings, picked to pieces, five or six hundred francs. But they do not look into matters so closely. Some employment is essential for idle hands, some manual outlet for nervous activity; a humorous petulance breaks out in the middle of the pretended work. One day, when about going out, Madame de R—— observes that the gold fringe on her dress would be capital for unraveling; whereupon, with a dash, she cuts one of the fringes off. Ten women suddenly surround a man wearing fringes, pull off his coat, and put his fringes and laces into their bags; just as if a bold flock of

tomtits, fluttering and chattering in the air, should suddenly dart on a jay to pluck off its feathers: thenceforth a man who enters a circle of women stands in danger of being stripped alive.

All this pretty world has the same pastimes, the men as well as the women. Scarcely a man can be found without some drawing-room accomplishment, some trifling way of keeping his mind and hands busy, and of filling up the vacant hour: almost all make rhymes, or act in private theatricals; many of them are musicians and painters of still-life subjects. M. de Choiseul, as we have just seen, works at tapestry; others embroider or make sword-knots. M. de Francueil is a good violinist, and makes violins himself; and besides this he is "watchmaker, architect, turner, painter, locksmith, decorator, cook, poet, music-composer, and he embroiders remarkably well." In this general state of inactivity it is essential "to know how to be pleasantly occupied in behalf of others as well as in one's own behalf." Madame de Pompadour is a musician, an actress, a painter, and an engraver. Madame Adelaide learns watchmaking, and plays on all instruments from a horn to the jew's-harp; not very well, it is true, but as well as a queen can sing, whose fine voice is never more than half in tune. But they make no pretensions. The thing is to amuse oneself and nothing more; high spirits and the amenities of the hour cover all. Rather read this capital fact of Madame de Lauzun at Chanteloup:—"Do you know," writes the abbé, "that nobody possesses in a higher degree one quality which you would never suspect of her,—that of preparing scrambled eggs? This talent has been buried in the ground,—she cannot recall the time she acquired it; I believe that she had it at her birth. Accident made it known, and immediately it was put to the test. Yesterday morning, an hour forever memorable in the history of eggs, the implements necessary for this great operation were all brought out,—a heater, some gravy, some pepper, salt, and eggs. Behold Madame de Lauzun, at first blushing and in a tremor, soon with intrepid courage, breaking the eggs, beating them up in the pan, turning them over, now to the right, now to the left, now up and now down, with unexampled precision and success! Never was a more excellent dish eaten." What laughter and gayety in the group comprised in this little scene; and not long after, what madrigals and allusions! Gayety here resembles a dancing ray of sunlight; it flickers over all things, and reflects its grace on every object.

THE DISARMING OF CHARACTER

From 'The Ancient Régime.' Copyright 1876, by Henry Holt

WHEN the affections and the intellect combine their refinements, they produce masterpieces; and these, like the art, the refinements, and the society which surrounds them, possess a charm unsurpassed by anything except their own fragility.

The reason is, that the better adapted men are to a certain situation, the less prepared are they for the opposite situation. The habits and faculties which serve them in the previous condition become prejudicial to them in the new one. In acquiring talents adapted to tranquil times, they lose those suited to times of agitation; reaching the extreme of feebleness at the same time with the extreme of urbanity. The more polished an aristocracy becomes, the weaker it becomes; and when no longer possessing the power to please, it no longer possesses the strength to struggle. And yet in this world, we must struggle if we would live. In humanity as in nature, empire belongs to force. Every creature that loses the art and energy of self-defense becomes so much more certainly a prey, according as its brilliancy, imprudence, and even gentleness, deliver it over in advance to the gross appetites roaming around it. Where find resistance in characters formed by the habits we have just described? To defend ourselves, we must first of all look carefully around us, see and foresee, and provide for danger. How could they do this, living as they did? Their circle is too narrow and too carefully inclosed. Confined to their castles and mansions, they see only those of their own sphere, they hear only the echo of their own ideas, they imagine that there is nothing beyond: the public seems to consist of two hundred persons.

Moreover, disagreeable truths are not admitted into a drawing-room, especially when of personal import; an idle fancy there becoming a dogma because it becomes conventional. Here accordingly we find those who, already deceived by the limitations of their accustomed horizon, fortify their delusion still more by delusions about their fellow-men. They comprehend nothing of the vast world which envelops their little world: they are incapable of entering into the sentiments of a bourgeois, or of a villager; they have no conception of the peasant as he is, but

as they would like him to be. The idyl is in fashion, and no one dares to dispute it: any other supposition would be false because it would be disagreeable; and as the drawing-rooms have decided that all will go well, all must go well. Never was a delusion more complete and more voluntary. The Duc d'Orléans offers to wager a hundred louis that the States-General will dissolve without accomplishing anything, not even abolishing the *lettre-de-cachet*. After the demolition has begun, and yet again after it is finished, they will form opinions no more accurate. They have no idea of social architecture: they know nothing about either its materials, its proportions, or its harmonious balance; they have had no hand in it, they have never worked at it. They are entirely ignorant of the old building in which they occupy the first story. They are not qualified to calculate either its pressure or its resistance. They conclude finally that it is better to let the thing tumble in, and that the restoration of the edifice in their behalf will follow its own course, and that they will return to their drawing-room, expressly rebuilt for them, and freshly gilded, to begin over again the pleasant conversation which an accident—some tumult in the street—had interrupted. Clear-sighted in society, they are obtuse in politics. They examine everything by the artificial light of candles; they are disturbed and bewildered in the powerful light of open day. The eyelid has grown stiff through age. The organ so long bent on the petty details of one refined life no longer takes in the popular life of the masses, and in the new sphere into which it is suddenly plunged its refinement becomes the source of its blindness.

Nevertheless action is necessary, for danger is seizing them by the throat. But the danger is of an ignoble species, while their education has provided them with no arms suitable for warding it off. They have learned how to fence but not how to box. They are still the sons of those at Fontenoy, who instead of being the first to fire, courteously raised their hats and addressed their English antagonists, "No, gentlemen: fire yourselves." Being the slaves of good-breeding, they are not free in their movements. Numerous acts, and those the most important,—those of a sudden, vigorous, and rude stamp,—are opposed to the respect a well-bred man entertains for others, or at least to the respect which he owes to himself. They do not consider these allowable among themselves; they do not dream of their

being allowed: and the higher their position, the more their rank fetters them. When the royal family sets out for Varennes, the accumulated delays by which they are lost are the result of etiquette. Madame de Touzel insists on her place in the carriage to which she is entitled as governess of the Children of France. The King, on arriving, is desirous of conferring the marshal's baton on M. de Bouillé; and after running to and fro to obtain a baton, he is obliged to borrow that of the Duc de Choiseul. The Queen cannot dispense with a traveling dressing-case, and one has to be made large enough to contain every imaginable implement from a warming-pan to a silver porridge-dish, with other dishes besides; and as if there were no shifts to be had in Brussels, there had to be a complete outfit in this line for herself and her children. . . .

A narrow fidelity, humanity in its own despite [*quand même*], the frivolity of the small literary spirit, graceful urbanity, profound ignorance, the nullity or rigidity of the understanding and of the will, are still greater with the princes than with the nobles. All are impotent against the wild and roaring outbreak. They have not the physical superiority that can master it, the vulgar charlatanism which can charm it away, the tricks of a Scapin to throw it off the scent, the bull's neck, the mountebank's gestures, the stentor's lungs,—in short, the resources of the energetic temperament and of animal cunning, alone capable of diverting the rage of the unchained brute. To secure wrestlers of this stamp they seek for three or four men of a different race and education: men who have suffered and roamed about; a brutal plebeian like the Abbé Maury; a colossal and dirty satyr like Mirabeau, a bold and prompt adventurer like that Dumouriez, who at Cherbourg, when through the feebleness of the Duc de Beuvron the stores of grain were given up and the riot began, booted at and nearly cut to pieces suddenly sees the keys of the storehouse in the hands of a Dutch sailor, and yelling to the mob that it was betrayed through a foreigner having got hold of the keys, himself jumps down from the railing, seizes the keys, and hands them to the officer of the guard, saying to the people: "I am your father,—I am the man to be responsible for the storehouse!"

To intrust oneself with porters and brawlers, to be collared by a political club, to improvise on the highways, to bark louder than the barkers, to fight with the fists or a cudgel, as with the

gay youths of a later day, against brutes and lunatics incapable of employing other arguments, and who must be answered in the same vein, to mount guard over the Assembly, to act as volunteer constable, to spare neither one's own hide nor that of others, to be one of the people to face the people,—are simple and effectual proceedings, but so vulgar as to appear to them disgusting. The idea of resorting to such means never enters their head: they neither know how, nor do they care, to make use of their hands in such business. They are skilled only in the duel; and almost immediately the brutality of opinion, by means of assaults, stops the way to polite combats. Their arms, the shafts of the drawing-room, epigrams, witticisms, songs, parodies, and other needle-thrusts, are impotent against the popular bull.

This character lacks both roots and resources; through super-refinement it has become etiolated; nature, impoverished by culture, is incapable of the transformations by which we are renewed and survive. An all-powerful education has repressed, mollified, enfeebled instinct itself. About to die, they experience none of the reactions of blood and rage, the universal and sudden restoration of the forces, the murderous spasm, the blind irresistible need of striking those who strike them. If a gentleman is arrested in his own house by a Jacobin, we never find him splitting his head open. They allow themselves to be taken, going quietly to prison: to make an uproar would be bad taste; it is necessary above all things to remain what they are,—well-bred people of society. In prison both men and women dress themselves with great care, pay each other visits, and keep up a drawing-room: it may be at the end of a corridor, in the light of three or four candles; but here they circulate jests, compose madrigals, sing songs, and pride themselves on being as gallant, as gay, and as gracious as ever: need people be morose and ill-behaved because accident has consigned them to a poor inn? They preserve their dignity and their smile before their judges and on the cart; the women, especially, mount the scaffold with the ease and serenity characteristic of an evening entertainment. It is the supreme characteristic of good-breeding, erected into a unique duty, and become to this aristocracy a second nature, which is found in its virtues as well as in its vices, in its faculties as well as in its impotencies, in its prosperity as at its fall, and which adorns it even in the death to which it conducts.

THE TALMUD

BY MAX MARGOLIS



WHAT is the Talmud?

Let us enter a Jewish school of Babylonia some time after the year 325 A.D. We may betake ourselves to Pumbeditha, whose academy, now almost a century old, is presided over by Abaye; or to the young school at Mahoza, where we shall meet its founder, Raba. A third and still older seat of learning, the Soran Academy, we shall find deserted: after half a century it will resume its former place as Pumbeditha's rival. The attendance at the schools is largest in March and August, the months preceding Passover and Tabernacles. The scholars follow their occupations as husbandmen and tradesmen during the rest of the year: they are not all young men—some leave their families behind them: they all study for the sake of study, which is a duty incumbent upon every Israelite. In Pumbeditha poor scholars are supported from a public fund, to which the communities throughout the land contribute. What is the subject of the scholar's study? what the topic of the master's discourse? what are the points of controversy between the two rival scholars? Do they differ on some grave doctrinal question, similar to that which engaged the attention of the bishops convened at Nicæa? are the discussions of Abaye and Raba in any way to be compared to the controversy between Arius and Athanasius? When teacher and disciple equally are worn out by the heavy matter of daily school routine, and a change of subject is desirable for the purpose of relaxation, then you may perhaps hear a remark bearing on theology in our sense of the word; or if you choose a rather dignified term, a metaphysical observation. But then the rabbis are altogether in their lighter mood: the discipline is lax, mental concentration gives way to free rambling; wise maxims and witty epigrams, fantastic exposition of Scripture and facetious stories, succeed each other in playful connection; the jargon of the school with its Hebrew terminology yields to the easier flow of the Aramaic vernacular; in the language of everyday life a remark is sometimes made which is hardly consonant with the dignity of the class-room. These pleasant intermezzos seldom last long: a return is made to the sterner subjects of the school programme. The chief subject-matter of the schools is the interpretation of the Mishna. What is the Mishna?

There are scholars who claim that the Mishna, as we know it at present, was not committed to writing until some two centuries after

the time at which we have set out to study the Talmudic schools. But there is good ground for holding to the traditional opinion which makes the codification of the Mishna coincident with its redaction, which is placed at the end of the second century. For our present purposes we may, on the strength of this assumption, expect to find on the master's desk at least—manuscripts are expensive—a voluminous book of the size of an ordinary pulpit Bible. As we turn its leaves, we shall be told that it is divided into six parts or orders, which are named:—Seeds (laws pertaining to agriculture: *e. g.*, the law which prescribes that the corner of the field must not be reaped but left to the poor; the prohibition to sow mixed seeds; the regulations concerning tithes and sacerdotal revenues, the seventh year, etc.); Holy Seasons (Sabbath and festivals: the kinds of labor which must be abstained from on these days are minutely specified; the sacrificial and ritual ceremonies peculiar to each holiday); Women (laws pertaining to betrothal, marriage, and divorce; the Levirate, or marriage of the deceased brother's wife; prohibited marriages; the woman suspected of adultery: in this part are also treated vows in general and the Nazirate in particular); Damages (civil and criminal laws; courts and proceedings of jurisdiction: in the treatise called "Fathers," the ethical sayings of the doctors of the Mishna are recorded); Sacred Things (laws on things sacred; *i. e.*, dedicated to the temple: the slaughtering of animals for ordinary purposes; what is fit to be eaten—*kasher*, and what is not—*terepha*); Matters of Purity (euphemistically for Impurity, Levitical impurity; resulting, *e. g.*, from contact with a dead body, unclean animals, etc.). Each subject is handled, as a rule, in a special treatise: thus we have the treatise Sabbath, New Year, The Day (*i. e.*, the Day of Atonement), Marriage Contracts, Bills of Divorce, etc. Each treatise is divided into chapters, and each chapter into paragraphs. The statements of law or practice are usually unaccompanied by argumentation; neither is the source indicated. Divergent opinions are quite frequently recorded; the scholars are then mentioned by name, otherwise no name is given at all.

The Mishna then, we see, is a code of laws embracing the civic and religious life of the Jew. From our hasty survey of the subjects treated in this law-book, we gather that in the main the Mishna is meant to reproduce in an expanded form the laws and provisions contained in the Law,—*i. e.*, the Pentateuch. Mishna, indeed, means Repetition; it is an expansion of the original law whence it derives its authority. If the subject-matter of the Mishna appears trivial to a modern reader, much in the legal portions of the Pentateuch is equally foreign to our tastes. Perhaps we shall object not so much to the matter, which is largely Scriptural, as to the manner in which it is elaborated. The prohibition to work on the Sabbath day is

Biblical: it is reported in the Pentateuch that a man was stoned to death in the wilderness for gathering wood on the day of rest. The Mishna devotes over twenty chapters to a minute specification of what is prohibited labor and what is not. One chapter enumerates all articles of apparel which a woman may wear on the Sabbath. It is not sufficient to lay down the general rule, that the prohibition to carry burdens on the Sabbath does not apply to wearing apparel or jewelry worn for ornament; but a catalogue of articles of woman's toilet is given, showing that the rabbis had an eye for the trinkets of their wives and daughters. Costly jewelry must not be worn on the Sabbath: the women are in the habit of taking their expensive ornaments off in order to show them to their friends; while it is permitted to wear ornaments, they must not be handled. The Pentateuch commands that the lost property of a neighbor, if found, be restored to him, or be kept until he claims it. According to the rabbis, certain things may be retained by the finder without making an effort to ascertain their owner: *i. g.*, when a thing has no mark or distinguishing feature by which it may be identified, it is assumed that the owner has no thought of regaining it, and willingly renounces his ownership; the article becomes public property, to be the possession of the first person that finds it. A list of articles is given which come under the category of unrecognizable things. The principle itself is scarcely given expression to. Very often a case is gone through in all possible and impossible ramifications: the love of detail, of definiteness, strongly manifests itself everywhere; the cases are in most instances the invention of the schools, only a few coming from real life.

It is fortunate, said some one facetiously, that the synagogue, unlike the church, has no bells; otherwise we should have had a treatise in the Mishna called Bells, setting forth the proper metal and size of a bell, and how often it should be rung, and what benediction should be pronounced over the ringing, and whether the benediction should be said before or after the ringing, etc. For the horn which is blown on New Year's Day, or the booth in which the Israelite is to dwell on the festival which derives its name from it, or the scroll from which the book of Esther is read on the feast of Purim, are treated with exactly this kind of detail.

The Mishna is a law-book replete with tedious matter. Yet it is not without its interesting parts, which deservedly claim the attention of even a modern reader. Occasionally amidst the rubbish of formalism, lies hidden a pithy remark betraying the spiritual and moral insight of the schoolmen. The treatise "Fathers"—the object of which is to record in chronological order the doctors of the Mishna—is in its entirety an ethical treatise, for the reason that incidentally

to every name is attached an ethical maxim reported as coming from that scholar. These occasional glimpses of other than purely formalistic interests, these sayings on the most important spiritual concerns of man, on God and duty, may fitly find a place in the world's literature. For their sake we are ready to overlook the unattractive surroundings in which they are found.

Take for instance the treatise Benedictions, with which the code commences. While we again painfully notice the undue attention given to the minutæ of etiquette and the ceremonial side of prayer,—at what time and up to what time certain prayers may be recited, what should be the posture of the body, which benediction must precede another, and what is to be done when an error is made in the recital,—we find there the warning: "He who maketh his prayer a matter of duty to be performed at set times, his prayer is not pure devotion." "One must bless God for the evil as well as for the good." Elsewhere we are told that he who serves God out of fear is inferior to him who is pious out of love. "Be not as slaves who minister to their master with a view to recompense; but be as slaves who serve their master without the expectation of reward." "Better is an hour of repentance and good works in this world, than all the life of the world to come." On the other hand: "Better is one hour of spiritual bliss in the world to come, than all the life of this world." "This world is like a vestibule before the world which is to come: prepare thyself at the vestibule, that thou mayest be admitted into the hall." "Be bold as a leopard, and swift as an eagle, and fleet as a hart, and strong as a lion to do the will of thy Father which is in heaven." "Consider three things and thou wilt not fall into the hands of transgression: know what is above thee,—a seeing eye, and a hearing ear, and all thy deeds written in a book." The rabbis exhort to love work and hate lordship. "Idleness leads to insanity." Study is an obligation for everybody. It is a matter of private effort; it is not an heirloom which may be bequeathed by father to son. "Say not, When I have leisure I will study: perchance thou mayest not have leisure." "He who learns as a lad, is like to ink written on fresh paper; and he who learns when old, is like to ink written on used paper." "He who learns from the young is like one that eats unripe grapes, and drinks wine fresh from the vat; but he who learns from the old is like one who eats ripened grapes, and drinks old wine." And yet he is wise who learns from every man. "There are four characters in those who sit at the feet of the wise,—a sponge, a funnel, a strainer, and a sieve: a sponge, which sucks up all; a funnel, which lets in here and lets out there; a strainer, which lets out the wine and keeps back the dregs; a sieve, which lets out the flour and keeps back the pollard." "Excellent is study together with worldly business, for the practice of them both puts

away sinful thoughts; all study without work must fail at length and lead to sin." "This is the path of study: A morsel with salt shalt thou eat, thou shalt drink water by measure, and thou shalt sleep upon the ground, and live a life of painfulness, and in the Law shalt thou labor." "Seek not greatness for thyself, and desire not honor. Practice more than thou learnest: not learning but doing is the groundwork. And lust not for the table of kings; for thy table is greater than their table, and thy crown greater than their crown, and faithful is thy taskmaster who will pay thee the wage of thy work." So is the young scholar addressed. "Thy own deeds shall bring thee nigh or put thee afar." "If I am not for myself, who is for me?" "In the place where there are no men, endeavor to be a man." "Yet lean not to thine own understanding." "He is mighty who subdues his passion." "There are three crowns,—the crown of scholarship, and the crown of priesthood, and the crown of royalty; but the crown of a good name surpasses them all." "He is rich who is contented with his lot." "Judge not thy friend until thou comest into his place." "Let the honor of thy fellow-man be as dear to thee as thine own." "Despise no man, and carp at no thing; for thou wilt find that there is not a man that hath not his hour, and not a thing that hath not its place." "Do not conciliate thy friend in the hour of his passion, nor console him in the hour when his dead is laid out before him; and strive not to see him in the hour of his disgrace." "Let thy house be opened wide, and let the needy be thy household." "Receive every man with a cheerful countenance." "Pray for the welfare of the State, since but for fear thereof we had swallowed each his neighbor alive." There is something to be learned from this dry law-book after all.

The exposition and interpretation of the Mishna constitutes the main activity of the Jewish schools of Babylonia, whether at Sora or Pumbeditha, whether at Mahoza or Naresh. Talmud is a term that signified first a method, before it became the name of a book. The Mishna, as we may remember, contains little of discussion or argumentation: it is, in the majority of cases, content to state a point of law in the form of a simple statement, without in the least indicating the process by which the law was evolved. The Talmudic method is principally concerned with retracing the law, as stated in the Mishna, to its source; which it is assumed, sometimes wrongly, must be found in Scripture. There is not a sentence in the Mishna which escapes the notice of the expounder: the reason of every remark must be established. "Wherefrom? whence all this?" is a constant query. If the origin is found to lie in Scripture, the exegesis of the Bible word is quite often forced, unnatural. It is true the rabbis are not always very earnest about their fine deductions. Much may be ascribed to the love of casuistry and mental gymnastics. They are

always glad to find problems. Complications are artificially created where there are none. Where a law is deduced from a principle stated in the Mishna, that principle is now elaborated with exactness and finesse. Again, laws of various kinds and on different subjects are subsumed under new aspects, new principles. The work of abstract systematization begins: another opportunity for mental labor. The Talmudic scholar never confines himself to the law on hand: he compares it with others, finds similarities and dissimilarities, repetitions and contradictions. A clever scholar will find some discriminating point by which the seeming repetition will be removed. The text of the Mishna itself often presents difficulties. The language is concise, at times enigmatical. Then the Mishna is not the work of one hand. Its several parts are welded together, as a rule very adroitly, yet occasionally in a manner to create incongruities or ambiguities. It is the business of the Talmudic method to remove these difficulties. On the other hand, the Mishna must be adapted to new conditions and situations. New laws are formulated, which as a rule are deduced from a principle discovered behind the concrete decisions recorded in the law-book. As the work of the Talmudic schools goes on from generation to generation it becomes more complicated. The discussions of one generation are handed down to the next, and become the basis of all subsequent operations. Conflicting opinions become more frequent. One scholar is found to be at variance with another. Sometimes it is discovered that contradictory opinions are ascribed to one and the same scholar. As far as possible, the rabbis try to reconcile contradictions. They are of too peaceful a nature to allow contradictions to stand. These are in outline the characteristics of scholastic activity as it clustered around the Mishna. Let us listen for a moment to a Talmudic discussion.

The first paragraph of the third chapter of the treatise *Synhedrion* is on the programme. The Mishna is read. "In civil suits the court must consist of three persons. Each party chooses one judge, while the third is chosen by the two judges. According to Rabbi Meir, the third is chosen by both parties. Rabbi Meir gives each party the right to object to the other party's judge. The other scholars grant this right only in the case when it is proved that the judge is related to one party or morally disqualified; no judge who is morally qualified or licensed can be objected to. According to Rabbi Meir, each party may object to the other party's witnesses: according to the other scholars, only when it is proved that the witnesses are related or morally disqualified; witnesses morally qualified cannot be ruled out of court." So far the Mishna. Now begins the discussion. It is asked, How can any one object to a (competent, duly licensed) judge? Rabbi Meir has in mind Syrian courts; *i. e.*, judges who are known as incompetent. It follows from this answer that Rabbi Meir

would not allow any one to object to competent judges. It is pointed out that Rabbi Meir's colleagues in the Mishna state it as their opinion that competent judges cannot be objected to; hence Rabbi Meir apparently is of the opinion that all judges, even such as are competent, may be objected to. The original question remains: How can Rabbi Meir reasonably hold such an opinion? The master meets the objection by resorting to textual emendation. In the opinion of Rabbi Meir's colleagues he proposes to read, "No judge who is morally qualified can be objected to, for he is just as good as one duly licensed." According to this reading, of course, Rabbi Meir as well is of the opinion that licensed judges cannot be objected to: the controversy turns about judges who are not licensed, but are otherwise morally qualified; according to Rabbi Meir they may be rejected by one of the parties, while according to the other scholars they are just as good as licensed judges, and are therefore not open to objection. One of the students quotes an extraneous source according to which Rabbi Meir's colleagues, in the course of argumentation with him, made the remark: You will not allow any one to object to a duly licensed judge! It follows that the controversy really turned about licensed judges. The original question remains: How can Rabbi Meir reasonably hold such an opinion? The master who holds that Rabbi Meir never permitted the rejection of duly licensed judges claims that the student misquoted his source, and that the remark of Rabbi Meir's colleagues should read, "You will not allow any one to object to a judge who is accepted by a community as competent (although not duly licensed)!" The master even quotes a source of equal authority as that adduced by the student where Rabbi Meir is made to say, "One has a right to object until a judge is chosen who is duly licensed." But the students are none the less unyielding. They reason by analogy, and bid the master look at the second part of the paragraph just read. Witnesses, they say, unless related or morally disqualified, are fully competent, as much as a judge who is duly licensed is in his sphere. Yet Rabbi Meir grants the litigants the privilege of rejecting witnesses not related and morally qualified. Hence Rabbi Meir is evidently of the opinion that even a licensed judge may be rejected. The master is ready with his reply. He quotes an older Talmudic scholar, who, when reading our paragraph, remarked: "Is it possible that a holy mouth should have said such a thing (that fully qualified witnesses may be rejected)? Read—'witness' (each party may object to the other party's witness, *single* witness)." Accordingly two witnesses, provided they are qualified, cannot be rejected, even according to the opinion of Rabbi Meir; therefore in the analogous case, a judge who is duly licensed will be declared by Rabbi Meir not less than his colleagues to be above rejection. Rabbi Meir's statement was made to read: "Each party

may object to the other party's single witness." The students proceed to inquire whether a single witness is not insufficient *per se*, independently of the objections of a litigant.

But I think we have had enough of the atmosphere of Talmudic scholasticism and casuistry. We have heard enough to bear out our general conception of Talmudic methods. Suffice it to say that the scholastic work of several generations is finally codified. Multiply discussions like the one which we listened to, by the number of paragraphs and the smaller divisions contained in the Mishna, and you will have a pretty fair conception of the bulk as well as of the character of the matter of the Talmud—the Talmud as a book. The Babylonian (there is an earlier Palestinian recension embodying the less developed Palestinian scholasticism) Talmud was probably edited in the fifth century of our era. The work of the schools continued, with the written Talmud now as the basis of their operations. The Talmud was excerpted and commented upon. The best commentary on the Talmud was written by a French Jew in the eleventh century. In the same century an Italian Jew composed a Talmudic lexicon. Upon the Talmud are based the codes of Maimonides (twelfth century) and Karo (sixteenth century). The Talmud is still studied in the schools of eastern Europe, and is regarded by orthodox Jews as authoritative.

It would be unjust to convey the idea that nothing except hair-splitting discussions, on topics more or less out of touch with modern interests, are to be found in the Talmud. There is enough in the Talmud to justify its claim to the attention of the student of general literature. It is by no means merely a literary curiosity to be picked up at some antiquary's, marveled at, and then laid down and consigned to the dust of oblivion. The students of the Babylonian schools, whose work the Talmud records, occasionally give expression to a weighty maxim bearing witness to deep spiritual insight. The casuistry engages all their attention; but it is not the whole of their mental store that is exhibited in their dry discussions. They delve deeply into the mysteries of the Law; the rich treasures of spiritual life are equally known to them. They discourse on competent judges and witnesses, on what may be eaten and what may not, on what it is permitted to do on certain occasions and what is not permitted; but they are equally experts on the inward concerns of man, and speak wise words on lofty subjects. Listen to some of their *obiter dicta*:—"Be in attendance upon the wise; for even the ordinary conversation of a scholar is well worth a study." "He who supports himself by his own labor is greater than he who fears heaven; for by thine own name they will call thee, and in thine own place they will seat thee, and give thee of what is thine own: but he who looks forward to the table of his fellow—the world, as it were, lies

dark before him, and his life is no life." "He who forces an opportunity, the opportunity forces him back; but he who is patient, it comes to him." "Where there is a man, there be thou not the man." "He who runs after greatness, greatness escapes him; but he who shuns greatness, greatness seeks him." "It is not the position that honors the man: the man honors the position." "Better is one feeling of contrition than many stripes." "A man's prayer is not accepted unless he have made his heart as soft as flesh; as it is written: 'And it shall come to pass, that from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all *flesh* come to worship before me.'"

"Make thy Sabbath a week-day rather than to depend on thy fellow-man." "A father who strikes his adult son puts a stumbling-block before the blind." "He is rich who has a wife of beautiful conduct." "He who loves his wife as himself, and honors her more than himself, in reference to him Scripture says: 'And thou wilt know that thy tent will be in peace.'"

"He whose first wife dies—the temple, as it were, was destroyed in his days; the world is darkened to him. Everything may be replaced save the wife of one's youth. The husband dies to none except his wife, and the wife to none except her husband." "The teacher's work is the work of the Lord: 'Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully.'"

"By a single right judgment the judge becomes a participator in God's creation; as, on the other hand, all punishments inflicted upon the world come because of the unscrupulousness of judges." "Justice must make straight her path, even though mountains be in the way." "Ye shall not make with me gods of silver and gods of gold.' But gods of wood? Hence the passage is interpreted as referring to a judge who has secured his office through the use of silver and gold." "You may violate one Sabbath to preserve the life of a child one day old: violate one Sabbath so that he may observe many Sabbaths."

"He who smites the cheek of his fellow-man is a wicked person. A smiting hand deserves to be cut off."

"The highwayman simply restores the robbed property, but the thief is punished with a fine; because the former slights both man and God, while the latter fears the eye of man, but is unconcerned about the eye of God."

"He who robs his neighbor of the smallest amount takes, as it were, his life." "He who sets his eye upon that which is not his, is denied what he seeks, and is deprived of what he possesses."

"He who causes his fellow to blush publicly, is guilty of bloodshed." "He who slanders his neighbor denies the existence of God; for it is written: 'Who have said, with our tongue will we prevail; our lips are with us, who is lord over us?' Of him the Holy One, blessed be He, says, We cannot exist together in the world."

"They say of the man of the tongue, that he speaks here and kills

in Rome, speaks in Rome and kills in Syria." "The liar is not believed even when he tells the truth." "Falsehood is popular, truth unpopular; falsehood is frequent, truth scarce: but truth prevails, while falsehood does not prevail." "Ten hard things have been created in the world: the rocks of mountains are broken by iron; iron is melted by fire; fire is extinguished by water; waters are borne by clouds; clouds are scattered by the wind; a fierce wind is resisted by the body; a strong body is broken by fear; fear is dispelled by wine; wine yields to sleep; but the hardest of all is death, and alms-giving delivereth from death." "Who is under the obligation of alms-giving? Even he who himself receives charity." "Feed the hungry, if you are convinced that you are not imposed upon; clothe the naked and ask no questions." "Charity is the salt of wealth." "If you are not able to give yourself, encourage others." "You are not obliged to make a poor man rich; but you must supply all his wants." "Charity for the sake of pride is a sin." "The giver should not know to whom he giveth; and the receiver should not know from whom he has received." "He who does not visit the sick is guilty of bloodshed." "He who finds anything blameworthy in his fellow-man must reprove him; on the other hand, he who unjustly suspects his neighbor must ask his pardon. One in whose power it is to reprimand the members of his household and fails to do so, is held responsible for them; the greater a man's influence, the greater his responsibility. He who leads his fellow-man to goodness is, as it were, his creator." "He who does not return a greeting is guilty of theft." "Respect the customs of the place whither thou comest; for Moses ascended to heaven and ate no bread, while the angels descended to earth and partook of food." "If a man give to his fellow all the gifts of the world grudgingly, it is accounted to him as if he had given nothing; but he who receiveth his neighbor with a cheerful disposition, even though he give nothing, it is accounted to him as if he had given him all the gifts of the world." "What is hatred of mankind? A man ought not to say, I will love the master but hate the student; love the student but hate the common man; but a man ought to say, I will love them all."

Interesting are the ethical testaments, or counsels given by a dying teacher to his pupil:—"Do not enter your house suddenly, much less the house of your neighbor. Take heed thereunto that you honor your mother. More than a stranger can harm you, you can harm yourself. Bargain not for goods when you have no means to buy. Spread out a carcass in the street, and say not, I am a great man: it is unbecoming to me." And to the daughters: "Be modest in the presence of your husbands. When a person knocks at the door, do not ask, Who (masculine) is there? but, Who (feminine) is

there?" Of the same nature are ethical prayers:—"May my lot be among those who dwell in the house of study, and not among those who support it; among those who collect charity, and not among those who distribute it; among those who are unjustly suspected of wrongdoing." Sometimes the scholars give a review of their moral character, often when asked by their disciples to state the cause of their long life:—"I have never acted against the will of my colleagues." "I have never said anything which I afterwards retracted." "I have never spoken profane speech." "I never rejoiced in the misfortune of my fellow-man." "I never accepted a gift, nor insisted on my rights."

Here are some of their thoughts on theological matters. "He who is instructed in the Law, but lacks fear of Heaven, is to be likened to him who has the key to the inner door, without that of the outer door: how can he enter?" "To love God is to act in such a manner that the name of God is loved through us." "If one chooses to sin, no obstruction is put in his path." "The evil thought is at first like a thread of spider-web, but finally it becomes like a cart-rope." "The evil thought settles at first in our heart like a traveler that came from afar, but then it becomes a permanent lodger. It overwhelms its host every moment, and seeks to kill him. It seduces man in this world, and testifies against him in the world to come." "There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it, etc. 'A little city,' that is the body; 'and there came a great king against it,' that is the evil thought; 'and built great bulwarks against it,' *i. e.*, the sins: 'now there was found in it a poor wise man,' that is the good thought; 'and he by his wisdom delivered the city,' *i. e.*, by repentance and good works; 'yet no man remembered that same poor man,' for when the evil thought obtains the upper hand, the counsels of conscience are forgotten." "The evil thought is the strange god in the heart of man." "In the future world God will slaughter the evil thought in the presence of the righteous and the wicked; to the righteous it will appear like a high mountain, while to the wicked it will seem a tiny hair. Both will weep. The righteous will say, How could we pass this great mountain? The wicked will say, How is it that we were not able to surmount this tiny hair?" "In the world which is to come there will be neither eating nor drinking, nor wooing, no business, envy, hatred, or quarrel; but the righteous, with crowns on their heads, will enjoy the splendor of the Godhead."

We conclude with a few specimens of connected narrative found in the Talmud. We select those of an ethical character.

SAID Rabbi Johanan: The first verse of Psalm cxxvi. ("When the Lord brought back those that returned to Zion, we were like unto them that dream") always caused difficulty to Onias (a pious man who was famous for his successful intercessions in times of drought): how can a man sleep for seventy years? One day, as he was walking along the road, he saw an old man planting a carob-tree. "Do you know," he asked the man, "that these trees do not bear fruit before seventy years? Do you expect to live seventy more years?" The old man replied, "I found many carob-trees in the world: as my fathers planted for me, I plant for my children." As Onias sat down to partake of his scanty meal, he was overcome by sleep; and covered from sight by a grotto, he slept seventy years. When he awoke, he saw a man eating of the fruit of that carob-tree. "Who planted this tree?" asked Onias. "My father's father." Onias said to himself, I have then slept these seventy years. He proceeded to his home. "Does the son of Onias live here?" he inquired. "The son of Onias is dead," was the answer; "but you may see the grandson." Onias then introduced himself as the grandfather, but no one would believe him. He went to the schoolhouse and overheard the discussions of the scholars. "The lesson is as clear to us as it was in the old times of Onias." He again introduced himself, but no one would believe him or treat him with the respect he deserved. He prayed to God that he would take him away from this world. That is why people say, said Rabba, Either company, or death.

ABBA HILKIAH was the name of the grandson of Onias. Whenever rain was scarce, he was asked to pray for rain; and his prayer met with response. Once two scholars were sent to him to ask of him a similar favor. They went to his home, and were directed to the field where he was digging. They greeted him, but he would not recognize them. In the evening, on his way home, he put some wood on one of his shoulders and his coat on the other. When he passed through water, he put on his shoes. When he came among thorns, he lifted his clothes. As he entered the village, his wife met him in her best attire. When they came to the house, his wife entered first and he followed her. He sat down to his evening meal, but did not invite the two scholars. As he dealt out the bread, he gave his younger boy two pieces, but one to the older boy. Then he said to his wife, "I know what these scholars want of me. Let us go up to the roof and pray, perchance that God will have mercy and send rain." He stood in one corner and she in another. The clouds were soon seen to come from the side on which the wife stood. Then he descended. "What do you wish?" said he to the scholars. "We were sent to ask you to pray for rain," answered they. "Blessed be

God," he replied, "who made you independent of me." "We know well," said they, "that the rain came through you. But would you kindly explain to us some of the strange things we have witnessed? Why did you not return our greeting?" "I was hired by the day, and did not deem it right to be idle for a moment."—"Why did you put wood on one shoulder, and your coat on the other?" "Because my coat was not my own: I borrowed it for one purpose, and could not use it for another."—"Why did you put on your shoes when passing through water?" "Because I can see what is on the road, but not what is in the water."—"Why did you lift up your clothes when you came among thorns?" "Because the flesh may heal, but the clothes when torn cannot be made whole."—"Why did your wife meet you in her best attire?" "That I might not cast my glance on another woman."—"Why did you let us enter last?" "Because you were strangers, and I would not trust you."—"Why did you not invite us to partake of your food?" "Because the food was scanty."—"Why did you give the older boy one piece and the younger one two pieces?" "Because the former stays at home, while the latter goes to school."—"Why did the cloud appear from the side where your wife stood?" "Because a woman is always at home and has more opportunity to give charity."

WHENEVER the collectors of charity saw Eleazar of Bartotha they would hide themselves; for he would give them whatever he had. One day he went to the market-place to buy a bridal outfit for his daughter. The collectors saw him and hid themselves. But he followed them and inquired what their mission was. He was told that they were trying to raise money to buy an outfit for two orphans that were to marry. "By the service!" said the rabbi: "they come first." He gave them all the money he had save one zuz (a silver denarius). With that he bought some wheat, and stored it away in his corn chamber. The rabbi's wife was eager to see the outfit which her daughter was to get. "What did your father buy you?" she inquired of her daughter. "I do not know," replied the daughter: "he stored it away in the corn chamber." The key was hurriedly brought, but the door could scarcely be opened: the chamber had meanwhile by Divine blessing been filled with wheat. When the scholar returned from the schoolhouse, his wife met him with the glad news: "See here what your Lover has done for you!" "By the service!" was the rabbi's rejoinder: "sacred be it to thee! thou canst have of it only as much as any other poor Jew."

There are indeed two sides to the Talmud: one rigidly formalistic, legalistic, intellectual; the other ethical, spiritual, appealing to the feelings. If viewed from the intellectual point of view, Talmudic

thought is mature, analytic, critical, penetrating to the bottom of things, capable of coping with the most abstruse and complicated problems of the human mind. Talmudic scholasticism was an excellent preparation for the philosophical and scientific erudition for which the Jews of the Middle Ages were noted. To this very day, in the Talmud schools are trained the future mathematicians, philologists, historians, critics, statesmen. If on the other hand the spiritual test is applied to the Talmud, the result is equally satisfactory. What we do regret is the disproportionally large space given to ritualism, the symbols of religion; which, if made the chief and most absorbing topic, may deal a fatal blow to religion itself. The Talmud has, however, been among the Jews the creator of institutions. The elementary schoolhouse and the higher academy; the various organizations for mutual help, common study, or spiritual encouragement; the societies for the dispensation of charity, for clothing the naked, befriending the homeless, visiting the sick, burying the dead, and for other purposes,—are all due to the influence of the Talmud. Of the invisible influence exerted by the Talmud on the individual Jew, his dealings with his fellow-men, his home life, etc., we possess unmistakable evidence in the lives of the great masters who were brought up in Talmudic lore; who in all their walks of life, whether in matters of ritual as the dietary laws, or in their moral and religious life, lived up to the letter of the Talmud, and were noted for their sincere piety and their saintly life. We have moreover the best evidence in the Jew of to-day, the Talmud Jew; who with all his shortcomings, and no matter how lowly his lot may be, always possesses a certain degree of culture and spiritual wealth. Institutions, however, are visible, tangible. There, even the outsider may recognize the points of contact between the doctrines of the Talmud and the practice of life. Such is the place which the Talmud still largely occupies in Jewish life.

NOTES: HISTORICAL AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL

1. The Jewish community of Babylonia had its origin in the Babylonian exile (597 and 586 B.C.). In 537 and 458 only a small body, consisting of the lovers of the ancient soil, returned to Palestine. We hear nothing of the Babylonian Jewry until some time before the destruction of the second temple (70 A.D.). The famous scholar Hillel, who flourished in the last decades of the first century B.C., was a Babylonian by birth. When the Temple was destroyed, the centre of Jewish life still remained in Palestine. The descendants of Hillel became the religious heads of the Jews throughout the Roman empire; schools were established in various Palestinian towns: there was

little formality about the organization of a school; the scholars flocked to this or that famous teacher, and the location of a school depended on the teacher's place of residence. Most of the Jewish settlements were in Galilee: there the schools that produced the Mishna, there the schools that elaborated the Talmud of Palestine, are to be sought. Then taught Jehuda the Holy One, whose activity in the last quarter of the second century of our era gathered about him students from near and far: his disciple from Babylon, Abba, carried back with him his master's methods to his native country; with Abba, Jewish learning in Babylonia may be said mainly to begin. The schools of Palestine still continued to exist; the scholars of both countries were in constant communication with one another: but the Babylonian schools soon became more important, and when the schools of the mother country came to an abrupt end with the advance of the Christian Church (during the fourth century), the academies of Babylonia and their heads came to be regarded as the representatives of Jewish learning, and wielded great influence until they in turn yielded to the advance of Islam; which again was the means of transplanting Jewish science into Spain and the countries of Europe. But the influence of Babylonia was felt even after it was extinct in the country where it first manifested itself. The Talmud of Palestine was forgotten, subsequently to be recovered from oblivion; it had no direct influence on Jewish life in the Middle Ages. That is why when we speak of the Talmud, we usually have reference to the Talmud of Babylon, the Talmud *par excellence*. In all matters of law, the authority of the latter is final. Jewish Babylonia comprised the southern part of Mesopotamia.

2. The literature that clustered around the Talmud may fairly be said to be a library in itself. The commentary spoken of in the text is that of Solomon ben Isaac, commonly called Rashi, of Troyes; he died in 1105. His disciples, who belonged at the same time to his family, carried on his work in the form of supplementary notes to the Commentary (commentaire, kontres), called by the Hebrew name Tosaphoth (supplements). Our ordinary Talmud editions have the text in the centre of the page, with Rashi's commentary on the inner and the Tosaphoth on the outer side. The author of the lexicon is Nathan of Rome. The words are alphabetically arranged; and the exegetical work underlying the meanings which are assigned to them is mainly based on tradition and the works of older commentators. The codes based on the Talmud and alluded to in the text are written in the language of the Mishna,—*i. e.*, not in Aramaic, but in late Hebrew; they also adopt the Mishnic method, inasmuch as discussions are avoided, the result being stated in concise language. It is needless to say that these codes have not escaped

the commentator's zeal; they are therefore as a rule printed in the form of the Talmud, text in the middle and commentaries on the two margins. To these codes, with their commentaries and super-commentaries and glosses and scholia, the orthodox rabbi has recourse whenever he is consulted on any matter of Jewish law; he may then at times follow up a given decision to its very source in the Talmud. But the Talmud is still studied without regard to practical application: the dialectical exercise in quick questioning and answering is sufficiently fascinating. In modern times the Talmud is also studied by Christians. Portions of the Talmud are translated, but as a rule badly: the right method has as yet been hit upon by no translator. D. A. de Sola and M. J. Raphall have translated eighteen treatises of the Mishna into English (London, 1843). A French translation of the greater part of the Palestinian Talmud was made by Moïse Schwab (Paris, 1871-1890). Of the Babylonian Talmud, single treatises have of late been translated into modern languages. To mention one, Hagigah was translated into English by A. W. Streane (Cambridge, 1891). The criminal and civil legislation contained in the Talmud was elaborated in French by J. J. M. Rabbinowicz (Paris, 1876-1879). Professor Hermann L. Strack of the University of Berlin is the author of a German introduction to the Talmud (Berlin, 1894); more comprehensive is the English introduction written by Professor Moses Mielziner of the Hebrew Union College (Cincinnati, 1894). The treatise Aboth (The Sayings of the Fathers) has been translated repeatedly: Charles Taylor's translation (Cambridge, 1877) is the most scholarly. August Wünsche has translated into German the haggadic portions of the Talmud,—that is, those portions which are the production of the leisure hours of the school, and deal with subjects which are of more interest to the general reader (Zürich, 1880; Leipzig, 1886-1889).

Max Margoli.

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TORQUATO TASSO.

TORQUATO TASSO

(1544-1595)

BY J. F. BINGHAM

THE most prominent literary figure of the last half of the sixteenth century, and the last of the great four Italian poets, —familiarily called, the world over, merely "Tasso," though his father Bernardo Tasso was a poet of some distinction, and is still read,—was born under the soft breezes and among the orange and lemon groves of Sorrento, the very ancient Roman watering-place standing on the high rocks which bound the Bay of Naples to the south. The house in which he was born, and the rocky foundations on which it stood, have long since been washed away by the dashing waves from the north; but may still be seen through the clear water below the cliff on which stands to-day the Albergo del Tasso. His sister Cornelia's house—his frequent refuge during all his troubled life, for refreshment and comfort, and whither especially in his last great distress, when he broke away from his imprisonment, he fled in the disguise of a shepherd and found solace in a sister's unchanging love—is still pointed out.

His life—drawn from a strain of nobility, and always passed among the great—began, advanced, and ended, in troubled splendor. Bernardo Tasso, while holding office near the person of the then Prince of Salerno, Ferrante Sanseverino, met and married at Naples a lady of the Neapolitan nobility, Porzia de' Rossi,—a family originally from Pistoia. Her first child was a daughter, Cornelia; her second, a boy baby, Torquato, which died a few days after birth; her third, a son who received the name of the babe that died, and became our illustrious Torquato.

The family at the time were in a kind of retreat at Sorrento, whither the father had fled from the court at Salerno, for the quiet of study and for completing a poem he was then composing. But at the time of our poet's birth—the 11th of March, 1544—he was not at home, being in response to his official duty at the war in Piedmont; and afterward attending upon his royal master in the Netherlands, where the terms of peace were negotiating. Returning to his home, the father saw for the first time—in January 1545, the child being then ten months old—the baby which was to bring such renown and such misery to his house.

The retreat in Sorrento continued till 1550. Here the little boy enjoyed the care of a most affectionate and exemplary mother; the instruction of the learned chaplain of the family, Don Giovanni d'Angeluzzo; and above all, the devoted attention of his wise and brilliant father. But in Torquato's sixth year, the father—having in connection with his princely master fallen into the disfavor of Spain, on matters concerning the Inquisition—was obliged to flee. He being unable to take his family with him,—having lost his own fortune by confiscation,—the family was transferred to Naples to exist upon the mother's dower. In the loving care of his excellent mother, Torquato attended the Jesuit schools, lately established there, for four years longer; making under these skillful masters astonishing progress in the Latin and Greek languages. In his tenth year the dower, by some fiction of law, was virtually revoked. The family means having now utterly vanished, Torquato was sent to Rome to share the exile of the father; the mother and Cornelia took refuge in the convent of San Festo. The separation of the mother and little son was heart-rending to both. From the effects of it the mother died in the convent two years later, and Tasso to his dying day never recovered. He refers to it thirty years afterwards in tearful words in the 'Ode to the River Metauro,' some stanzas of which are given at the end of this article. At the death of the mother, Cornelia was transferred to the care of an uncle. She was married early, with no dowry but her goodness, accomplishments, and beauty, to Marzio Sersale, a gentleman of Sorrento, of good family but of slender fortune. Husband and wife were worthy people, and passed their lives happily together.

At Rome, under the care of his father and the best teachers, Torquato continued to make the most remarkable progress in study. In his thirteenth year, having already mastered the Latin and Greek languages, he was entered a student at the University of Padua; and at seventeen graduated with honors in the four departments of Civil Law, Canon Law, Theology, and Philosophy.

During these years, however, he had devoted himself with an intense and loving zeal to poetry; "in stolen hours," as he says, and certainly to the strong disapproval of his father. Before graduation at Padua he visited and studied at various universities of northern Italy; and especially at Venice, where the father was then residing; and where, in its musical and voluptuous atmosphere, his literary opportunities were greatest of all, and his poetical inspirations stimulated by poetical associations and environments. But while still a student at Padua, he sent to his father at Venice the manuscript of his 'Rinaldo'; an epic poem, having for material the legends of Charlemagne and the Moors. In irresistible admiration of the production,—

and fortified by the judgment of the best critics of the day, who declared it to be a marvelous work for one so young,—the father now laid aside the former disapproval of his son's poetical studies, and gladly permitted the poem to be published at Venice in 1562, before the young poet had completed his eighteenth year.

It was received with unmeasured applause; and the young author was soon known throughout Italy by the name of Tassino (our dear little Tasso). From this moment his fame was assured. The father foresaw and predicted, with undisguised exultation, the coming glory of his son; and it was evident to all that a new star of the first magnitude had arisen in the firmament of letters. Torquato remained for three years more (till he should reach his majority) at Padua, Bologna, Mantua, and other universities, continuing the most diligent study of philosophy, rhetoric, and poetry. The father then, notwithstanding the bitter experiences of his own life in connecting his fortune with the favor of princes, consented that his son should enter upon the *via dolorosa* of the courtier.

The fame of 'Rinaldo' easily obtained for him access to the court of Ferrara, first as a gentleman in the suite of the Prince Cardinal Luigi d'Este (with whom he made his celebrated journey to France, where he gained the lifelong and fruitful friendship of the King, Charles IX., and of the great Ronsard, the then favorite and laureate of the French); afterward and most important of all, as attaché to Alphonso II., brother of the Cardinal and reigning Duke of Ferrara. Nothing could be more splendid and gay than the beginning of this courtly career. He was caressed by the duke, assigned beautiful lodgings and an ample pension, and exempted from any specified duties, in order that he might in leisure and tranquillity finish the great poem on which it was known that he had been already some years engaged; and for which, in the young poet's mind, the 'Rinaldo' had been only a tentative precursor. He was welcomed by the sisters of the duke, Lucretia and Eleonora, and by the ladies of the court; and was admitted by them into great familiarity.

After five years of such stimulated labor on his great poem, Tasso took a recess of two months; and in this playtime, wrote for the amusement of the great ladies the pastoral drama 'Aminta,'—a poem of such beauty that if he had written nothing else, it would have made his name immortal. It was represented, at the expense of the duke, with the greatest splendor, and received with enormous éclat. It is a play of five acts in blank verse, varying from five to eleven syllables, with intervening choruses; a translation of one of the most celebrated of which—'The Golden Age'—is given at the end of this article. The theme, indeed, is not new,—a young girl averse to love, who, conquered finally by the proofs of fidelity and sacrifice exhibited

toward her by her lover, consents to espouse him. But the perfect construction of the story, the exquisite conceits never exceeding pastoral simplicity, the melody of the verse, the fascinating expression of affection, met with such favor from the age, that many editions in Italy and several translations into the Romance languages followed in quick succession. From the great difficulty of transfusing its soft-flowing melodies into the Gothic and Germanic speech, it has been but little translated and little known in the North.

During the ten years of such glittering fortune, he at last brought to a conclusion his magnificent poem on the great Crusade. Almost from this moment began the sad series of sorrows, suspicions, neglect, imprisonment, and untold miseries, which from now on overshadowed his life with ever-increasing gloom. Many times he left the court and wandered through Italy; but an irresistible force always brought him back to Ferrara. Discontent at a less welcome reception there than formerly (or the fantasies of a growing insanity) led him into such extravagances, even towards the ladies and the very princesses, that the duke shut him up as a lunatic in the Hospital of St. Anna. In this dreary abode (a shocking cell, said to be that occupied by him, is still shown), surrounded by the most appalling sights and sounds of human misery, he was for more than seven years—1579-86—confined, notwithstanding the most urgent intercessions of the princesses and of some of the most eminent persons in Italy for his liberation. In this gloomy period were written numberless letters still preserved for their literary value, a book of Classic Dialogues of extreme elegance, a book of Moral Discourses, a large part of more than a thousand sonnets, and admirable replies to the assailants of his epic. His now published works fill more than thirty volumes.

Tasso, liberated at last through the continued pressure of the intercessions of his friends,—and especially by that of Vincenzo Gonzaga, the enlightened and generous Duke of Mantua, the Mæcenas of his age,—left Ferrara forever. He now resided for a time at Mantua, at Florence, at Naples (his sister at Sorrento died two years after his liberation, but before his arrival at Naples), and finally found a welcome and repose under the shade of the "holy keys." He was now protected by the Princes Aldobrandini; especially by the Cardinal Cinzio, and by his uncle Pope Clement VIII. This pontiff, proud to have for his guest the world-renowned songster of 'La Gerusalemme,' was preparing for him the laurel crown; when poor Tasso, worn out at last by his intolerable vexations and miseries, died on the 25th of April, 1595, an eminently Christian death,—clasping the crucifix, and with the words "Into thy hands, O Lord," on his lips. The "cell" in which he lived and passed away—a large and comfortable room in the convent of St. Onofrio, near St. Peter's, on the brow of

Janiculum—is now sacredly preserved; and contains a bust of the poet taken from a waxen cast, his autograph, his inkstand and pens, the chair in which he used to sit, the crucifix—an heirloom of his father's—before which he made his devotions, and many other mementos of his early and later days.

His funeral honors were unique, and paralleled only by those of Petrarch. Robed in a Roman toga, and crowned with the laurel wreath he was to have received in life, the body was borne by torchlight through the principal streets of Rome, amidst thousands crowding to catch a last look at the features of the dead. The body was interred, according to his desire, in a chapel of the Church of St. Onofrio. A third successive monument (each more lavish than the preceding),—most exquisitely wrought in white marble, surmounted by a bust of the poet, and inscribed with appropriate verses from the great poem,—raised by Pope Pius IX. in 1857, now glorifies the spot.

Though Tasso's great poem was from the first received by most of every class with infinite delight, and was pronounced by all Italy the most beautiful epic of modern times, and though the poet himself could not but know that it had gained for him a seat in the first rank of literary immortals,—yet the adverse criticisms which began at once and continued for many years to pour in upon him, added gall to the overflowing cup of mingled bitterness which he was forced to drink during all his later years. The controversy which arose among the Italian literati for and against the 'Gerusalemme' occupies many volumes of Tasso's works; and although he did not accept many of the objections that were pressed both by envious foes and by avowed friends, he was compelled to admit and defend himself against certain questionable ornamentations and an apparent (and to the critics of that day, damning) violation of the "three unities."

'Jerusalem Delivered' obviously contains three actions; but two so subordinated to the principal, that they all seem one. This principal subject is the pious Geoffrey, Duke of Lorraine, who leads the expedition to Jerusalem; resists the voluptuous seductions of Armida; calms the oft-occurring discords of his own army; provides against its necessities, as from time to time they arise; obtains from God relief for its thirst; sends to recall Rinaldo, who had been banished for a homicide, and by means of him, overcomes the incantation of the forest, and supplies material for his engines. He fights in person like a hero; and the sacred city having fallen, and the war with the King of Egypt having been won, he pays his conqueror's vow in the temple of Delivered Jerusalem.

A second action has for its subject Rinaldo himself, a legendary character among the ancestors of the house of Este; a very brave youth who runs away from home to join the Crusaders. Offended in

his *amour propre*, he kills the haughty Gernando, his fellow-soldier; and to escape the penalty, forsakes the camp and sets free the Crusading champions who had been enslaved by the sorceress Armida. He himself afterwards falls into the power of this sorceress. Geoffrey sends to liberate him, and has him brought back to the camp. In overcoming the incantation of the forest, and in slaying the fiercest enemies, he bears a principal part in the final triumph.

A third action is hinged on Tancred,—a historic character, one of the principal Normans born in Italy,—the type of a bold and courteous warrior; who is enamored of Clorinda, a hostile female warrior, but without response from her. He has a duel with Argantes, the mightiest of the Mussulman champions, and comes off wounded. The beautiful Erminia, a saved princess of conquered and sacked Antioch, once his prisoner and now free in Jerusalem, impelled by a most passionate love goes to him to cure him. He, through her disguise believing that she is Clorinda, follows her steps, and is left a slave of Armida. Freed from Armida's snares with her other victims, by the prowess of Rinaldo, he returns to the camp. He afterwards by mistake kills Clorinda herself, who has come disguised—in armor with false bearings—to set on fire a wooden tower of the Christians. In despair he meditates suicide, but by Peter the Hermit is persuaded to resignation. In the final and successful assault upon Jerusalem, having been cured of his wounds by Erminia, though still weak he kills Argantes, and contributes his full share to the ultimate triumph of the Crusaders.

Besides this, the "machinery" of the poem—the intervention of the supernatural—is made up on the one hand, of the plots of every kind which Satan, with the advice and aid of an assembled council of demons, prepares against the Christians,—loves, arms, storms, incantations; on the other hand, of the miraculous doings of the angels, who by Divine command oppose themselves to the Infernal king.

Here were plainly three actions, although woven into one unbroken and indivisible web; and three heroes, two of them officially subordinated to Geoffrey, but not inferior to him, perhaps even his superiors in their exploits. This multiplicity, which was pleasing to the multitude because they found in the 'Jerusalem' almost the variety of romance, did not seem rhetorically right to the learned critics, and still less to Tasso himself. First, it seemed to an unjustifiable degree to sacrifice the "unity of action." The "unity of place" as well was offended in making Rinaldo go into the island of Armida, situated on the extreme boundary of the world. Still further, so many loves, often very tenderly described,—of Christians for Armida, of Armida for Rinaldo, of Tancred for Clorinda, and of Erminia for Tancred,—were adjudged unsuited to the gravity of the heroic poem and

to the sanctity of the argument. Beyond this, the dissatisfied critics found that the poet had wandered too far from the facts of history; and that even his style was in some parts mannered, labored, and dry, and in others had an overplus of lyric ornamentation, which was unsuited to epic gravity.

These and similar censures, piled mountain-high by the severe critics, from the first and long afterwards, on this magnificent and delightful poem, never for a moment persuaded the multitude of readers: but alas, it did persuade Tasso himself; and while Italy and all Christendom was ringing with delight and applause over the poem as it was, the distressed author set himself in the last years of his life to make over the poem. He began with the very title, which had been criticized, and produced the 'Gerusalemme Conquistata' in twenty-four books; four more than were contained in the 'Liberata,' which the whole world has nevertheless gone on reading and applauding, while the 'Conquistata' is almost forgotten. How far the world and the centuries have been justified in their own delight and in their applause of the poet, the reader will be surely able to judge for himself from the following selections.



FROM 'JERUSALEM DELIVERED'

THE CRUSADERS' FIRST SIGHT OF THE HOLY CITY

THE purple morning left her crimson bed,
 And donned her robe of pure vermilion hue;
 Her amber locks she crowned with roses red,
 In Eden's flowery gardens gathered new:
 When through the camp a murmur shrill was spread;
 Arm, arm! they cried; arm, arm! the trumpets blew;
 Their merry noise prevents the joyful blast:
 So hum small bees, before their swarms they cast.

Their captain rules their courage, guides their heat,
 Their forwardness he stays with gentle rein:
 And yet more easy, haply, were the feat,
 To stop the current near Charybdis's main,
 Or calm the blustering winds on mountains great,
 Than fierce desires of warlike hearts restrain:
 He rules them yet, and ranks them in their haste,
 For well he knows disordered speed makes waste.

Feathered their thoughts, their feet in wings were dight;
Swiftly they marched, yet were not tired thereby,
For willing minds make heaviest burdens light:
But when the gliding sun was mounted high,
Jerusalem, behold, appeared in sight,
Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy;
Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,
With joyful shouts and acclamations sweet.

As when a troop of jolly sailors row,
Some new-found land and country to descry;
Through dangerous seas and under stars unknown,
Thrall to the faithless waves and trothless sky;
If once the wished shore begin to show,
They all salute it with a joyful cry,
And each to other show the land in haste,
Forgetting quite their pains and perils past.

To that delight which their first sight did breed,
That pleased so the secret of their thought,
A deep repentance did forthwith succeed,
That reverend fear and trembling with it brought.
Scantly they durst their feeble eyes dispread
Upon that town where Christ was sold and bought,
Where for our sins he, faultless, suffered pain,
There where he died, and where he lived again.

Soft words, low speech, deep sobs, sweet sighs, salt tears,
Rose from their breasts, with joy and pleasure mixt;
For thus fares he, the Lord aright that fears,—
Fear on devotion, joy on faith is fixt;
Such noise their passions make, as when one hears
The hoarse sea-waves roar hollow rocks betwixt;
Or as the wind in hoults and shady greaves
A murmur makes among the boughs and leaves.

Their naked feet trod on the dusty way,
Following th' ensample of their zealous guide;
Their scarfs, their crests, their plumes, and feathers gay,
They quickly doft and willing laid aside:
Their molten hearts their wonted pride allay,
Along their watery cheeks warm tears down slide;
And then such secret speech as this they used.
While to himself each one himself accused:—

"Flower of goodness, root of lasting bliss,
 Thou well of life, whose streams were purple blood
 That flowèd here, to cleanse the foul amiss
 Of sinful man,—behold this brinish flood,
 That from my melting heart distillèd is;
 Receive in gree these tears, O Lord so good:
 For never wretch with sin so overgone
 Had fitter time or greater cause to moan."

Translation of Edward Fairfax.

EPISODE OF OLINDO AND SOPHRONIA

[An image of the Virgin Mary is stolen from one of the Christian churches, and set up in the royal mosque. The statue is stolen. The Moslem king, unable to discover the thief, threatens to massacre all his Christian subjects. Sophronia, a young Christian lady of great beauty and virtue, willing to sacrifice herself for her people, accuses herself to the king as the thief, and is ordered to be burnt alive. Her lover Olindo contradicts her, declares himself the perpetrator, and wishes to suffer in her stead. They are both bound, naked and back to back, to the same stake. The flames are kindled; but by the arrival of Clorinda they are saved, and married in the presence of the crowd of spectators on the spot.]

AMONG them dwelt, her parents' joy and pleasure,
 A maid whose fruit was ripe, not over-yeared;
 Her beauty was her not-esteemèd treasure,—
 The field of love, with plow of virtue eared.
 Her labor goodness, godliness her leisure;
 Her house the heaven by this full moon aye cleared,—
 For there, from lover's eyes withdrawn, alone
 With virgin beams this spotless Cinthia shone.

But what availed her resolution chaste,
 Whose soberest looks were whetstones to desire?
 Nor love consents that beauty's field lie waste:
 Her visage set Olindo's heart on fire.
 O subtle love! a thousand wiles thou hast,
 By humble suit, by service, or by hire,
 To win a maiden's hold;—a thing soon done,
 For nature framed all women to be won.

Sophronia she, Olindo hight the youth,
 Both of one town, both in one faith were taught:
 She fair,—he full of bashfulness and truth,
 Loved much, hoped little, and desired naught;

He durst not speak, by suit to purchase ruth,—

She saw not, marked not, wist not what he sought;
Thus loved, thus served he long, but not regarded,—
Unseen, unmarked, unpitied, unrewarded.

To her came message of the murderment,

Wherein her guiltless friends should hopeless serve.
She that was noble, wise, as fair and gent,

Cast how she might their harmless lives preserve:
Zeal was the spring whence flowed her hardiment,

From maiden's shame yet was she loth to swerve;
Yet had her courage ta'en so sure a hold,
That boldness shamefast, shame had made her bold.

And forth she went,—a shop for merchandise,

Full of rich stuff, but none for sale exposed;
A veil obscured the sunshine of her eyes,

The rose within herself her sweetness closed.
Each ornament about her seemly lies,

By curious chance or careless art composed;
For what she most neglects, most curious prove,—
So beauty's helped by nature, heaven, and love.

Admired of all, on went this noble maid

Until the presence of the king she gained;
Nor for he swelled with ire was she afraid,

But his fierce wrath with fearless grace sustained.
"I come," quoth she,— "but be thine anger stayed,

And causeless rage 'gainst faultless souls restrained,—
I come to show thee and to bring thee, both,
The wight whose fact hath made thy heart so wroth."

Her modest boldness, and that lightning ray

Which her sweet beauty streamèd on his face,
Had strook the prince with wonder and dismay,

Changèd his cheer and cleared his moody grace,
That had her eyes disposed their looks to play,

The king had snarèd been in love's strong lace:
By wayward beauty doth not fancy move;
A frown forbids, a smile engendereth love.

It was amazement, wonder, and delight,

Although not love, that moved his cruel sense.
"Tell on," quoth he: "unfold the chance aright;
Thy people's lives I grant for recompense."

Then she: "Behold the fault here in sight:
This hand committed that supposed offense;
It took the image; mine that fault, that fact,
Mine be the glory of that virtuous act."

This spotless lamb thus offered up her blood
To save the rest of Christ's selected fold:
O noble lie! was ever truth so good?
Blest be the lips that such a leasing told.
Thoughtful awhile remained the tyrant wood;
His native wrath he 'gan a space withhold,
And said, "That thou discover soon, I will,
What aid, what counsel hadst thou in that ill?"

"My lofty thoughts," she answered him, "envied
Another's hand should work my high desire;
The thirst of glory can no partner bide:
With mine own self I did alone conspire."
"On thee alone," the tyrant then replied,
"Shall fall the vengeance of my wrath and ire."
"'Tis just and right," quoth she: "I yield consent,—
Mine be the honor, mine the punishment."

The wretch, of new enraged at the same,
Asked where she hid the image so conveyed:
"Not hid," quoth she, "but quite consumed with flame,
The idol is of that eternal maid;
For so at least I have preserved the same
With hands profane from being eft betrayed.
My lord, the thing thus stolen demand no more:
Here see the thief, that scorneth death therefor.

"And yet no theft was this; yours was the sin:
I brought again what you unjustly took."
This heard, the tyrant did for rage begin
To whet his teeth, and bend his frowning look;
No pity, youth, fairness no grace could win;
Joy, comfort, hope, the virgin all forsook;
Wrath killed remorse, vengeance stopped mercy's breath,
Love's thrall to hate, and beauty slave to death.

Ta'en was the damsel, and without remorse;
The king condemned her, guiltless, to the fire;
Her veil and mantle plucked they off by force,
And bound her tender arms in twisted wire;

Dumb was this silver dove, while from her corse
 These hungry kites plucked off her rich attire:
 And for some-deal perplexèd was her sprite,
 Her damask late now changed to purest white.

The news of this mishap spread far and near;
 The people ran, both young and old, to gaze:
 Olindo also ran, and 'gan to fear
 His lady was some partner in this case;
 But when he found her bound, stripped from her gear
 And vile tormentors ready saw in place,
 He broke the throng, and into present brast,
 And thus bespake the king in rage and haste:—

"Not so, not so this girl shall bear away
 From me the honor of so noble feat:
 She durst not, did not, could not, so convey
 The massy substance of that idol great;
 What sleight had she the wardens to betray?
 What strength to heave the goddess from her seat?
 No, no, my lord, she sails but with my wind."
 (Ah, thus he loved, yet was his love unkind!)

He added further, "Where the shining glass
 Lets in the light amid your temple's side,
 By broken byways did I inward pass,
 And in that window made a postern wide:
 Nor shall therefore the ill-advisèd lass
 Usurp the glory should this fact betide;
 Mine be these bonds, mine be these flames so pure,—
 Oh, glorious death, more glorious sepulture."

Sophronia raised her modest looks from ground,
 And on her lover bent her eyesight mild:—
 "Tell me what fury, what conceit unsound,
 Presenteth here to death so sweet a child?
 Is not in me sufficient courage found
 To bear the anger of this tyrant wild?
 Or hath fond love thy heart so overgone?
 Wouldst thou not live, not let me die alone?"

Thus spake the nymph, yet spake but to the wind;
 She could not alter his well-settled thought:
 Oh, miracle! oh, strife of wondrous kind!
 Where love and virtue such contention wrought.

Where death the victor had for meed assigned,
Their own neglect each other's safety sought;
But thus the king was more provoked to ire,—
Their strife for bellows served to anger fire.

He thinks (such thoughts self-guiltiness finds out)
They scorned his power, and therefore scorned the pain:
"Nay, nay," quoth he; "let be your strife and doubt
You both shall win, and fit reward obtain."
With that the serjeant bent the young man stout,
And bound him likewise in a worthless chain,
Then back to back fast to a stake both ties,—
Two harmless turtles, dight for sacrifice.

About the pile of fagots, sticks, and hay,
The bellows raised the newly kindled flame,
When thus Olindo, in a doleful lay,
Begun too late his bootless complaints to frame:—
"Be these the bonds? is this the hoped-for day
Should join me to this long-desired dame?
Is this the fire alike should burn our hearts?
Ah! hard reward for lovers' kind desarts!

"Far other flames and bonds kind lovers prove,
For thus our fortune casts the hapless die;
Death hath exchanged again his shafts with love,
And Cupid thus lets borrowed arrows fly.
O Hymen, say, what fury doth thee move
To lend thy lamps to light a tragedy?
Yet this contents me,—that I die for thee:
Thy flames, not mine, my death and torment be.

"Yet happy were my death, mine ending blest,
My torments easy, full of sweet delight,
If this I could obtain,—that breast to breast
Thy bosom might receive my yielded sprite;
And thine with it, in heaven's pure clothing drest,
Through clearest skies might take united flight."
Thus he complained, whom gently she reproved,
And sweetly spake him thus, that so her loved:—

"Far other complaints, dear friend, tears and laments,
The time, the place, and our estates require:
Think on thy sins, which man's old foe presents
Before that Judge that quites each soul his hire;

For His name suffer, for no pain torments
Him whose just prayers to His throne aspire.
Behold the heavens: thither thine eyesight bend;
Thy looks, sighs, tears, for intercessors send."

The pagans loud cried out to God and man,
The Christians mourned in silent lamentation:
The tyrant's self, a thing unused, began
To feel his heart relent with mere compassion;
But not disposed to ruth or mercy than,
He sped him thence, home to his habitation:
Sophronia stood, not grieved nor discontented;
By all that saw her, but herself, lamented.

The lovers, standing in this doleful wise,
A warrior bold unwares approachèd near,
In uncouth arms yclad, and strange disguise,
From countries far but new arrivèd there:
A savage tigress on her helmet lies,—
The famous badge Clorinda used to bear;
That wons in every warlike stour to win,
By which bright sign well known was that fair inn.

She scorned the arts these seely women use;
Another thought her nobler humor fed:
Her lofty hand would of itself refuse
To touch the dainty needle or nice thread;
She hated chambers, closets, secret mews,
And in broad fields preserved her maidenhead:
Proud were her looks, yet sweet, though stern and stout;
Her dame, a dove, thus brought an eagle out.

While she was young, she used with tender hand
The foaming steed with froarie bit to steer;
To tilt and tourney, wrestle in the sand,
To leave with speed Atlanta swift arreare;
Through forests wild and unfrequented land
To chase the lion, boar, or rugged bear;
The satyrs rough, the fauns and fairies wild,
She chasèd oft, oft took, and oft beguiled.

This lusty lady came from Persla late;
She with the Christians had encountered eft,
And in their flesh had opened many a gate
By which their faithful souls their bodies left.

Her eye at first presented her the state
Of these poor souls, of hope and help bereft;
Greedy to know, as in the mind of man,
Their cause of death, swift to the fire she ran.

The people made her room, and on them twain
Her piercing eyes their fiery weapons dart:
Silent she saw the one, the other plain,—
The weaker body lodged the nobler heart;
Yet him she saw lament as if his pain
Were grief and sorrow for another's smart,
And her keep silent so as if her eyes
Dumb orators were to entreat the skies.

Clorinda changed to ruth her warlike mood;
Few silver drops her vermeil cheeks depaint:
Her sorrow was for her that speechless stood,
Her silence more prevailed than his complaint.
She asked an aged man, seemed grave and good,
"Come, say me, sire," quote she, "what hard constraint
Would murder here love's queen and beauty's king?
What fault or fate doth to this death them bring?"

Thus she inquired, and answer short he gave,
But such as all the chance at large disclosed:
She wondered at the case, the virgin brave,
That both were guiltless of the fault supposed;
Her noble thought cast how she might them save,
The means on suit or battle she reposed;
Quick to the fire she ran, and quenched it out,
And thus bespake the serjeants and the rout:—

"Be there not one among you all that dare
In this your hateful office aught proceed,
Till I return from court, nor take you care
To reap displeasure for not making speed."
To do her will the men themselves prepare,
In their faint hearts her looks such terror breed;
To court she went, their pardon would she get,
But on the way the courteous king she met.

"Sir king," quoth she, "my name Clorinda hight,
My fame perchance hath pierced your ears ere now;
I come to try my wonted power and might,
And will defend this land, this town, and you:

All hard assays esteem I eath and light,
Great acts I reach to, to small things I bow;
To fight in field, or to defend this wall,—
Point what you list, I naught refuse at all.”

To whom the king: “What land so far remote
From Asia's coasts, or Phœbus's glistering rays,
O glorious virgin, that recordeth not
Thy fame, thine honor, worth, renown, and praise?
Since on my side I have thy succors got,
I need not fear in these mine agèd days;
For in thine aid more hope, more trust, I have,
Than in whole armies of these soldiers brave.

“Now Godfrey stays too long,— he fears, I ween:
Thy courage great keeps all our foes in awe;
For thee all actions far unworthy been,
But such as greatest danger with them draw:
Be you commandress, therefore, princess, queen,
Of all our forces; be thy word a law.”
This said, the virgin 'gan her beavoir vale,
And thanked him first, and thus began her tale:—

“A thing unused, great monarch, may it seem,
To ask reward for service yet to come;
But so your virtuous bounty I esteem,
That I presume for to entreat, this groom
And seely maid from danger to redeem,
Condemned to burn by your impartial doom.
I not excuse, but pity much their youth,
And come to you for mercy and for ruth.

“Yet give me leave to tell your Highness this:
You blame the Christians,— them my thoughts acquite;
Nor be displeased I say you judge amiss,—
At every shot look not to hit the white.
All what th' enchanter did persuade you is
Against the lore of Macon's sacred right;
For us commandeth mighty Mahomet,
No idols in his temples pure to set.

“To him therefore this wonder done rebar;
Give him the praise and honor of the thing:
Of us the gods benign so careful are,
Lest customs strange into their church we bring.

Let Ismen with his squares and trigons war,
 His weapons be the staff, the glass, the ring:
 But let us manage war with blows, like knights;
 Our praise in arms, our honor lies in fights."

The virgin held her peace when this was said;
 And though to pity never framed his thought,
 Yet, for the king admired the noble maid,
 His purpose was not to deny her aught.
 "I grant them life," quoth he; "your promised aid
 Against these Frenchmen hath their pardon bought:
 Nor further seek what their offenses be;
 Guiltless I quite, guilty I set them free."

Thus were they loosed, happiest of human-kind:
 Olindo, blessèd be this act of thine,—
 True witness of thy great and heavenly mind,
 Where sun, moon, stars, of love, faith, virtue, shine.
 So forth they went, and left pale death behind,
 To joy the bliss of marriage rites divine:
 With her he would have died; with him content
 Was she to live, that would with her have brent.

Translation of Edward Fairfax.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SORCERESS ARMIDA

[Idriot, a magician, at the instigation of the powers of Hell sends his niece Armida, who is an enchantress, to the camp of the Crusaders to seduce the chiefs.]

ARMIDA, in her youth and beauty's pride,
 Assumed th' adventure; and at close of day,
 Eve's vesper star her solitary guide,
 Alone, untended, took her secret way.
 In clustering locks and feminine array,
 Armed with but loveliness and frolic youth,
 She trusts to conquer mighty kings, and slay
 Embattled hosts; meanwhile false rumors soothe
 The light censorious crowd, sagacious of the truth.

Few days elapsed, ere to her wishful view
 The white pavilions of the Latins rise;
 The camp she reached: her wondrous beauty drew
 The gaze and admiration of all eyes;
 Not less than if some strange star in the skies,

Or blazing comet's more resplendent tire
 Appeared: a murmur far below her flies,
And crowds press round, to listen or inquire
Who the fair pilgrim is, and soothe their eyes' desire.

Never did Greece or Italy behold
 A form to fancy and to taste so dear!
At times the white veil dims her locks of gold,
 At times in bright relief they reappear:
 So when the stormy skies begin to clear,
Now through transparent clouds the sunshine gleams;
 Now issuing from its shrine, the gorgeous sphere
Lights up the leaves, flowers, mountains, vales, and streams,
With a diviner day—the spirit of bright beams.

New ringlets form the flowing winds amid
 The native curls of her resplendent hair;
Her eye is fixed in self-reserve, and hid
 Are all love's treasures with a miser's care;
 The rival roses, upon cheeks more fair
Than morning light, their mingling tints dispose;
 But on her lips, from which the amorous air
Of Paradise exhales, the crimson rose
Its sole and simple bloom in modest beauty throws.

Crude as the grape unmellowed yet to wine,
 Her bosom swells to sight: its virgin breasts,
Smooth, soft, and sweet, like alabaster shine,
 Part bare, part hid, by her invidious vests;
 Their jealous fringe the greedy eye arrests,
But leaves its fond imagination free
 To sport, like doves, in those delicious nests,
And their most shadowed secrecies to see,
Peopling with blissful dreams the lively phantasy.

As through pure water or translucent glass
 The sunbeam darts, yet leaves the crystal sound,
So through her folded robes unruffling pass
 The thoughts, to wander on forbidden ground:
 There daring Fancy takes her fairy round.
Such wondrous beauties singly to admire;
 Which, in a pleasing fit of transport bound,
She after paints and whispers to desire,
And with her charming tale foment th' excited fire.

Praised and admired, Armida passed amid
 The wishful multitude, nor seemed to spy,
 Though well she saw the interest raised, but hid
 In her deep heart the smile that to her eye
 Darted in prescience of the conquests nigh.
 Whilst in the mute suspense of troubled pride
 She sought, with look solicitous yet shy,
 For her uncertain feet an ushering guide
 To the famed captain's tent, young Eustace pressed her side.

Translation of J. H. Wiffen.

FLIGHT OF ERMINIA

[Tancred and Argantes are engaged in a terrible single combat before the two armies.]

ALL wait in sharp anxiety to see
 What fate will crown the strife,—if rage shall quail
 To the calm virtue of pure chivalry,
 Or giant strength o'er hardihood prevail:
 But deepest cares and doubts distract the pale
 And sensitive Erminia; her fond heart
 A thousand agonies and fears assail:
 Since on the cast of war's uncertain dart,
 Hangs the sweet life she loves, her soul's far dearer part.
 She, daughter to Cassano, who the crown
 Wore of imperial Antioch, in the hour
 When the flushed Christians won the stubborn town,
 With other booty fell in Tancred's power:
 But he received her as some sacred flower,
 Nor harmed her shrinking leaves; 'midst outrage keen,
 Pure and inviolate was her virgin bower:
 And her he caused to be attended, e'en
 Amidst her ruined realms, as an unquestioned queen.
 The generous knight in every act and word
 Honored her, served her, soothed her deep distress;
 Gave to her freedom, to her charge restored
 Her gems, her gold, and bade her still possess
 Her ornaments of price: the sweet princess,
 Seeing what kingliness of spirit shined
 In his engaging form and frank address,
 Was touched with love; and never did Love bind
 With his most charming chain a more devoted mind.

Translation of J. H. Wiffen.

[The battle is drawn at nightfall; but Tancred has been wounded and Erminia starts to go to his tent to nurse him.]

Invested in her starry veil, the night
In her kind arms embracèd all this round;
The silver moon from sea uprising bright,
Spread frosty pearl upon the candied ground:
And Cinthia-like for beauty's glorious light,
The lovesick nymph threw glistening beams around;
And counselors of her old love she made
Those valleys dumb, that silence, and that shade.

Beholding then the camp, quoth she:—"Oh, fair
And castle-like pavilions, richly wrought,
From you how sweet methinketh blows the air;
How comforts it my heart, my soul, my thought!
Through heaven's fair grace, from gulf of sad despair
My tossèd bark to port well-nigh is brought;
In you I seek redress for all my harms,
Rest 'midst your weapons, peace amongst your arms.

"Receive me then, and let me mercy find,
As gentle love assureth me I shall:
Among you had I entertainment kind,
When first I was the Prince Tancredie's thrall:
I covet not, led by ambition blind,
You should me in my father's throne install:
Might I but serve in you my lord so dear,
That my content, my joy, my comfort were."

Thus parlied she (poor soul), and never feared
The sudden blow of fortune's cruel spite:
She stood where Phœbe's splendent beam appeared
Upon her silver armor doubly bright;
The place about her round the shining cleared
Of that pure white wherein the nymph was dight:
The tigress great that on her helmet laid,
Bore witness where she went, and where she stayed.

[On the way she is surprised by the enemy; her frightened horse carries her through the wilderness to an abode of shepherds on the banks of the Jordan. Tancred, apprised of her coming, seeks her in vain.]

Through thick and thin all night, all day, she drove,
Withouten comfort, company, or guide;
Her plaints and tears with every thought revived,
She heard and saw her griefs, but naught beside:

But when the sun his burning chariot dived
In Thetis's wave, and weary team untied,
On Jordan's sandy banks her course she stayed
At last; there down she light, and down she laid.

Her tears her drink, her food her sorrowings,
This was her diet that unhappy night;
But sleep, that sweet repose and quiet brings
To ease the griefs of discontented wight,
Spread forth his tender, soft, and nimble wings,
In his dull arms folding the virgin bright;
And Love, his mother, and the Graces, kept
Strong watch and ward while this fair lady slept.

The birds awaked her with their morning song,
Their warbling music pierced her tender ear;
The murmuring brooks and whistling winds among
The rattling boughs and leaves their parts did bear;
Her eyes unclosed beheld the groves along
Of swains and shepherd grooms the dwellings were;
And that sweet noise, birds, winds, and waters sent,
Provoked again the virgin to lament.

Her plaints were interrupted with a sound
That seemed from thickest bushes to proceed:
Some jolly shepherd sung a lusty round,
And to his voice had tuned his oaten reed.
Thither she went: an old man there she found,
At whose right hand his little flock did feed,
Sat making baskets his three sons among,
That learned their father's art and learned his song.

Beholding one in shining arms appear,
The seely man and his were sore dismayed;
But sweet Erminia comforted their fear,
Her ventail up, her visage open laid.
"You happy folk, of heaven beloved dear,
Work on," quoth she, "upon your harmless trade:
These dreadful arms I bear, no warfare bring
To your sweet toil nor those sweet tunes you sing:

"But, father, since this land, these towns and towers,
Destroyed are with sword, with fire, and spoil,
How may it be, unhurt that you and yours
In safety thus apply your harmless toil?"

"My son," quoth he, "this poor estate of ours
Is ever safe from storm of warlike broil;
This wilderness doth us in safety keep;
No thundering drum, no trumpet breaks our sleep.

"Haply just heaven, defense and shield of right,
Doth love the innocence of simple swains:
The thunderbolts on highest mountains light,
And seld or never strike the lower plains;
So kings have cause to fear Bellona's might,
Not they whose sweat and toil their dinner gains,
Nor ever greedy soldier was enticed,
By poverty, neglected and despised.

"O Poverty! chief of the heavenly brood,
Dearer to me than wealth or kingly crown,—
No wish for honor, thirst of others' good,
Can move my heart, contented with mine own.
We quench our thirst with water of this flood,
Nor fear we poison should therein be thrown;
These little flocks of sheep and tender goats
Give milk for food, and wool to make us coats.

"We little wish, we need but little wealth,
From cold and hunger us to clothe and feed;
These are my sons,—their care preserves from stealth
Their father's flocks, nor servants more I need.
Amid these groves I walk oft for my health,
And to the fishes, birds, and beasts give heed,
How they are fed in forest, spring, and lake;
And their contentment for ensample take.

"Time was—for each one hath his doting-time;
These silver locks were golden tresses then—
That country life I hated as a crime,
And from the forest's sweet contentment ran:
To Memphis's stately palace would I climb,
And there became the mighty caliph's man:
And though I but a simple gardener were,
Yet could I mark abuses, see and hear.

"Enticèd on with hope of future gain,
I suffered long what did my soul displease:
But when my youth was spent, my hope was vain,
I felt my native strength at last decrease;

I 'gan my loss of lusty years complain,

And wished I had enjoyed the country's peace:
I bade the court farewell, and with content
My later age here have I quiet spent."

While thus he spake, Erminia, hushed and still,

His wise discourses heard with great attention;
His speeches grave those idle fancies kill,
Which in her troubled soul bred such dissension.
After much thought reformed was her will:

Within those woods to dwell was her intention,
Till fortune should occasion new afford,
To turn her home to her desired lord.

She said therefore, "O shepherd fortunate!

That troubles some didst whilom feel and prove,
Yet livest now in this contented state,—

Let my mishap thy thoughts to pity move,
To entertain me as a willing mate

In shepherd's life, which I admire and love:
Within these pleasant groves perchance my heart
Of her discomfords may unload some part.

"If gold or wealth, of most esteemèd dear,

If jewels rich thou diddest hold in prize,
Such store thereof, such plenty have I here,
As to a greedy mind might well suffice."

With that down trickled many a silver tear,—
Two crystal streams fell from her watery eyes:

Part of her sad misfortunes then she told,
And wept, and with her wept that shepherd old.

With speeches kind he 'gan the virgin dear

Towards his cottage gently home to guide;
His aged wife there made her homely cheer,
Yet welcomed her, and placed her by her side.

The princess donned a poor pastora's gear,
A kerchief coarse upon her head she tied;
But yet her gestures and her looks, I guess,
Were such as ill beseemed a shepherdess.

Not those rude garments could obscure and hide

The heavenly beauty of her angel's face,
Nor was her princely offspring damnified
Or aught disparaged by those labors base:

Her little flocks to pasture would she guide,
And milk her goats, and in their folds them place;
Both cheese and butter could she make, and frame
Herself to please the shepherd and his dame.

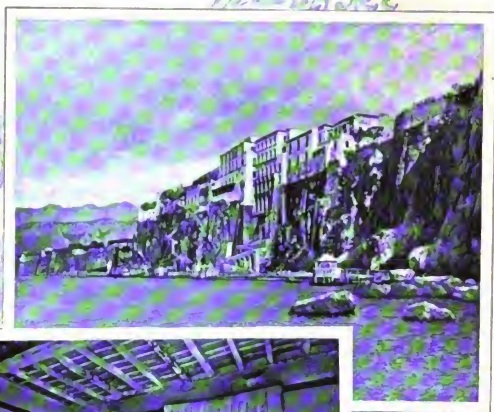
But oft, when underneath the greenwood shade
Her flocks lay hid from Phœbus's scorching rays,
Unto her knight she songs and sonnets made,
And them engraved in bark of beech and bays;
She told how Cupid did her first invade,
How conquered her, and ends with Tancred's praise:
And when her passion's writ she over read,
Again she mourned, again salt tears she shed.

"You happy trees, forever keep," quoth she,
"This woeful story in your tender rind:
Another day under your shade, maybe,
Will come to rest again some lover kind,
Who if these trophies of my griefs he sees,
Shall feel dear pity pierce his gentle mind."
With that she sighed, and said, "Too late I prove
There is no truth in fortune, trust in love.

"Yet may it be (if gracious Heavens attend
The earnest suit of a distressed wight),
At my entreat they will vouchsafe to send
To these huge deserts that unthankful knight;
That when to earth the man his eyes shall bend,
And see my grave, my tomb, and ashes light,
My woeful death his stubborn heart may move,
With tears and sorrows to reward my love:

"So, though my life hath most unhappy been,
At least yet shall my spirit dead be blest;
My ashes cold shall, buried on this green,
Enjoy the good the body ne'er possessed."
Thus she complained to the senseless treen:
Floods in her eyes, and fires were in her breast;
But he for whom these streams of tears she shed,
Wandered far off, alas! as chance him led.

Translation of Edward Fairfax.



HOUSE OF TASSO
BOSTON, MASS.

CHAPTER: OCTAGON

THE CRUSADERS GO IN PROCESSION TO MASS, PREPARATORY TO THE
ASSAULT

NEXT morn the bishops twain, the heremite,
And all the clerks and priests of less estate,
Did in the midst of the camp unite
Within a place for prayer consecrate:
Each priest adorned was in a surplice white,
The bishops donned their albes and copes of state;
Above their rochets buttoned fair before,
And mitres on their heads like crowns they wore.

Peter alone, before, spread to the wind
The glorious sign of our salvation great:
With easy pace the choir came all behind,
And hymns and psalms in order true repeat;
With sweet response in harmonious kind,
Their humble song the yielding air doth beat.
Lastly together went the reverend pair
Of prelates sage, William and Ademare.

The mighty duke came next, as princes do,
Without companion, marching all alone;
The lords and captains came by two and two;
The soldiers for their guard were armed each one.
With easy pace thus ordered, passing through
The trench and rampire, to the fields they gone;
No thundering drum, no trumpet shrill they hear,—
Their godly music psalms and prayers were.

To thee, O Father, Son, and sacred Spright,
One true, eternal, everlasting King,
To Christ's dear mother Mary, virgin bright,
Psalms of thanksgiving and of praise they sing;
To them that angels down from heaven, to fight
'Gainst the blasphemous beast and dragon, bring;
To him also that of our Savior good
Washed the sacred front in Jordan's flood;

Him likewise they invoke, callèd the rock
Whereon the Lord, they say, his Church did rear,
Whose true successors close or else unlock
The blessed gates of grace and mercy dear;
And all th' elected twelve, the chosen flock,
Of his triumphant death who witness bear;

And them by torment, slaughter, fire, and sword,
Who martyrs dièd to confirm his word;

And them also whose books and writings tell
What certain path to heavenly bliss us leads;
And hermits good and anch'resses, that dwell
Mewed up in walls, and mumble on their beads;
And virgin nuns in close and private cell,
Where (but shrift fathers) never mankind treads:
On these they callèd, and on all the rout
Of angels, martyrs, and of saints devout.

Singing and saying thus, the camp devout
Spread forth her zealous squadrons broad and wide;
Towards Mount Olivet went all this rout,—
So called of olive-trees the hill which hide;
A mountain known by fame the world throughout,
Which riseth on the city's eastern side,
From it divided by the valley green
Of Josaphat, that fills the space between.

Hither the armies went, and chaunted shrill,
That all the deep and hollow dales resound;
From hollow mounts and caves in every hill
A thousand echoes also sung around:
It seemed some choir that sung with art and skill
Dwelt in those savage dens and shady ground,
For oft resounded from the banks they hear
The name of Christ and of his mother dear.

Translation of Edward Fairfax.

CLORINDA'S EUNUCH NARRATES HER HISTORY

IN FORMER days o'er Ethiopia reigned—
Haply perchance reigns still—Senapo brave;
Who with his dusky people still maintained
The laws which Jesus to the nations gave:
'Twas in his court, a pagan and a slave,
I lived, o'er thousand maids advanced to guard,
And wait with authorized assumption grave
On her whose beauteous brows the crown instarred;
True, she was brown, but naught the brown her beauty marred.

The king adored her, but his jealousies
 Equalled the fervors of his love; the smart
At length of sharp suspicion by degrees
 Gained such ascendance in his troubled heart,
That from all men in closest bowers apart
He mewed her, where e'en heaven's chaste eyes, the bright
 Stars, were but half allowed their looks to dart:
Whilst she, meek, wise, and pure as virgin light,
Made her unkind lord's will her rule and chief delight.

Hung was her room with storied imageries
 Of martyrs and of saints: a virgin here,
On whose fair cheeks the rose's sweetest dyes
 Glowed, was depicted in distress; and near,
A monstrous dragon, which with poignant spear
An errant knight transfixing, prostrate laid:
 The gentle lady oft with many a tear
Before this painting meek confession made
Of secret faults, and mourned, and heaven's forgiveness prayed.

Pregnant meanwhile, she bore (and thou wert she)
 A daughter white as snow: th' unusual hue,
With wonder, fear, and strange perplexity
 Disturbed her, as though something monstrous too;
But as by sad experience well she knew
His jealous temper and suspicious haste,
 She cast to hide thee from thy father's view;
For in his mind (perversion most misplaced!)
Thy snowy chasteness else had argued her unchaste.

And in thy cradle to his sight exposed
 A negro's new-born infant for her own;
And as the tower wherein she lived inclosed
 Was kept by me and by her maids alone,—
To me whose firm fidelity was known,
Who loved and served her with a soul sincere,—
 She gave thee, beauteous as a rose unblown,
Yet unbaptized; for there, it would appear,
Baptized thou couldst not be in that thy natal year.

Weeping she placed thee in my arms, to bear
 To some far spot: what tongue can tell the rest!
The plaints she used; and with what wild despair
 She clasped thee to her fond maternal breast;
How many times 'twixt sighs, 'twixt tears caressed;

How oft, how very oft, her vain adieu
Sealed on thy cheek; with what sweet passion pressed
Thy little lips! At length a glance she threw
To heaven, and cried:—"Great God, that look'st all spirits
through!

"If both my heart and members are unstained,
And naught did e'er my nuptial bed defile,
(I pray not for myself; I stand arraigned
Of thousand sins, and in thy sight am vile,)
Preserve this guiltless infant, to whose smile
The tenderest mother must refuse her breast,
And from her eyes their sweetest bliss exile!
May she with chastity like mine be blessed;
But stars of happier rule have influence o'er the rest!

"And thou, blest knight, that from the cruel teeth
Of the grim dragon freed'st that holy maid,
Lit by my hands if ever odorous wreath
Rose from thy altars; if I e'er have laid
Thereon gold, cinnamon, or myrrh, and prayed
For help,—through every chance of life display,
In guardianship of her, thy powerful aid!"
Convulsions choked her words; she swooned away,
And the pale hues of death on her chill temples lay.

With tears I took thee in a little ark
So hid by flowers and leaves that none could guess
The secret; brought thee forth 'twixt light and dark,
And unsuspected, in a Moorish dress,
Passed the town walls. As through a wilderness
Of forests horrid with brown glooms I took
My pensive way, I saw, to my distress,
A tigress issuing from a bosky nook,
Rage in her scowling brows, and lightning in her look.

Wild with affright, I on the flowery ground
Cast thee, and instant climbed a tree close by:
The savage brute came up, and glancing round
In haughty menace, saw where thou didst lie;
And softening to a mild humanity
Her stern regard, with placid gestures meek,
As by thy beauty smit, came courteous nigh;
In amorous pastime fawning licked thy cheek;
And thou on her didst smile, and stroke her mantle sleek.

With her fierce muzzle and her cruel front
 Thy little hands did innocently play;
 She offered thee her teats, as is the wont
 With nurses, and adapted them, as they,
 To thy young lips; nor didst thou turn away:
 She suckled thee! a prodigy so new
 Filled me with fresh confusion and dismay.
 She, when she saw thee satisfied, withdrew
 Into the shady wood, and vanished from my view.

Again I took thee, and pursued my way
 Through woods, and vales, and wildernesses dun:
 Till in a little village making stay,
 I gave thee secretly in charge to one
 Who fondly nursed thee till the circling sun,
 With sixteen months of equatorial heat,
 Had tinged thy face; till thou too hadst begun
 To prattle of thy joys in murmurs sweet,
 And print her cottage floor with indecisive feet.

Translation of J. H. Wiffen.

TANCRED IN IGNORANCE SLAYS CLORINDA

AS ÆGEAN'S seas, when storms be calmed again
 That rolled their tumbling waves with troublous blast
 Do yet of tempests past some show retain,
 And here and there their swelling billows cast:
 So though their strength were gone, and might were vain,
 Of their first fierceness still the fury lasts;
 Wherewith sustained, they to their tackling stood,
 And heap'd wound on wound, and blood on blood.

But now, alas! the fatal hour arrives
 That her sweet life must leave that tender hold:
 His sword into her bosom deep he drives,
 And bathed in lukewarm blood his iron cold;
 Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives
 Her curious square embost with swelling gold;
 Her knees grow weak, the pains of death she feels,
 And like a fallen cedar, bends and reels.

The prince his hand upon her shield doth stretch,
 And low on earth the wounded damsel laith;
 And while she fell, with weak and woeful speech
 Her prayers last and last complaints she saith:

A spirit new did her those prayers teach,
Spirit of hope, of charity, and faith;
And though her life to Christ rebellious were,
Yet dièd she his child and handmaid dear.

"Friend, thou hast won; I pardon thee: nor save
This body, that all torments can endure,
But save my soul; baptism I dying crave,—
Come, wash away my sins with waters pure."
His heart relenting nigh in sunder rave,
With woeful speech of that sweet creature;
So that his rage, his wrath, and anger dièd,
And on his cheek salt tears for ruth down slide.

With murmur loud down from the mountain's side
A little runnel tumbled near the place:
Thither he ran and filled his helmet wide,
And quick returned to do that work of grace:
With trembling hands her beaver he untied,
Which done, he saw, and seeing knew her face,
And lost therewith his speech and moving quite,
Of woeful knowledge! Ah, unhappy sight!

He dièd not, but all his strength unites,
And to his virtues gave his heart in guard;
Bridling his grief, with water he requites
The life that he bereft with iron hard:
And while the sacred words the knight recites,
The nymph to heaven with joy herself prepared;
And as her life decays, her joys increase:
She smiled and said, "Farewell! I die in peace."

As violets blue 'mongst lilies pure men throw,
So paleness 'midst her native white begun.
Her looks to heaven she cast; their eyes, I trow,
Downward for pity bent both heaven and sun.
Her naked hand she gave the knight, in show
Of love and peace; her speech, alas! was done.
And thus the virgin fell on endless sleep:
Love, Beauty, Virtue, for your darling weep.

Translation of Edward Fairfax.

ARMIDA ENSNARES RINALDO

ARMIDA hunted him through wood and plain,
Till on Orontes's flowery bank he stayed;
There, where the stream did part and meet again,
And in the midst a gentle island made,
A pillar fair was pight beside the main,
Near which a little frigate floating laid;
The marble white the prince did long behold,
And this inscription read there writ in gold:—

“Whoso thou art whom will or chance doth bring
With happy steps to flood Orontes's sides,
Know that the world hath not so strange a thing
’Twixt east and west as this small island hides;
Then pass and see without more tarrying.”
The hasty youth to pass the stream provides;
And, for the cog was narrow, small, and strait,
Alone he rowed, and bade his squires there wait.

Landed, he stalks about, yet naught he sees
But verdant groves, sweet shades, and mossy rocks,
With caves and fountains, flowers, herbs, and trees;
So that the words he read he takes for mocks:
But that green isle was sweet at all degrees,
Wherewith, enticed, down sits he and unlocks
His closed helm, and bares his visage fair,
To take sweet breath from cool and gentle air.

A rumbling sound amid the waters deep
Meanwhile he heard, and thither turned his sight,
And tumbling in the troubled stream took keep
How the strong waves together rush and fight;
Whence first he saw, with golden tresses, peep
The rising visage of a virgin bright,
And then her neck, her breasts, and all as low
As he for shame could see or she could show.

So in the twilight doth sometimes appear
A nymph, a goddess, or a fairy queen:
And though no syren but a sprite this were,
Yet by her beauty seemed it she had been
One of those sisters false which haunted near
The Tyrrhene shores, and kept those waters sheen;
Like theirs her face, her voice was, and her sound:
And thus she sung, and pleased both skies and ground:—

"Ye happy youths, whom April fresh and May
Attire in flowering green of lusty age,
For glory vain or virtue's idle ray
Do not your tender limbs to toil engage:
In calm streams fishes, birds in sunshine play;
Who followeth pleasure he is only sage,
So nature saith,—yet 'gainst her sacred will
Why still rebel you, and why strive you still?

"O fools, who youth possess yet scorn the same,
A precious but a short-abiding treasure,—
Virtue itself is but an idle name,
Prized by the world 'bove reason all and measure;
And honor, glory, praise, renown, and fame,
That men's proud hearts bewitch with tickling pleasure.
An echo is, a shade, a dream, a flower,
With each wind blasted, spoiled with every shower.

"But let your happy souls in joy possess
The ivory castles of your bodies fair;
Your passèd harms salve with forgetfulness;
Haste not your coming ills with thought and care;
Regard no blazing star with burning tress,
Nor storm, nor threatening sky, nor thundering air:
This wisdom is, good life, and worldly bliss;
Kind teacheth us, nature commands us this."

Thus sung the spirit false, and stealing sleep
(To which her tunes enticed his heavy eyes)
By step and step did on his senses creep,
Till every limb therein unmovèd lies;
Not thunders loud could from this slumber deep
(Of quiet death true image) make him rise;
Then from her ambush forth Armida start,
Swearing revenge, and threatening torments smart:

But when she lookèd on his face awhile,
And saw how sweet he breathed, how still he lay,
How his fair eyes though closèd seem to smile,
At first she stayed, astound with great dismay;
Then sat her down (so love can art beguile),
And as she sat and looked, fled fast away
Her wrath. Thus on his forehead gazed the maid,
As in his spring Narcissus tooting laid.

And with a veil she wipèd now and then
From his fair cheek the globes of silver sweat
And cool air gathered with a trembling fan
To mitigate the rage of melting heat:
Thus (who would think it?) his hot eye-glance can
Of that cold frost dissolve the hardness great
Which late congealed the heart of that fair dame,
Who, late a foe, a lover now became.

Of woodbines, lilies, and of roses sweet,
Which proudly flowered through that wanton plain,
All platted fast, well knit, and joinèd meet,
She framed a soft but surely holding chain,
Wherewith she bound his neck, his hands, and feet.
Thus bound, thus taken, did the prince remain,
And in a coach, which two old dragons drew,
She laid the sleeping knight, and thence she flew.

Nor turned she to Damascus's kingdom large,
Nor to the fort built in Asphalte's lake,
But jealous of her dear and precious charge,
And of her love ashamed, the way did take
To the wide ocean, whither skiff or barge
From us both seld or never voyage make,
And there, to frolic with her love awhile,
She chose a waste, a sole and desert isle;

An isle that with her fellows bears the name
Of Fortunate, for temperate air and mold:
There on a mountain high alight the dame,
A hill obscured with shades of forests old,
Upon whose sides the witch by art did frame
Continual snow, sharp frost, and winter cold;
But on the top, fresh, pleasant, sweet, and green,
Beside a lake a palace built this queen:

There in perpetual, sweet, and flowering spring,
She lives at ease, and joys her lord at will.

Translation of Edward Fairfax.

THE TWO KNIGHTS IN SEARCH FOR RINALDO REACH THE FORTUNATE
ISLAND, AND DISCOVER THE FOUNTAIN OF LAUGHTER

"SEE here the stream of laughter, see the spring"
(Quoth they) "of danger and of deadly pain:
Here fond desire must by fair governing
Be ruled, our lust bridled with wisdom's rein;
Our ears be stoppèd while these syrens sing,
Their notes enticing man to pleasure vain."
Thus past they forward where the stream did make
An ample pond, a large and spacious lake.

There on the table was all dainty food
That sea, that earth, or liquid air could give:
And in the crystal of the laughing flood
They saw two naked virgins bathe and dive,
That sometimes toying, sometimes wrestling stood,
Sometimes for speed and skill in swimming strive:
Now underneath they dived, now rose above,
And 'ticing baits laid forth of lust and love.

These naked wantons, tender, fair, and white,
Movèd so far the warriors' stubborn hearts,
That on their shapes they gazèd with delight;
The nymphs applied their sweet alluring arts,
And one of them above the waters quite
Lift up her head, her breasts, and higher parts,
And all that might weak eyes subdue and take;
Her lower beauties veiled the gentle lake.

As when the morning star, escaped and fled
From greedy waves, with dewy beams upflies,
Or as the queen of love, new born and bred
Of th' ocean's fruitful froth, did first arise;
So vented she, her golden locks forth shed
Round pearls and crystal moist therein which lies.
But when her eyes upon the knights she cast,
She start, and feigned her of their sight aghast:

And her fair locks, that on a knot were tied
High on her crown, she 'gan at large unfold;
Which falling long and thick, and spreading wide,
The ivory soft and white mantled in gold:
Thus her fair skin the dame would clothe and hide,
And that which hid it no less fair was hold;

Thus clad in waves and locks, her eyes divine
From them ashamèd did she turn and twine:

Withal she smilèd, and she blushèd withal,
Her blush her smiling, smiles her blushing graced;
Over her face her amber tresses fall,
Whereunder love himself in ambush placed:
At last she warbled forth a treble small,
And with sweet looks her sweet songs interlaced:
"O happy men! that have the grace" (quoth she)
"This bliss, this heaven, this paradise to see.

"This is the place wherein you may assuage
Your sorrows past; here is that joy and bliss
That flourished in the antique Golden Age;
Here needs no law, here none doth aught amiss.
Put off those arms, and fear not Mars his rage,
Your sword, your shield, your helmet needless is;
Then consecrate them here to endless rest,—
You shall love's champions be and soldiers blest."

Translation of Edward Fairfax.

ERMINIA CURES TANCRED; AND IS SUPPOSED TO BECOME HIS BRIDE

[Tancred, in a second single combat in a secluded spot, slays Argantes; but from exhaustion, falls himself in a death-like swoon beside the body of his foe. Erminia, having been discovered by Vafirino, a spy from the army of the Christians, is returning under his escort. He stumbles upon the bodies, and recognizes the hero. She laments over him thus.]

"**T**HOUGH gone, though dead, I love thee still; behold
Death wounds but kills not love: yet if thou live,
Sweet soul, still in his breast, my follies bold
Ah pardon, love's desires and stealth forgive:
Grant me from his pale mouth some kisses cold,
Since death doth love of just reward deprive,
And of thy spoils, sad death, afford me this,—
Let me his mouth, pale, cold, and bloodless, kiss.

"O gentle mouth! with speeches kind and sweet
Thou didst relieve my grief, my woe, and pain;
Ere my weak soul from this frail body fleet,
Ah, comfort me with one dear kiss or twain;

Perchance, if we alive had happed to meet,
 They had been given which now are stolen: oh vain,
 O feeble life, betwixt his lips out fly!
 Oh, let me kiss thee first, then let me die!

"Receive my yielded spirit, and with thine
 Guide it to heaven, where all true love hath place."
 This said, she sighed and tore her tresses fine,
 And from her eyes two streams poured on his face.
 The man, revived with those showers divine,
 Awaked, and opened his lips a space;
 His lips were opened, but fast shut his eyes,
 And with her sighs one sigh from him upflies.

The dame perceived that Tancred breathed and sight,
 Which calmed her griefs some deal and eased her fears:
 "Unclose thine eyes" (she says), "my lord and knight,
 See my last services, my complaints, and tears;
 See her that dies to see thy woeful plight,
 That of thy pain her part and portion bears:
 Once look on me: small is the gift I crave,—
 The last which thou canst give, or I can have."

Tancred looked up, and closed his eyes again,
 Heavy and dim; and she renewed her woe.
 Quoth Vafrene, "Cure him first and then complain:
 Medicine is life's chief friend, plaint her worst foe."
 They plucked his armor off, and she each vein,
 Each joint, and sinew felt and handled so,
 And searched so well each thrust, each cut, and wound,
 That hope of life her love and skill soon found.

From weariness and loss of blood she spied
 His greatest pains and anguish most proceed.
 Naught but her veil amid those deserts wide
 She had to bind his wounds in so great need:
 But love could other bands (though strange) provide,
 And pity wept for joy to see that deed;
 For with her amber locks, cut off, each wound
 She tied—O happy man, so cured, so bound!

For why? her veil was short and thin, those deep
 And cruel hurts to fasten, roll, and bind:
 Nor salve nor simple had she; yet to keep
 Her knight alive, strong charms of wondrous kind

She said, and from him drove that deadly sleep,
That now his eyes he lifted, turned, and twined,
And saw his squire, and saw that courteous dame
In habits strange, and wondered whence she came.

He said, "O Vafrine, tell me whence com'st thou,
And who this gentle surgeon is, disclose."
She smiled, she sighed, she looked she wist not how,
She wept, rejoiced, she blushed as red as rose:
"You shall know all" (she says); "your surgeon now
Commands your silence, rest, and soft repose;
You shall be sound, prepare my guerdon meet."
His head then laid she in her bosom sweet.

Translation of Edward Fairfax.

THE RECONCILIATION OF RINALDO AND ARMIDA

[The two knights, having safely passed the terrors and the seductions of the Enchanted Gardens, discover Rinaldo in the Bower of Bliss in the arms of Armida. Stung by shame and remorse, he returns with them to the camp, notwithstanding the entreaties, reproaches, and incantations of Armida; and takes a glorious part in the final struggles. Armida, mortified and enraged against him, offers her kingdom, her treasures, and herself to any knight who will kill him, and joins the Egyptian army and does great execution upon the Crusaders. But the field being lost, in terror of gracing the Conqueror's triumphal car she decides on suicide. At the moment when she is plunging one of her own darts into her breast, Rinaldo arrests the stroke and throws his arm around her waist; and while she struggles to escape, and bursts into tears (it is uncertain whether from anger or affection), he pleads with her with the following result.]

"**B**UT if you trust no speech, no word,
Yet in mine eyes my zeal, my truth behold:
For to that throne whereof thy sire was lord,
I will restore thee, crown thee with that gold;
And if high Heaven would so much grace afford
As from thy heart this cloud, this veil unfold
Of Paganism, in all the East no dame
Should equalize thy fortune, state, and fame."

Thus plaineth he, thus prays, and his desire
Endears with sighs that fly and tears that fall;
That as against the warmth of Titan's fire
Snowdrifts consume on tops of mountains tall,

So melts her wrath, but love remains entire:

"Behold" (she says) "your handmaid and your thrall:
My life, my crown, my wealth, use at your pleasure."
Thus death her life became, loss proved her treasure.

Translation of Edward Fairfax.

THE AMINTA

[The young hero, Amintas, tells his love for the beautiful Sylvia; how they played together as children; and then as boy and girl together fished, snared birds together, hunted,—and how, while they chased the deer, the mightier hunter Love made Amintas his prey. He drank a strange joy from Sylvia's eyes, which yet left a bitter taste behind; he sighed and knew not why; he loved before he knew what love meant. When Sylvia cured her young friend Phyllis of a bee's sting on her lip, by putting her mouth close to hers and murmuring a charm, Amintas straightway felt a desire for the same delightful experience, and secured it by pretending that he had received a like wound. At length the fire grew too great to be hidden. At a game in which each whispered a secret to his neighbor, Amintas murmured in Sylvia's ear, "I burn for thee; I shall die unless thou aid me." But Sylvia blushed with shame and wrath, not with love; made him no answer; and has been, as he sorrowfully says, his enemy from that day forward. Thrice since then has the reaper bent to his toil, thrice has winter shaken the green leaves from the trees; but though Amintas has tried every method of appeasing Sylvia's anger, it seems all in vain, and no hope remains for him but death. This despair makes him disclose his long-hidden sorrows.]

" I AM content,
Thyrsis, to tell thee what the woods and hills
And rivers know, but men as yet know not.
For I am now so near unto my death,
That fit 'tis I should give one leave to rehearse
That death's occasion, and to grave my story
Upon some beech-tree's bark, near to the place
Where my dead body shall have found a tomb;
So that the cruel maiden passing by
May with proud foot rejoice to trample on
My wretched bones, and say within herself,
'This is my trophy,' and exult to see
Her victory known to every single shepherd,
Home-bred, or foreign guided here by chance:
Haply, too (ah! too much to hope), one day
It may be that she, moved by tardy pity,
May weep him dead whom she when living slew,
And say, 'Would he were here, and he were mine!'"

Translation of E. J. Hasell.

[The young shepherd's boyish despair is touching in its mournful resignation, but it fails to move Sylvia's heart. Vainly does he rescue her from the ruthless hands of a satyr who had already bound her to a tree. Released by Amintas, she flees without giving him a word of thanks. But while the youth's friends are with difficulty restraining him from killing himself at this fresh and seemingly final blow, bad news comes from the forest. Sylvia's useless dart is brought back from thence, with her white veil covered with blood: she has to all appearance been devoured by the fierce wolves she so intrepidly pursued. "Why was I not allowed to die before I could hear such tidings?" cries Amintas. "Give me that veil, the one only wretched thing left me of my Sylvia, to be my companion in the short journey that lies before me." And grasping it, he goes and casts himself headlong down a precipice.

Shortly after his departure, Sylvia, not dead, not even wounded, reappears on the scene, and calmly explains how the mistaken report of her death had arisen. "Ah!" says Daphne, the friend who all along had blamed her coldness, "you live, but Amintas is dead." Her words are confirmed by the messenger who comes in, after the way of the classic drama, to narrate the catastrophe. Sylvia's heart is melted; she regrets her severity, and says that if a hater's falsely reported death has killed Amintas, it is only fit that she should herself be slain by the true tidings of the death of so true a lover.]

"Let me

First bury him, then die upon his grave.

Farewell, ye shepherds! plains, woods, streams, farewell!"

[Elpino, the favorite of the Muses, enters in the last act to explain how Amintas, stunned, not killed, by his fall, was brought to life by the tears of Sylvia, whose aged father has been sent for to bless their happy union.

The lyrics of the Chorus are very melodious. Most celebrated of all is its song at the end of the first act.]

THE GOLDEN AGE

"O bella età dell' oro"

O LOVELY age of gold!

Not that the rivers rolled

With milk, or that the woods wept honey-dew;

Not that the ready ground

Produced without a wound,

Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slew;

Not that a cloudless blue

For ever was in sight,

Or that the heaven, which burns

And now is cold by turns,

Looked out in glad and everlasting light;
 No, not that even the insolent ships from far
 Brought war to no new lands, nor riches worse than war:

But solely that that vain
 And breath-invented pain,
 That idol of mistake, that worshiped cheat,
 That Honor,—since so called
 By vulgar minds appalled,—
 Played not the tyrant with our nature yet.
 It had not come to fret
 The sweet and happy fold
 Of gentle human-kind;
 Nor did its hard law bind
 Souls nursed in freedom; but that law of gold,
 That glad and golden law, all free, all fitted,
 Which Nature's own hand wrote: What pleases is permitted.

Then among streams and flowers
 The little winged powers
 Went singing carols without torch or bow;
 The nymphs and shepherds sat
 Mingling with innocent chat
 Sports and low whispers; and with whispers low,
 Kisses that would not go.
 The maiden, budding o'er,
 Kept not her bloom un-eyed,
 Which now a veil must hide,
 Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore;
 And oftentimes, in river or in lake,
 The lover and his love their merry bath would take.

'Twas thou, thou, Honor, first
 That didst deny our thirst
 Its drink, and on the fount thy covering set;
 Thou bad'st kind eyes withdraw
 Into constrained awe,
 And keep the secret for their tears to wet;
 Thou gather'dst in a net
 The tresses from the air,
 And mad'st the sports and plays
 Turn all to sullen ways,
 And putt'st on speech a rein, in steps a care.
 Thy work it is,—thou shade, that will not move,—
 That what was once the gift is now the theft of love.

Our sorrows and our pains,
 These are thy noble gains.
 But, O thou Love's and Nature's masterer,
 Thou conqueror of the crowned,
 What dost thou on this ground,
 Too small a circle for thy mighty sphere?
 Go, and make slumber dear
 To the renowned and high:
 We here, a lowly race,
 Can live without thy grace,
 After the use of mild antiquity.
 Go, let us love; since years
 No truce allow, and life soon disappears.
 Go, let us love: the daylight dies, is born;
 But unto us the light
 Dies once for all, and sleep brings on eternal night.

Translation of Leigh Hunt.

ODE TO THE RIVER METAURO

(A fragment written at the age of forty, and left unfinished.)

CHILD of great Apennine!
 River, if small yet far renowned,
 More glorious than by waters, through thy name,—
 I these thy banks benign
 A flying pilgrim seek: their courteous fame
 Make good; let rest and safety here be found.
 And may that oak which thou dost bathe, whose frame
 Fed well by thy sweet waters, stretches wide
 Its branches, seas and mountains shadowing,
 O'er me its safe shade fling!

Thou sacred shade, which hast to none denied
 'Neath thy cool leaves a hospitable seat,
 Now 'mid thy thickest boughs receive and fold me;
 Lest that blind, cruel goddess should behold me,
 Who spies me out, though blind, in each retreat,
 Albeit I crouch to hide in mount or vale,
 And lit by moonbeams pale,
 At midnight ply on lonely track my feet;
 Yet with sure aim her darts still wound, and show
 Her eyes as arrows keen to work my woe.

Ah me! from that first day
 That I drew breath, and opened first
 Mine eyes to this, to me still troubled light,
 I was the mark, the play
 Of evil, lawless Fate; whose hand accursed
 Gave wounds that longer years have scarce set right.
 This knows that glorious Siren bright,
 Beside whose tomb me the soft cradle pressed:
 Ah! would that at that first envenomed wound
 I there a grave had found!

*Me cruel Fortune from my mother's breast
 Tore, yet a child: ah! those fond kisses
 Bathed by the tears that sheds her anguish,
 I here, with sighs remembering, languish,
 And her warm prayers—prayers that the wind dismisses;
 For not again might I lay face to face,
 Clasped in that close embrace
 By arms the treasury of my infant blisses:
 Thenceforth, like Trojan boy or Volscian maid,
 My weak steps followed where my father strayed.*

I 'mid those wanderings grew,
 In exile bitter and hard poverty,
 And sense untimely of my sorrows gained:
 For ripeness, ere 'twas due,
 Mischance and suffering brought to me,
 Sad wisdom learning while my heart was pained.
 My sire's weak age despoiled, his wrongs sustained,
 Must I narrate? Does not my proper woe
 Make me so rich, that no more store I need
 Whereon my grief to feed?

Whose case, save mine, should bid my tears to flow?
 My sighs are all too few for my desire;
 Nor can my tears, though in abundance given,
 Equal my pain. Thou, who dost view from heaven,—
 Father, good father, unto God now nigher,—
 I wept thee sick and dead, this know'st thou well;
 With groans my hot tears fell
 Thy bed, thy tomb upon: but now, raised higher
 To endless joys, I honor thee, not mourn;
 My whole grief pouring on my state forlorn.

Translation of E. J. Hasell.

CONGEDO AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE 'RINALDO'

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN

Dedicated to Cardinal Luigi d'Esté

THUS have I sung, in battle-field and bower,
Rinaldo's cares, and prattled through my page,
Whilst other studies claimed the irksome hour,
In the fourth lustre of my verdant age;
Studies from which I hoped to have the power
The wrongs of adverse fortune to assuage;
Ungrateful studies, whence I pine away
Unknown to others, to myself a prey.

Yet oh! if Heaven should e'er my wishes crown
With ease, released from law's discordant maze,
To spend on the green turf, in forests brown,
With bland Apollo whole harmonious days,
Then might I spread, Luigi, thy renown,
Where'er the sun darts forth resplendent rays;
Thyself the genial spirit should infuse,
And to thy virtues wake a worthier Muse.

Be thou, first fruit of fancy and of toil,
Child of few hours and those most fugitive!
Dear little book, born on the sunny soil
By Brenta's wave! may all kind planets give
To thee the spring no winter shall despoil,
Life to go forth when I have ceased to live;
Gathering rich fame beyond our country's bounds,
And mixed with songs with which the world resounds.

Yet ere I bid thy truant leaves adieu,
Ere yet thou seek'st the prince whose name, impressed
Deep in my heart, upon thy front we view,—
Too poor a portal for so great a guest!—
Go, find out him from whom my birth I drew,
Life of my life! and whose the rich bequest
Has been, if aught of beautiful or strong
Adorns my life and animates my song.

He, with that keen and searching glance which knows
To pierce beyond the veil of dim disguise,
Shall see the faults that lie concealed so close
To the short vision of my feeble eyes,

And with that pen which joins the truth of prose
 To tuneful fable, shall the verse chastise
 (Far as its youth the trial can endure),
 And grace thy page with beauties more mature.

Translation of J. H. Wiffen.

TO THE PRINCESS LEONORA

WHEN FORBIDDEN BY HER PHYSICIANS TO SING

Ahi! ben è reo destin, che invidia e toglie

O H! 'TIS a merciless decree,
 That to the envied world denies
 The sound of that sweet voice which we
 So much admire, so dearly prize!

The noble thought and dulcet lay,
 Breathing of passions so refined
 By Honor's breath, would drive away
 Sharp sorrow from the gloomiest mind.

Yet 'tis enough for our deserts,
 That eyes and smiles so calm and coy
 Diffuse through our enchanted hearts
 A holy and celestial joy.

There would be no more blessed place
 Than this, our spirits to rejoice,
 If, as we view thy heavenly face,
 We also heard thy heavenly voice!

Translation of J. H. Wiffen.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER THE POET'S ARRIVAL AT FERRARA

Amor l' alma m' allaccia

L OVE binds my soul in chains of bliss
 Firm, rigorous, strict, and strong;
 I am not sorrowful for this,
 But why I quarrel with him is,
 He quite ties up my tongue.

When I my lady should salute,
 I can on no pretense;

But timid and confused stand mute,
Or, wandering in my reason, suit
My speech but ill with sense.

Loose, gentle love, my tongue, and if
Thou'lt not give up one part
Of thy great power, respect my grief,
Take off this chain in kind relief,
And add it to my heart!

TO LEONORA OF ESTÉ

Al nobil colle, ove in antichi marmi

[Written when the Princess was on a visit to her uncle, the Cardinal Ippolito II. d'Esté, at his villa at Tivoli, considered the most beautiful in Italy.]

TO THE romantic hills, where free
To thine enchanted eyes,
Works of Greek taste in statuary
Of antique marble rise,
My thought, fair Leonora, roves,
And with it to their gloom of groves
Fast bears me as it flies;
For far from thee, in crowds unblest,
My fluttering heart but ill can rest.

There to the rock, cascade, and grove,
On mosses dropt with dew,
Like one who thinks and sighs of love
The livelong summer through,
Oft would I dictate glorious things,
Of heroes, to the Tuscan strings
Of my sweet lyre anew;
And to the brooks and trees around,
Ippolito's high name resound.

But now what longer keeps me here?
And who, dear lady, say,
O'er Alpine rocks and marshes drear,
A weary length of way,
Guide me to thee? so that, enwreathed
With leaves by Poesy bequeathed
From Daphne's hallowed bay,
I trifle thus in song?—Adieu!
Let the soft zephyr whisper who.

TO THE PRINCESS LUCRETIA
WHILE SOJOURNING WITH HER AND HER HUSBAND AT CASTELDURANTE

Negli anni acerbi

THOU, lady, in thine early days
Of life didst seem a purple rose,
That dreads the suitor sun's warm rays,
Nor dares its virgin breast disclose;
But coy, and crimsoning to be seen,
Lies folded yet in leaves of green.

Or rather (for no earthly thing
Was like thee then), thou didst appear
Divine Aurora, when her wing
On every blossom shakes a tear,
And spangled o'er with dewdrops cold,
The mountain summits tints with gold.

Those days are past; yet from thy face
No charm the speeding years have snatched,
But left it ripening every grace,
In perfect loveliness, unmatched
By what thou wert, when, young and shy,
Thy timid graces shunned the eye.

More lovely looks the flower matured,
When full its fragrant leaves it spreads;
More rich the sun, when, unobscured,
At noon a brighter beam it sheds:
Thou, in thy beauty, blindest both
The sun's ascent and rose's growth.

Translation of J. H. Wiffen.

TO TARQUINIA MOLZA
A LADY CELEBRATED FOR HER BEAUTY AND HER ITALIAN VERSES

Mostra la verde terra

THE green earth of its wealth displays
White violets, and the lovely sun
Its sparkling crown of rosy rays
O'er shaded vale and mountain dun.

Thou, lady, for thy sign of wealth,
Of genius, beauty, thought sublime,

Fling'st forth in glorious show by stealth
The riches of unfading rhyme.

And whilst thy laurels, charmed from blight,
Thus greenly mock the passing hours,
Thy verses all are rays of light,
Thy living thoughts ambrosial flowers.

Translation of J. H. Wiffen.

TO THE DUKE OF FERRARA

IMPLORING LIBERATION FROM HIS DREADFUL PRISON

O magnanimo figlio

O GLORIOUS prince, magnanimous increase
Of great Alcides, whose paternal worth
Thou dost transcend! to thee who in sweet peace
From troublous exile to thy royal hearth
Received'st me erst,—again, yet once again,
I turn, and faint from my deep cell, my knee,
Heart, soul, and weeping eyes incline; to thee
My lips, long silent, I unclothe in pain,
And unto thee, but not of thee, complain.

Turn thy mild eyes, and see where a vile crowd
Throng,—where the pauper pines, the sick man moans;
See where, with death on his shrunk cheeks, aloud
Thy once-loved servant groans;
Where, by a thousand sorrows wrung, his eyes
Grown dim and hollow, his weak limbs devoid
Of vital humor, wasting, and annoyed
By dirt and darkness, he ignobly lies,
Envyng the sordid lot of those to whom
The pity comes which cheers their painful doom.

Pity is spent, and courtesy to me
Grown a dead sound, if in thy noble breast
They spring not: what illimitable sea
Of evil rushes on my soul distrest!
What joy for Tasso now remains? Alas!
The stars in heaven, the nobles of the earth
Are sworn against my peace; and all that pass
War with the strains to which my harp gives birth:

Whilst I to all the angry host make plea
In vain for mercy,—most of all to thee!

Translation of J. H. Wiffen

TO THE PRINCESSES OF FERRARA

FOR THEIR INTERCESSION WITH THE DUKE

O figlie di Renanta

DAUGHTERS of lorn Renée, give ear! to you
I talk, in whom birth, beauty, sense refined,
Virtue, gentility, and glory true
Are in such perfect harmony combined;
To you my sorrows I unfold,—a scroll
Of bitterness,—my wrongs, my griefs, my fears,
Part of my tale;—I cannot tell the whole,
But by rebellious tears!
I will recall you to yourselves, renew
Memory of me, your courtesies, your smile
Of gracious kindness, and (vowed all to you)
My past delightful years:
What then I was, what am: what, woe the while!
I am reduced to beg; from whence; what star
Guided me hither; who with bolt and bar
Confines; and who, when I for freedom grieved,
Promised me hope, yet still that hope deceived!

These I call back to you, O slips divine
Of glorious demigods and kings! and if
My words are weak and few, the tears which grief
Wrings out are eloquent enough: I pine
For my loved lutes, lyres, laurels; for the shine
Of suns; for my dear studies, sports, my late
So elegant delights,—mirth, music, wine;
Piazzas, palaces, where late I sate,
Now the loved servant, now the social friend,—
For health destroyed, for freedom at an end,
The gloom—the solitude—th' eternal grate—
And for the laws the Charities provide,
Oh, agony! to me denied! denied!

From my sweet brotherhood of men, alas,
Who shuts me out!

Translation of J. H. Wiffen.

TO THE DUKE ALPHONSO

BEGGING FOR A LITTLE WINE TO BE SENT TO HIS CELL

Col giro omai delle stagioni eterno

NOW in the seasons' ceaseless round, the earth
 Pours forth its fruits; the elm sustains with pride
 The ripe productions of his fruitful bride,
 To whom the smiling suns of spring gave birth;
 In luxury now, as though disdaining dearth,
 Bursts the black grape; its juice ambrosial flows:
 Wherefore so tardy to console my woes?
 The rich Falernian sparkles in its mirth!
 This with its generous juice the generous fills
 With joy, and turns my Lord's dark cares to bliss:
 Not so with mine; but o'er my various ills
 It pours the dews of sweet forgetfulness,
 Inducing blest repose: ah, let me find
 This slight relief, this Lethe of the mind!

Translation of J. H. Wiffen.

OR CHE L'AURA MIA*

TILL Laura comes,—who now, alas! elsewhere
 Breathes amid fields and forests hard of heart,—
 Bereft of joy I stray from crowds apart
 In this dark vale, 'mid grief and ire's foul air,
 Where there is nothing left of bright or fair.
 Since Love has gone a rustic to the plow,
 Or feeds his flocks, or in the summer now
 Handles the rake, now plies the scythe with care.
 Happy the mead and valley, hill and wood,
 Where man and beast, and almost tree and stone,
 Seem by her look with sense and joy endued!
 What is not changed on which her eyes e'er shone?
 The country courteous grows, the city rude,
 Even from her presence or her loss alone.

Translation of Richard Henry Wilde.

*A play on the word "L'Aura" (the breeze) and the name Laura.

BAYARD TAYLOR

(1825-1878)

BY ALBERT H. SMYTH

BAYARD TAYLOR was born in Kennett Square, Chester County, Pennsylvania, January 11th, 1825. The story of his life is the history of a struggle. His career began in humble circumstances, and ended in splendor. The love of letters was awakened in him in childhood; he yielded passionate homage to the great names of literature. When he was seven years old he grieved over



BAYARD TAYLOR

the death of Goethe and of Scott, and in the same year (1832) composed his first poems. His early surroundings tended to repress his enthusiasms. He inherited two strains of blood, German and English. By the first he was related to the Lancaster Mennonites who had migrated from East Switzerland, and who spoke the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect; by the other he was kin to the seventeenth-century Mendenhall family of Wiltshire, and the Cheshire Taylors. He was raised in a Quaker atmosphere which suppressed imagination and emotion. When he was nineteen years old, he said he

felt as if he were sitting in an exhausted receiver, while the air which should nourish his spiritual life could only be found in distant lands. The courage, restless curiosity, and push of the country lad found a way to finer air. He published in 1844 a little volume of poems called 'Ximena, or the Battle of the Sierra Morena.' With the small profits of this literary venture, and a few dollars advanced by Philadelphia editors, Bayard Taylor, in company with two friends, left New York July 1st, 1844, bound for Liverpool. For two years he traveled on foot through Europe, eagerly studying the memorials of art and history, enduring every hardship and privation, often penniless and hungry, never without hope and courage, and always welcoming returning joy.

"Born in the New World, ripened in the old," Berthold Auerbach said of him. This first tramp trip abroad was symbolic of his whole

life. It showed splendid energy, and acute sensibility; and it was really Bayard Taylor's university education, supplying the deficiencies of his simple life and country schooling. Although a safe and at times brilliant literary critic, and although his wide reading qualified him for the professorship of German literature at Cornell University, he was not a scholar. He was never sure of his Latin, and Greek he did not begin to study until he was fifty. His education came largely from travel; he picked his knowledge from the living bush.

It was as a traveler that he was most widely known, though it was the reputation that he least cared for. His great success as a public lecturer was largely due to his fame as a traveler. He published eleven books of travel, beginning with 'Views Afoot, or Europe Seen with Knapsack and Staff' (1846),—a work so popular that it went through twenty editions in ten years.

N. P. Willis introduced Bayard Taylor to the literary society of New York; and before the end of January 1848, Horace Greeley offered him a situation on the Tribune. In one capacity or another he continued to serve the Tribune until his death; and he was one of the most eagerly industrious and prolific writers on the staff. For the Tribune he visited California in 1849; and his letters from the gold fields were republished in 'Eldorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire.'

Two years of distant travel, in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, proceeding by the White Nile to the country of the Shillooks, gave him the materials for 'A Journey to Central Africa,' 'The Lands of the Saracen,' and 'A Visit to India, China, and Japan.'

Subsequent journeys resulted in 'Northern Travel,' 'Travels in Greece and Russia,' 'At Home and Abroad,' 'Colorado: a Summer Trip,' and 'Byways of Europe.' The chief merit of Taylor's books of travel is reportorial. They tell of adventure, of courage and persistence. They make no pretense to antiquarian knowledge, they attempt no theory or speculation; but simply and vividly they tell the visible aspects of the countries they describe. Architecture, scenery, and habits of life, stand in clear outline, and justify the criticism that has named Bayard Taylor "the best American reporter of scenes and incidents."

Bayard Taylor's literary triumphs were not made in English literature alone. His inclinations were toward German life and letters. Goethe was his chief literary passion. Like him he yearned after "the unshackled range of all experience." The calm self-poise and symmetrical culture of Goethe fascinated him. He craved intellectual novelty, and continually wheeled into new orbits; seeking, as he wrote to E. C. Stedman, "the establishing of my own *Entelechia*—

the making of all that is possible out of such powers as I may have, without violently forcing or distorting them." Astonishing versatility is the chief note of his life and of his inclusive literary career. He was famous as a traveler, and successful as a diplomatist in Russia and in Germany. To his eleven volumes of travels he added four novels, several short stories, a history of Germany, two volumes of critical essays and studies in German and English literature, a famous translation of 'Faust,' and thirteen volumes of poems comprising almost every variety of verses,—odes, idyls, ballads, lyrics, pastorals, dramatic romances, and lyrical dramas.

For seven years he worked upon his translation of 'Faust,' which he completed in 1870. The immense difficulties of the poem he attacked with unrelenting energy, and with a singularly intimate knowledge of the German language. He undertook to render the poem in the original metres, and in this respect succeeded beyond all other translators. The dedication 'An Goethe' which Taylor published in his translation is a masterpiece of German verse. It can stand side by side with Goethe's own dedication without paling a syllable. Taylor was completely saturated with German literature; and in his lectures upon Lessing, Klopstock, Schiller, and Goethe, his illustrative quotations were the genuine droppings from the comb. He was widely read and appreciated in Germany. When he delivered in German, at Weimar, his lecture upon American literature, the whole court was present; and among his auditors were the grandchildren of Carl August, Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Wieland. When he was minister to Berlin, every facility was given him to pursue those studies in the lives of Goethe and Schiller which would have resulted in the crowning work of his life, but which were destined never to be completed.

It was partly with the hope of working a lucrative literary vein that would take the place of the repugnant lecturing trade, that he turned his attention to the novel. 'Hannah Thurston' and 'The Story of Kennett' are attempts to interpret the life of his native region in Pennsylvania. The beautiful pastoral landscapes of the Chester valley, and the homely life of its fertile farms, he dwells affectionately upon; but the curious crotchets and fads of the Quaker community in which he grew up are ridiculed and rebuked. Spiritualism, vegetarianism, teetotalism, and all the troop of unreasoning "isms" of the hour, enter into the plot of 'Hannah Thurston.' 'John Godfrey's Fortunes' is constructed out of the author's literary and social experiences in New York about 1850, and is to a considerable extent autobiographical.

Bayard Taylor's darling ambition was to be remembered as a poet. However he might experiment in other fields of literature, and

however enviable the distinctions he might win in statecraft and in scholarship, nothing could reconcile him to the slightest sense of failure in his poetic endeavor. He had real lyric genius, as is abundantly shown in the 'Poems of the Orient': 'The Bedouin Song'—paralleled only in Shelley—and 'The Song of the Camp' are two lyrics that will last as long as anything in American poetry. The sadness of Bayard Taylor's life was its frustrated purpose. It was a full and happy life as a whole, for his work was a joy to him, and he dwelt always in an atmosphere of generous and noble thoughts; yet the reward often seemed inadequate to the high endeavor. He had a generous plan of life, he was ambitious for himself and family. He acquired a large estate, and built an expensive house,—Cedarcroft,—at Kennett Square, and lived an open, generous, hospitable life. Involved in heavy domestic expenses, he never knew the value of freedom. His life became a struggle for the means to live, and he had neither time nor opportunity to refine his exquisite sense of lyric harmony.

He planned great poems like 'Prince Deukalion' and 'The Masque of the Gods,' which insensibly convey the impression of vast movements in human affairs, of the strange stirrings of nations and races, but which are distinctly poems of the intellect. He had splendid rhetoric, and his verse was sonorous, resonant, and at times—as in the 'National Ode'—stately. Had he devoted himself to song, he would have been a noble poet; but he had a dozen kinds of talent, and he had restless curiosity and ambition. His health failed under the stress of labor and the strain of care. In 1878 he was appointed minister to Germany. At last success seemed to be attained, and the long struggle was over. But his vital powers were overtaxed. He took the ovations of his friends with an abandon which left him physically exhausted long before he sailed. He died in Berlin, December 19th, 1878.

A large, flowing handwritten signature in black ink, which appears to read "Bayard Taylor". The script is cursive and elegant, with long, sweeping strokes.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

Address at the dedication of the Halleck Monument at Guilford, Connecticut, July 8th, 1869. From 'Critical Essays and Literary Notes.' Copyright 1880, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

WE HAVE been eighty years an organized nation, ninety-three years an independent people, more than two hundred years an American race; and to-day, for the first time in our history, we meet to dedicate publicly, with appropriate honors, a monument to an American poet. The occasion is thus lifted above the circle of personal memories which inspired it, and takes its place as the beginning of a new epoch in the story of our culture. It carries our thoughts back of the commencement of this individual life, into the elements from which our literature grew; and forward, far beyond the closing of the tomb before us, into the possible growth and glory of the future.

The rhythmical expression of emotion, or passion, or thought, is a need of the human race coeval with speech, universal as religion, the prophetic forerunner as well as the last-begotten offspring of civilization. Poetry belongs equally to the impressible childhood of a people and to the refined ease of their maturity. It is both the instinctive effort of nature and the loftiest ideal of art; receding to farther and farther spheres of spiritual beauty as men rise to the capacity for its enjoyment. But our race was transferred, half-grown, from the songs of its early ages and the inspiring associations of its past, and set here face to face with stern tasks which left no space for the lighter play of the mind. The early generations of English bards gradually become foreign to us; for their songs, however sweet, were not those of our home. We profess to claim an equal share in Chaucer and Spenser and Shakespeare, but it is a hollow pretense. They belong to our language, but we cannot truly feel that they belong to us as a people. The destiny that placed us on this soil robbed us of the magic of tradition, the wealth of romance, the suggestions of history, the sentiment of inherited homes and customs, and left us, shorn of our lisping childhood, to create a poetic literature for ourselves.

It is not singular, therefore, that this continent should have waited long for its first-born poet. The intellect, the energy of character, the moral force,—even the occasional taste and refinement,—which were shipped hither from the older shores, found

the hard work of history already portioned out for them; and the Muses discovered no nook of guarded leisure, no haunt of sweet contemplation, which might tempt them to settle among us. Labor may be prayer, but it is not poetry. Liberty of conscience and worship, practical democracy, the union of civil order and personal independence, are ideas which may warm the hearts and brains of men; but the soil in which they strike root is too full of fresh, unsoftened forces to produce the delicate wine of song. The highest product of ripened intellect cannot be expected in the nonage of a nation. The poetry of our colonial and revolutionary periods is mostly a spiritless imitation of inferior models in the parent country. If here and there some timid, uncertain voice seems to guess the true language, we only hear it once or twice; like those colonized nightingales which for one brief summer gave their new song to the Virginian moonlights, and then disappeared. These early fragments of our poetry are chanted in the midst of such profound silence and loneliness that they sound spectrally to our ears. Philip Freneau is almost as much a shade to us as are his own hunter and deer.

In the same year in which the Constitution of the United States was completed and adopted, the first poet was born,—Richard Henry Dana. Less than three years after him Fitz-Greene Halleck came into the world,—the lyrical genius following the grave and contemplative Muse of his elder brother. In Halleck, therefore, we mourn our first loss out of the first generation of American bards; and a deeper significance is thus given to the personal honors which we lovingly pay to his memory. Let us be glad, not only that these honors have been so nobly deserved, but also that we find in him a fitting representative of his age! Let us forget our sorrow for the true man, the steadfast friend, and rejoice that the earliest child of song whom we return to the soil that bore him for us, was the brave, bright, and beautiful growth of a healthy, masculine race! No morbid impatience with the restrictions of life, no fruitless lament over an unattainable ideal, no inherited gloom of temperament, such as finds delight in what it chooses to call despair, ever muffled the clear notes of his verse, or touched the sunny cheerfulness of his history. The cries and protests, the utterances of "world-pain," with which so many of his contemporaries in Europe filled the world, awoke no echo in his sound and sturdy nature. His life offers no enigmas for our solution. No romantic mystery

floats around his name, to win for him the interest of a shallow sentimentalism. Clear, frank, simple, and consistent, his song and his life were woven into one smooth and even thread. We would willingly pardon in him some expression of dissatisfaction with a worldly fate which in certain respects seemed inadequate to his genius; but we find that he never uttered it. The basis of his nature was a knightly bravery, of such firm and enduring temper that it kept from him even the ordinary sensitiveness of the poetic character. From the time of his studies as a boy, in the propitious kitchen which heard his first callow numbers, to the last days of a life which had seen no liberal popular recognition of his deserts, he accepted his fortune with the perfect dignity of a man who cannot stoop to discontent. During his later visits to New York, the simplest, the most unobtrusive, yet the cheerfulness to be seen among the throngs of Broadway, was Fitz-Greene Halleck. Yet with all his simplicity, his bearing was strikingly gallant and fearless; the carriage of his head suggested the wearing of a helmet. The genial frankness and grace of his manner in his intercourse with men has suggested to others the epithet "courtly"; but I prefer to call it *manly*, as the expression of a rarer and finer quality than is usually found in the atmosphere of courts.

Halleck was loyal to himself as a man, and he was also loyal to his art as a poet. His genius was essentially lyrical, and he seems to have felt instinctively its natural limitations. He quietly and gratefully accepted the fame which followed his best productions, but he never courted public applause. Even the swift popularity of the Croaker series could not seduce him to take advantage of the tide, which then promised a speedy flood. At periods in his history when anything from his pen would have been welcomed by a class of readers whose growing taste found so little sustenance at home, he remained silent because he felt no immediate personal necessity of poetic utterance. The German poet Uhland said to me: "I cannot now say whether I shall write any more, because I only write when I feel the positive *need*; and this is independent of my will, or the wish of others." Such was also the law of Halleck's mind, and of the mind of every poet who reveres his divine gift. God cannot accept a mechanical prayer; and I do not compare sacred things with profane when I say that a poem cannot be accepted which does not compel its own inspired utterance. He is the true

priest of the human heart and the human soul who rhythmically expresses the emotions and the aspirations of his own.

It has been said of Halleck as of Campbell, that "he was afraid of the shadow which his own fame cast before him." I protest against the use of a clever epigrammatic sentence to misinterpret the poetic nature to men. The inference is that poets write merely for that popular recognition which is called fame; and having attained a certain degree, fear to lose it by later productions which may not prove so acceptable. A writer influenced by such a consideration never deserved the name of poet. It is an unworthy estimate of his character which thus explains the honest and honorable silence of Fitz-Greene Halleck. The quality of genius is not to be measured by its productive activity. The brain which gave us 'Alnwick Castle,' 'Marco Bozzaris,' 'Burns,' and 'Red Jacket,' was not exhausted; it was certainly capable of other and equally admirable achievements: but the fortunate visits of the Muse are not to be compelled by the poet's will; and Halleck endured her absence without complaint, as he had enjoyed her favors without ostentation. The very fact that he wrote so little, proclaims the sincerity of his genius, and harmonizes with the entire character of his life. It was enough for him that he first let loose the Theban eagle in our songless American air. He was glad and satisfied to know that his lyrics have entered into and become a part of the national life; that

"Sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
And wild vows falter on the tongue,"

when his lines, keen and flexible as fire, burn in the ears of the young who shall hereafter sing, and fight, and labor, and love, for "God and their native land!"

It is not necessary that we should attempt to determine his relative place among American poets. It is sufficient that he has his assured place, and that his name is a permanent part of our literary history. It is sufficient that he deserves every honor which we can render to his memory, not only as one of the very first representatives of American song, but from his intrinsic quality as a poet. Let us rather be thankful for every star set in our heaven, than seek to ascertain how they differ from one another in glory. If any critic would diminish the loving enthusiasm of those whose lives have been brightened by the

poet's personal sunshine, let him remember that the sternest criticism will set the lyrics of Halleck higher than their author's unambitious estimate. They will in time fix their own just place in our poetic annals. Halleck is still too near our orbit for the computation of an exact parallax; but we may safely leave his measure of fame to the decision of impartial Time. A poem which bears within itself its own right to existence, will not die. Its rhythm is freshly fed from the eternal pulses of beauty, whence flows the sweetest life of the human race. Age cannot quench its original fire, or repetition make dull its immortal music. It forever haunts that purer atmosphere which overlies the dust and smoke of our petty cares and our material interests—often indeed calling to us like a distant clarion, to keep awake the senses of intellectual delight which would else perish from our lives. The poetic literature of a land is the finer and purer ether above its material growth and the vicissitudes of its history. Where it was vacant and barren for us, except perchance a feeble lark-note here and there, Dana, Halleck, and Bryant rose together on steadier wings, and gave voices to the solitude: Dana with a broad, grave undertone, like that of the sea; Bryant with a sound as of the wind in summer woods, and the fall of waters in mountain dells; and Halleck with strains blown from a silver trumpet, breathing manly fire and courage. Many voices have followed them; the ether rings with new melodies, and yet others come to lure all the aspirations of our hearts, and echo all the yearnings of our separated destiny: but we shall not forget the forerunners who rose in advance of their welcome, and created their own audience by their songs.

Thus it is that in dedicating a monument to Fitz-Greene Halleck to-day, we symbolize the intellectual growth of the American people. They have at last taken that departure which represents the higher development of a nation,—the capacity to value the genius which cannot work with material instruments; which is unmoved by Atlantic Cables, Pacific Railroads, and any show of marvelous statistical tables; which grandly dispenses with the popular measures of success; which simply expresses itself, without consciously working for the delight of others; yet which, once recognized, stands thenceforth as a part of the glory of the whole people. It is a token that we have relaxed the rough work of two and a half centuries, and are beginning to enjoy that rest and leisure out of which the grace and beauty of civilization

grow. The pillars of our political fabric have been slowly and massively raised, like the drums of Doric columns; but they still need the crowning capitals and the sculptured entablature. Law, and Right, and Physical Development build well, but they are cold, mathematical architects: the Poet and the Artist make beautiful the temple. Our natural tendency, as a people, is to worship positive material achievement in whatever form it is displayed; even the poet must be a partisan before the government will recognize his existence. So much of our intellectual energy has been led into the new paths which our national growth has opened, so exacting are the demands upon working brains, that taste and refinement of mind, and warm appreciation of the creative spirit of beauty, are only beginning to bloom here and there among us, like tender exotic flowers. "The light that never was on sea or land" shines all around us, but few are the eyes whose vision it clarifies. Yet the faculty is here, and the earnest need. The delight in art, of which poetry is the highest manifestation, has ceased to be the privilege of a fortunate few, and will soon become, let us hope, the common heritage of the people. If any true song has heretofore been sung to unheeding ears, let us behold, in this dedication, the sign that our reproach is taken away,—that henceforth every new melody of the land shall spread in still expanding vibrations, until all shall learn to listen!

The life of the poet who sleeps here represents the long period of transition between the appearance of American poetry and the creation of an appreciative and sympathetic audience for it. We must honor him all the more that in the beginning he was content with the few who heard him; that the agitations of national life through which he passed could not ruffle the clear flow of his song; and that, with a serene equanimity of temper which is the rarest American virtue, he saw, during his whole life, wealth and personal distinction constantly passing into less deserving hands, without temptation and without envy. All popular superstitions concerning the misanthropy or the irritable temper of genius were disproved in him: I have never known a man so independent of the moods and passions of his generation. We cannot regret that he should have been chosen to assist in the hard pioneer work of our literature, because he seemed to be so unconscious of its privations. Yet he and his co-mates have walked a rough, and for the most part a lonely track, leaving a

smoother way broken for their followers. They have blazed their trails through the wilderness, and carved their sounding names on the silent mountain peaks; teaching the scenery of our homes a language, and giving it a rarer and tenderer charm than even the atmosphere of great historic deeds. Fitz-Greene Halleck has set his seal upon the gray rock of Connecticut, on the heights of Weehawken, on the fair valley of Wyoming, and the Field of the Grounded Arms. He has done his manly share in forcing this half-subdued nature in which we live, to accept a human harmony, and cover its soulless beauty with the mantle of his verse.

However our field of poetic literature may bloom, whatever products of riper culture may rise to overshadow its present growths, the memory of Halleck is perennially rooted at its entrance. Recognizing the purity of his genius, the nobility of his character, we gratefully and affectionately dedicate to him this monument. There is no cypress in the wreath which we lay upon his grave. We do not meet to chant a dirge over unfulfilled promises or an insufficient destiny. We have no willful defiance of the world to excuse, no sensitive protest to justify. Our hymn of consecration is cheerful, though solemn. Looking forward from this hallowed ground, we can only behold a future for our poetry, sunnier than its past. We see the love of beauty born from the servitude to use; the recognition of an immortal ideal element gradually evolved from the strength of natures which have conquered material forces; the growth of all fine and gracious attributes of imagination and fancy, to warm and sweeten and expand the stately coldness of intellect. We dream of days when the highest and deepest utterances of rhythmic thought shall be met with grateful welcome, not with dull amazement or mean suspicion. We wait for voices which shall no more say to the poet, "Stay here, at the level of our delight in you!"—but which shall say to him, "Higher, still higher! though we may not reach you, yet in following we shall rise!" And as our last prophetic hope, we look for that fortunate age when the circle of sympathy, now so limited, shall be coextensive with the nation, and when, even as the poet loves his land, his land shall love her poet!

[The following poems of Bayard Taylor are all copyrighted, and are republished here by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.]

CHARMIAN

O DAUGHTER of the sun,
 Who gave the keys of passion unto thee?
 Who taught the powerful sorcery
 Wherein my soul, too willing to be won,
 Still feebly struggles to be free,
 But more than half undone?
 Within the mirror of thine eyes,
 Full of the sleep of warm Egyptian skies,—
 The sleep of lightning, bound in airy spell,
 And deadlier, because invisible,—
 I see the reflex of a feeling
 Which was not till I looked on thee;
 A power, involved in mystery,
 That shrinks, affrighted, from its own revealing.

Thou sitt'st in stately indolence,
 Too calm to feel a breath of passion start
 The listless fibres of thy sense,
 The fiery slumber of thy heart.
 Thine eyes are wells of darkness, by the veil
 Of languid lids half-sealed; the pale
 And bloodless olive of thy face,
 And the full, silent lips that wear
 A ripe serenity of grace,
 Are dark beneath the shadow of thy hair.
 Not from the brow of templed Athor beams
 Such tropic warmth along the path of dreams;
 Not from the lips of hornèd Isis flows
 Such sweetness of repose!
 For thou art Passion's self, a goddess too,
 And aught but worship never knew;
 And thus thy glances, calm and sure,
 Look for accustomed homage, and betray
 No effort to assert thy sway:
 Thou deem'st my fealty secure.

O Sorceress! those looks unseal
 The undisturbèd mysteries that press
 Too deep in nature for the heart to feel
 Their terror and their loveliness.

Thine eyes are torches that illume
 On secret shrines their unforeboded fires,
 And fill the vaults of silence and of gloom
 With the unresisting life of new desires.
 I follow where their arrowy ray
 Pierces the veil I would not tear away,
 And with a dread, delicious awe behold
 Another gate of life unfold,
 Like the rapt neophyte who sees
 Some march of grand Osirian mysteries.
 The startled chambers I explore,
 And every entrance open lies,
 Forced by the magic thrill that runs before
 Thy slowly lifted eyes.
 I tremble to the centre of my being
 Thus to confess the spirit's poise o'erthrown,
 And all its guiding virtues blown
 Like leaves before the whirlwind's fury fleeing.
 But see! one memory rises in my soul,
 And beaming steadily and clear,
 Scatters the lurid thunder-clouds that roll
 Through Passion's sultry atmosphere.
 An alchemy more potent borrow
 For thy dark eyes, enticing Sorceress!
 For on the casket of a sacred Sorrow
 Their shafts fall powerless.
 Nay, frown not, Athor, from thy mystic shrine:
 Strong Goddess of Desire, I will not be
 One of the myriad slaves thou callest thine,
 To cast my manhood's crown of royalty
 Before thy dangerous beauty: I am free!

ARIEL IN THE CLOVEN PINE

Now the frosty stars are gone:
 I have watched them one by one,
 Fading on the shores of Dawn.
 Round and full the glorious sun
 Walks with level step the spray.
 Through his vestibule of Day,
 While the wolves that late did howl
 Slink to dens and coverts foul,
 Guarded by the demon owl,

Who, last night, with mocking croon,
Wheeled athwart the chilly moon,
And with eyes that blankly glared
On my direful torment stared.

The lark is flickering in the light;
Still the nightingale doth sing;—
All the isle, alive with spring,
Lies, a jewel of delight,
On the blue sea's heaving breast:
Not a breath from out the west,
But some balmy smell doth bring
From the sprouting myrtle buds,
Or from meadowy vales that lie
Like a green inverted sky,
Which the yellow cowslip stars,
And the bloomy almond woods,
Cloud-like, cross with roseate bars.
All is life that I can spy,
To the farthest sea and sky,
And my own the only pain
Within this ring of Tyrrhene main.

In the gnarled and cloven pine
Where that hell-born hag did chain me,
All this orb of cloudless shine,
All this youth in Nature's veins
Tingling with the season's wine,
With a sharper torment pain me.
Pansies in soft April rains
Fill their stalks with honeyed sap
Drawn from Earth's prolific lap;
But the sluggish blood she brings
To the tough pine's hundred rings,
Closer locks their cruel hold,
Closer draws the scaly bark
Round the crevice, damp and cold,
Where my useless wings I fold,—
Sealing me in iron dark.
By this coarse and alien state
Is my dainty essence wronged;
Finer senses that belonged
To my freedom, chafe at Fate,
Till the happier elves I hate,

Who in moonlight dances turn
Underneath the palmy fern,
Or in light and twinkling bands
Follow on with linkèd hands
To the ocean's yellow sands.

Primrose-eyes each morning ope
In their cool deep beds of grass;
Violets make the airs that pass
Telltale of their fragrant slope.
I can see them where they spring,
Never brushed by fairy wing.
All those corners I can spy
In the island's solitude,
Where the dew is never dry,
Nor the miser bees intrude.
Cups of rarest hue are there,
Full of perfumed wine undrained,—
Mushroom banquets, ne'er profaned,
Canopied by maiden-hair.

Pearls I see upon the sands,
Never touched by other hands;
And the rainbow bubbles shine
On the ridged and frothy brine,
Tenantless of voyager
Till they burst in vacant air.
Oh, the songs that sung might be,
And the mazy dances woven,
Had that witch ne'er crossed the sea
And the pine been never cloven!

Many years my direst pain
Has made the wave-rocked isle complain.
Winds that from the Cyclades
Came to blow in wanton riot
Round its shore's enchanted quiet,
Bore my wailings on the seas;
Sorrowing birds in Autumn went
Through the world with my lament.
Still the bitter fate is mine,
All delight unshared to see,
Smarting in the cloven pine,
While I wait the tardy axe
Which perchance shall set me free
From the damned witch Sycorax.

BEDOUIN SONG

FROM the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

HYLAS

STORM-WEARIED Argo slept upon the water.
No cloud was seen; on blue and craggy Ida
The hot noon lay, and on the plain's enamel;
Cool, in his bed, alone, the swift Scamander.
"Why should I haste?" said young and rosy Hylas:
"The seas were rough, and long the way from Colchis.
Beneath the snow-white awning slumbers Jason,
Pillowed upon his tame Thessalian panther;
The shields are piled, the listless oars suspended
On the black thwarts, and all the hairy bondsmen
Doze on the benches. They may wait for water,
Till I have bathed in mountain-born Scamander."

So said, unfilleting his purple chlamys,
And putting down his urn, he stood a moment,
Breathing the faint, warm odor of the blossoms
That spangled thick the lovely Dardan meadows.
Then stooping lightly, loosened he his buskins,
And felt with shrinking feet the crispy verdure;—
Naked save one light robe that from his shoulder
Hung to his knee, the youthful flush revealing
Of warm white limbs, half-nerved with coming manhood.
Yet fair and smooth with tenderness of beauty.
Now to the river's sandy marge advancing,
He dropped the robe, and raised his head exulting
In the clear sunshine, that with beam embracing
Held him against Apollo's glowing bosom.
For sacred to Latona's son is Beauty,
Sacred is Youth, the joy of youthful feeling.
A joy indeed, a living joy, was Hylas;
Whence Jove-begotten Héraclès, the mighty,
To men though terrible, to him was gentle,—
Smoothing his rugged nature into laughter
When the boy stole his club, or from his shoulders
Dragged the huge paws of the Nemæan lion.
The thick brown locks, tossed backward from his forehead,
Fell soft about his temples; manhood's blossom
Not yet had sprouted on his chin, but freshly
Curved the fair cheek, and full the red lips, parting,
Like a loose bow, that just has launched its arrow.
His large blue eyes, with joy dilate and beamy,
Were clear as the unshadowed Grecian heaven;
Dewy and sleek his dimpled shoulders rounded

To the white arms and whiter breast between them.
Downward, the supple lines had less of softness:
His back was like a god's; his loins were molded
As if some pulse of power began to waken;
The springy fullness of his thighs, outswerving,
Sloped to his knee, and lightly dropping downward,
Drew the curved lines that breathe, in rest, of motion.

He saw his glorious limbs reversely mirrored
In the still wave, and stretched his foot to press it
On the smooth sole that answered at the surface:
Alas! the shape dissolved in glimmering fragments.
Then, timidly at first, he dipped; and catching
Quick breath, with tingling shudder, as the waters
Swirled round his thighs; and deeper, slowly deeper,
Till on his breast the River's cheek was pillowed;
And deeper still, till every shoreward ripple
Talked in his ear, and like a cygnet's bosom
His white round shoulder shed the dripping crystal.
There, as he floated with a rapturous motion,
The lucid coolness folding close around him,
The lily-cradling ripples murmured, "Hylas!"
He shook from off his ears the hyacinthine
Curls that had lain unwet upon the water,
And still the ripples murmured, "Hylas! Hylas!"
He thought: "The voices are but ear-born music.
Pan dwells not here, and Echo still is calling
From some high cliff that tops a Thracian valley:
So long mine ears, on tumbling Hellespontus,
Have heard the sea waves hammer Argo's forehead,
That I misdeem the fluting of this current
For some lost nymph—" Again the murmur, "Hylas!"
And with the sound a cold smooth arm around him
Slid like a wave, and down the clear green darkness
Glimmered on either side a shining bosom,—
Glimmered, uprising slow; and ever closer
Wound the cold arms, till, climbing to his shoulders,
Their cheeks lay nestled, while the purple tangles
Their loose hair made, in silken mesh enwound him.
Their eyes of clear pale emerald then uplifting,
They kissed his neck with lips of humid coral,
And once again there came a murmur, "Hylas!"
Oh, come with us! Oh, follow where we wander
Deep down beneath the green, translucent ceiling,—
Where on the sandy bed of old Scamander

With cool white buds we braid our purple tresses,
Lulled by the bubbling waves around us stealing!
Thou fair Greek boy, oh, come with us! Oh, follow
Where thou no more shalt hear Propontis riot,
But by our arms be lapped in endless quiet,
Within the glimmering caves of Ocean hollow!
We have no love; alone, of all the Immortals,
We have no love. Oh, love us, we who press thee
With faithful arms, though cold,—whose lips caress thee,—
Who hold thy beauty prisoned! Love us, Hylas!"

The boy grew chill to feel their twining pressure
Lock round his limbs, and bear him vainly striving,
Down from the noonday brightness. "Leave me, Naiads!
Leave me!" he cried: "the day to me is dearer
Than all your caves deep-sphered in Ocean's quiet.
I am but mortal, seek but mortal pleasure;
I would not change this flexible, warm existence,
Though swept by storms, and shocked by Jove's dread thunder,
To be a king beneath the dark-green waters."

Still moaned the human lips, between their kisses,
"We have no love. Oh, love us, we who love thee!"

And came in answer, thus, the words of Hylas:—
"My love is mortal. For the Argive maidens
I keep the kisses which your lips would ravish.
Unlock your cold white arms; take from my shoulder
The tangled swell of your bewildering tresses.
Let me return: the wind comes down from Ida,
And soon the galley, stirring from her slumber,
Will fret to ride where Pelion's twilight shadow
Falls o'er the towers of Jason's sea-girt city.
I am not yours: I cannot braid the lilies
In your wet hair, nor on your argent bosoms
Close my drowsed eyes to hear your rippling voices.
Hateful to me your sweet, cold, crystal being,—
Your world of watery quiet. Help, Apollo!
For I am thine: thy fire, thy beam, thy music,
Dance in my heart and flood my sense with rapture!
The joy, the warmth and passion now awaken,
Promised by thee, but erewhile calmly sleeping.
Oh, leave me, Naiads! loose your chill embraces,
Or I shall die, for mortal maidens pining."
But still with unrelenting arms they bound him,
And still, accordant, flowed their watery voices:—
"We have thee now,—we hold thy beauty prisoned;
Oh, come with us beneath the emerald waters!

We have no love: we have thee, rosy Hylas.
Oh, love us, who shall nevermore release thee;
Love us, whose milky arms will be thy cradle
Far down on the untroubled sands of ocean,
Where now we bear thee, clasped in our embraces."
And slowly, slowly sank the amorous Naiads:
The boy's blue eyes, upturned, looked through the water,
Pleading for help; but Heaven's immortal Archer
Was swathed in cloud. The ripples hid his forehead,
And last, the thick bright curls a moment floated,
So warm and silky that the stream upbore them,
Closing reluctant, as he sank forever.
The sunset died behind the crags of Imbros.
Argo was tugging at her chain; for freshly
Flew the swift breeze, and leaped the restless billows.
The voice of Jason roused the dozing sailors,
And up the mast was heaved the snowy canvas.
But mighty Héraclès, the Jove-begotten,
Unmindful stood beside the cool Scamander,
Leaning upon his club. A purple chlamys
Tossed o'er an urn was all that lay before him:
And when he called, expectant, "Hylas! Hylas!"
The empty echoes made him answer, "Hylas!"

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow:
Sing while we may,—another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang 'Annie Laurie.'

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak;
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of Annie Laurie.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR

(1800-1886)

THE modern English drama of literary significance is too scant to make it easy to overlook so sterling a performance as Sir Henry Taylor's 'Philip Van Artevelde.' Taylor was a poet by deliberation and culture rather than by creative necessity. But he devoted himself with a calm singleness of purpose to literature for a long term of years; and his work was always self-respecting, careful, and artistically acceptable. He did his share in lending dignity to letters. His career was fortunate in allowing him to exercise his poetic talent in quiet ease; and the solid quality and considerable extent of his literary endeavor are to show for it. Of course his vogue is not now what it once was. Professor Saintsbury has pointed out that whereas he was much quoted between 1835 and 1865, he has been little quoted by the generation coming between 1865 and 1895. But this is only the common fate of all but the greatest. 'Philip Van Artevelde,' Taylor's masterpiece, will remain one of the most notable achievements in the English historical drama of the first half of the nineteenth century. It may be added that in the lyric snatches imbedded in his plays, he sometimes strikes a rare note,—one that sends the reader back to Elizabethan days. These perfect songs are few in number, but sufficient to stamp their maker as a true poet in his degree.

Henry Taylor was born at Bishop Middleham, Durham, England, on October 18th, 1800. He came of a family of small land-owners. He entered the navy as a lad, and was a midshipman for some months. But this life he did not take to; and after four years in the storekeeper's department, he found his true place in entering the Colonial Office. He went in as a young man of twenty-four; he remained well-nigh a half-century, became an important figure, and acquired property. Taylor exercised much influence in his relation to government: a fact indicated by the offer of Under-Secretaryship of State in 1847, which he declined, and by his being knighted in 1869. His employment left him the leisure necessary to carry on his literary work tranquilly, as an avocation. Dramatic writing constitutes the bulk and the best of his efforts. He began when twenty-seven with the play 'Isaac Comnenus' (1827), which was not well received. But seven years later, 'Philip Van Artevelde' won great success;

deservedly, since it is by far his finest production. Other dramas are the historical 'Edwin the Fair' (1842), the romantic comedy 'The Virgin Widow' (1850), and 'St. Clement's Eve' (1862). His essays on political and literary topics are gathered in the three volumes 'The Statesman' (1836), 'Notes from Life' (1847), and 'Notes from Books' (1849). His non-dramatic verse appears in 'The Eve of the Conquest, and Other Poems' (1847), and in 'A Sicilian Summer, and Minor Poems' (1868), of which the title-piece is the already noted 'The Virgin Widow' under another name.

'Philip Van Artevelde' is a historical drama in two parts, or two five-act plays. Its length alone would preclude its production in a theatre; but in all respects it is a closet drama, to be read rather than enacted upon the stage. It makes use of the fourteenth-century Flemish struggle, in which Van Artevelde was a protagonist; the first play carrying the leader to his height of power, the second conducting him to his downfall and death. Taylor has a feeling for character; he gets the spirit of the age, and writes vigorous blank verse, rising at times to an incisive strength and nobility of diction which suggests the Elizabethans. The sympathetic handling of 'Philip Van Artevelde' has been explained by the fact that certain incidents in the Fleming's career—those having to do with his love—tally with Taylor's own subjective experiences. 'Philip Van Artevelde' is weakest on the purely dramatic side: as a study and description of character in an interesting historical setting, it is admirable,—a drama that can always be read with pleasure. The lyrics it contains show the author at his happiest in this kind.

The works of Sir Henry Taylor were published in five volumes in 1868. His very entertaining biography appeared in 1885, the Correspondence following in 1888. He died on March 28th, 1886, at Bourne-mouth, where he spent his final days in the sun of general esteem and regard. He had attained to the good old age of nearly eighty-six.

SONG

DOWN lay in a nook my lady's brach,
 And said, "My feet are sore,—
 I cannot follow with the pack
 A-hunting of the boar.

"And though the horn sounds never so clear
 With the hounds in loud uproar,
 Yet I must stop and lie down here,
 Because my feet are sore."

The huntsman when he heard the same,
 What answer did he give?—
 "The dog that's lame is much to blame,
 He is not fit to live."

ARETINA'S SONG

From 'A Sicilian Summer'

I'M A bird that's free
 Of the land and sea;
 I wander whither I will;
 But oft on the wing
 I falter and sing,
 O fluttering heart, be still,
 Be still,
 O fluttering heart, be still!

I'm wild as the wind,
 But soft and kind,
 And wander whither I may;
 The eyebright sighs,
 And says with its eyes,
 Thou wandering wind, oh stay,
 Oh stay,
 Thou wandering wind, oh stay!

TO H. C.

(IN REPLY)

IT MAY be folly,—they are free
 Who think it so, to laugh or blame,—
 But single sympathies to me
 Are more than fame.

The glen and not the mountain-top
 I love; and though its date be brief,
 I snatch the rose you send, and drop
 The laurel leaf.

THE FAMINE

From 'Philip Van Artevelde'

ARTEVELDE—Now render me account of what befell
Where thou hast been to-day.

Clara— Not much is that.

I paid a visit first to Ukenheim,
The man who whilome saved our father's life
When certain Clementists and ribald folk
Assailed him at Malines. He came last night,
And said he knew not if we owed him aught;
But if we did, a peck of oatmeal now
Would pay the debt and save more lives than one.
I went. It seemed a wealthy man's abode:
The costly drapery and good house-gear
Had, in an ordinary time, made known
That with the occupant the world went well.
By a low couch, curtained with cloth of frieze,
Sat Ukenheim, a famine-stricken man,
With either bony fist upon his knees
And his long back upright. His eyes were fixed
And moved not, though some gentle words I spake:
Until a little urchin of a child
That called him father, crept to where he sat
And plucked him by the sleeve, and with its small
And skinny finger pointed; then he rose
And with a low obeisance, and a smile
That looked like watery moonlight on his face,
So pale and weak a smile, he bade me welcome.
I told him that a lading of wheat-flour
Was on its way; whereat, to my surprise,
His countenance fell, and he had almost wept.

Artevelde— Poor soul! and wherefore?

Clara— That I saw too soon.

He plucked aside the curtain of the couch,
And there two children's bodies lay composed.
They seemed like twins of some ten years of age,
And they had died so nearly both at once
He scarce could say which first; and being dead,
He put them, for some fanciful affection,
Each with its arm about the other's neck,
So that a fairer sight I had not seen
Than those two children with their little faces
So thin and wan, so calm and sad and sweet.

I looked upon them long, and for a while
I wished myself their sister, and to lie
With them in death as with each other they;
I thought that there was nothing in the world
I could have loved so much; and then I wept:
And when he saw I wept, his own tears fell,
And he was sorely shaken and convulsed
Through weakness of his frame and his great grief.

Artevelde—Much pity was it he so long deferred
To come to us for aid.

Clara— It was indeed;
But whatsoe'er had been his former pride,
He seemed a humble and heart-broken man.
He thanked me much for what I said was sent,
But I knew well his thanks were for my tears.
He looked again upon the children's couch,
And said, low down, they wanted nothing now.
So, to turn off his eyes and change his mood,
I drew the small survivor of the three
Before him, and he snatched it up, and soon
Seemed lost and quite forgetful; and with that
I stole away.

VENGEANCE ON THE TRAITORS

From 'Philip Van Artevelde'

ARTEVELDE—I thank you, sirs; I knew it could not be
But men like you must listen to the truth.

Sirs, ye have heard these knights discourse to you
Of your ill fortunes, numbering in their glee
The worthy leaders ye have lately lost.
True, they were worthy men, most gallant chiefs,
And ill would it become us to make light
Of the great loss we suffer by their fall:
They died like heroes: for no recreant step
Had e'er dishonored them,—no stain of fear,
No base despair, no cowardly recoil;
They had the hearts of freemen to the last,
And the free blood that bounded in their veins
Was shed for freedom with a liberal joy.
But had they guessed, or could they but have dreamed,
The great examples which they died to show
Should fall so flat, should shine so fruitless here.

That men should say, "For liberty these died,
Wherefore let us be slaves,"—had they thought this,
Oh then with what an agony of shame,
Their blushing faces buried in the dust,
Had their great spirits parted hence for heaven!
What! shall we teach our chroniclers henceforth
To write that in five bodies were contained
The sole brave hearts of Ghent! which five defunct,
The heartless town by brainless counsel led
Delivered up her keys, stript off her robes,
And so with all humility besought
Her haughty lord to scourge her lightly! No,
It shall not be—no, verily! for now,
Thus looking on you as ye gather round,
Mine eyes can single out full many a man
Who lacks but opportunity to shine
As great and glorious as the chiefs that fell.
But lo, the earl is mercifully moved!
And surely if we, rather than revenge
The slaughter of our bravest, cry them shame,
And fall upon our knees, and say we've sinned,
Then will the earl take pity on his thralls
And pardon us our letch for liberty!
What pardon it shall be, if we know not,
Yet Ypres, Courtray, Grammont, Bruges, they know;
For never can those towns forget the day
When by the hangman's hands five hundred men,
The bravest of each guild, were done to death
In those base butcheries that he called pardons.
And did it seal their pardons, all this blood?
Had they the earl's good love from that time forth?
O sirs! look round you lest ye be deceived:
Forgiveness may be written with the pen,
But think not that the parchment-and-mouth pardon
Will e'er eject old hatreds from the heart.
There's that betwixt you been, men ne'er forget
Till they forget themselves, till all's forgot;
Till the deep sleep falls on them in that bed
From which no morrow's mischief knocks them up.
There's that betwixt you been, which you yourselves,
Should ye forget, would then not be yourselves;
For must it not be thought some base men's souls
Have ta'en the seats of yours and turned you out,
If in the coldness of a craven heart
Ye should forgive this bloody-minded man

For all his black and murderous monstrous crimes?
 Think of your mariners,—three hundred men,—
 After long absence in the Indian seas,
 Upon their peaceful homeward voyage bound,
 And now, all dangers conquered as they thought,
 Warping the vessels up their native stream,
 Their wives and children waiting them at home
 In joy, with festal preparations made,—
 Think of these mariners, their eyes torn out,
 Their hands chopped off, turned staggering into Ghent
 To meet the blasted eyesight of their friends!
 And was not this the earl? 'Twas none but he!
 No Hauterive of them all had dared to do it
 Save at the express instance of the earl.
 And now what asks he? Pardon me, sir knights,

[*To Grutt and Bette.*

I had forgotten, looking back and back
 From felony to felony foregoing,
 This present civil message which ye bring:
 Three hundred citizens to be surrendered
 Up to that mercy which I tell you of,—
 That mercy which your mariners proved,—which steeped
 Courtray and Ypres, Grammont, Bruges, in blood!
 Three hundred citizens—a secret list:
 No man knows who; not one can say he's safe;
 Not one of you so humble but that still
 The malice of some secret enemy
 May whisper him to death;—and hark—look to it!
 Have some of you seemed braver than their peers,
 Their courage is their surest condemnation;
 They are marked men—and not a man stands here
 But may be so.—Your pardon, sirs, again!

[*To Grutt and Bette.*

You are the pickers and the choosers here,
 And doubtless you're all safe, ye think—ha! ha!
 But we have picked and chosen, too, sir knights.
 What was the law for, I made yesterday?
 What! is it you that would deliver up
 Three hundred citizens to certain death?
 Ho! Van den Bosch! have at these traitors: there!

[*Stabs Grutt, who falls.*

Van den Bosch—

Die, treasonable dog! is that enough?
 Down, felon, and plot treacheries in hell.

[*Stabs Bette.*

ARTEVELDE REFUSES TO DISMISS ELENA

From 'Philip Van Artevelde'

*Scene: Van Artevelde's Tent in the Flemish Camp before Oudenarde.
Present, Elena and Cecile.*

ELENA (*singing*)

Q UOTH tongue of neither maid nor wife
To heart of neither wife nor maid,
"Lead we not here a jolly life
Betwixt the shine and shade?"

Quoth heart of neither maid nor wife
To tongue of neither wife nor maid,
"Thou wag'st; but I am worn with strife,
And feel like flowers that fade."

There was truth in that, Cecile.

Cecile— Fie on such truth!

Rather than that my heart spoke truth in dumps,
I'd have it what it is,—a merry liar.

Elena— Yes, you are right: I would that I were merry!
Not for my own particular, God knows:
But for his cheer,—he needs to be enlivened;
And for myself in him, because I know
That often he must think me dull and dry,—
I am so heavy-hearted, and at times
Outright incapable of speech. Oh me!
I was not made to please.

Cecile— Yourself, my lady.
'Tis true, to please yourself you were not made,
Being truly by yourself most hard to please:
But speak for none beside; for you were made,
Come gleam or gloom, all others to enchant,
Wherein you never fail.

Elena— Yes, but I do:
How can I please him when I cannot speak?
When he is absent I am full of thought,
And fruitful in expression inwardly;
And fresh and free and cordial is the flow
Of my ideal and unheard discourse,
Calling him in my heart endearing names,
Familiarly fearless. But alas!
No sooner is he present than my thoughts
Are breathless and bewitched; and stunted so
In force and freedom, that I ask myself

Whether I think at all, or feel, or live,
So senseless am I!

Cecile — Heed not that, my lady:
Men heed it not; I never heard of one
That quarreled with his lady for not talking.
I have had lovers more than I can count,
And some so quarrelsome a slap in the face
Would make them hang themselves, if you'd believe them;
But for my slackness in the matter of speech
They ne'er reproached me; no, the testiest of them
Ne'er fished a quarrel out of that.

Elena — Thy swains
Might bear their provocations in that kind,
Yet not of silence prove themselves enamored.
But mark you this, Cecile: your grave and wise
And melancholy men, if they have souls,
As commonly they have, susceptible
Of all impressions, lavish most their love
Upon the blithe and sportive, and on such
As yield their want and chase their sad excess
With jocund salutations, nimble talk,
And buoyant bearing. Would that I were merry.
Mirth have I valued not before; but now,
What would I give to be the laughing fount
Of gay imagination's ever bright
And sparkling fantasies! Oh, all I have
(Which is not nothing, though I prize it not),—
My understanding soul, my brooding sense,
My passionate fancy; and the gift of gifts
Dearest to woman, which deflowering Time,
Slow ravisher, from clenched'st fingers wrings,
My corporal beauty,—would I barter now
For such an antic and exulting spirit
As lives in lively women.—Who comes hither?

Cecile — 'Tis the old friar: he they sent abroad;
That ancient man so yellow! Od's my life!
He's yellower than he went. Note but his look:
His rind's the color of a moldy walnut.
Troth! his complexion is no wholesomer
Than a sick frog's.

Elena — Be silent: he will hear.

Cecile — It makes me ill to look at him.

Elena — Hush! hush!

Cecile — It makes me very ill.

Enter Father John of Heda

Father John— Your pardon, lady:
I seek the Regent.
Elena— Please you, sit awhile:
He comes anon.
Father John— This tent is his?
Elena— It is.
Father John—

And likewise yours.—[*Aside.*] Yea, this is as I heard:
A wily woman hither sent from France.
Alas, alas, how frail the state of man!
How weak the strongest! This is such a fall
As Samson suffered.

Cecile [aside to Elena]— How the friar croaks!
What gibbering is this?
Elena— May we not deem
Your swift return auspicious? Sure it denotes
A prosperous mission?

Father John— What I see and hear
Of sinful courses, and of nets and snares
Encompassing the feet of them that once
Were steadfast deemed, speaks only to my heart
Of coming judgments.

Cecile— What I see and hear
Of naughty friars and of—

Elena— Peace, Cecile!
Go to your chamber: you forget yourself.
Father, your words afflict me.

[*Exit Cecile.*]

Enter Artevelde

Artevelde [as he enters]— Who is it says
That Father John is come? Ah! here he is.
Give me your hand, good father! For your news,
Philosophy befriend me that I show
No strange impatience; for your every word
Must touch me in the quick.

Father John— To you alone
Would I address myself.

Artevelde— Nay, heed not her:
She is my privy councilor.

Father John— My Lord,
Such councilors I abjure. My function speaks,

And through me speaks the Master whom I serve;
 After strange women them that went astray
 God never prospered in the olden time,
 Nor will he bless them now. An angry eye
 That sleeps not, follows thee till from thy camp
 Thou shalt have put away the evil thing.
 This in her presence will I say—

Elena—

O God!

Father John—

That whilst a foreign leman—

Artevelde—

Nay, spare her:

To me say what thou wilt.

Father John—

Thus then it is:

This foreign tie is not to Heaven alone
 Displeasing, but to those on whose firm faith
 Rests under Heaven your all; 'tis good you know
 It is offensive to your army;—nay,
 And justly, for they deem themselves betrayed,
 When circumvented thus by foreign wiles
 They see their chief.

Elena—

Oh! let me quit the camp.

Misfortune follows wheresoe'er I come;
 My destiny on whomsoe'er I love
 Aligns: it shall not, Artevelde, on thee;
 For I will leave thee to thy better star
 And pray for thee aloof.

Father John—

Thou shalt do well

For him and for thyself: the camp is now
 A post of danger.

Elena—

Artevelde! O God!

In such an hour as this—in danger's hour—
 How can I quit thee?

Father John—

Dost thou ask? I say,

As thou wouldst make his danger less or more,
 Depart or stay. The universal camp,
 Nay more, the towns of Flanders, are agape
 With tales of sorceries, witcheries, and spells,
 That blind their chief and yield him up a prey
 To treasons foul. How much is true or false
 I know not and I say not; but this truth
 I sorrowfully declare,—that ill repute
 And sin and shame grow up with every hour
 That sees you linked together in these bonds
 Of spurious love.

Elena—

Father, enough is said.
 Clerk's eyes nor soldier's will I more molest
 By tarrying here. Seek other food to feed
 Your pious scorn and pertinent suspicions.
 Alien from grace and sinful though I be,
 Yet is there room to wrong me. I will go,
 Lest this injustice done to me work harm
 Unto my lord the Regent.

Artevelde—

Hold, I say;
 Give me a voice in this. You, Father John,
 I blame not, nor myself will justify;
 But call my weakness what you will, the time
 Is past for reparation. Now to cast off
 The partner of my sin were further sin;
 'Twere with her first to sin, and next against her.
 And for the army, if their trust in me
 Be sliding, let it go: I know my course;
 And be it armies, cities, people, priests,
 That quarrel with my love, wise men or fools,
 Friends, foes, or factions, they may swear their oaths,
 And make their murmur,—rave, and fret, and fear,
 Suspect, admonish,—they but waste their rage,
 Their wits, their words, their counsel: here I stand
 Upon the deep foundations of my faith
 To this fair outcast plighted; and the storm
 That princes from their palaces shakes out,
 Though it should turn and head me, should not strain
 The seeming silken texture of this tie.—
 To business next: Nay, leave us not, beloved,—
 I will not have thee go as one suspect;
 Stay and hear all. Father, forgive my heat,
 And do not deem me stubborn. Now at once
 The English news?

Father John—

Your deeds upon your head!
 Be silent my surprise—be told my tale.

JEREMY TAYLOR

(1613-1667)

BY T. W. HIGGINSON

AWTHORNE once pointed out the intrinsic perishableness of all volumes of sermons; and the fact that goes farthest to refute this theory is the permanent readableness of Jeremy Taylor. Not always profound as a thinker, and not consistent in that large theory of religious liberty in which he surpassed his times, he holds his own by pure beauty of rhetoric, wealth of imagination, and abundant ardor of mind. Coleridge calls him "most eloquent of divines;" adding further, "had I said 'of men,' Cicero would forgive me, and Demosthenes add assent." So beautiful is Taylor's imagery, so free the motion of his wings in upper air, that when he once appeals to the reader with a sentence beginning "So have I seen," it is impossible to withdraw attention until the whole series of prolonged and balanced clauses comes to an end. Like other fine rhetoricians, he has also a keen ear for rhetoric in others; and his ample notes preserve for us many fine and pithy Greek or Latin or Italian sentences, which otherwise might have faded even from human memory. Indeed, his two most carefully prepared works, 'Holy Living' and 'Holy Dying,' need to be read twice with different ends in view: once for the text, and once for the accompanying quotations.



JEREMY TAYLOR

Jeremy Taylor, the son of a Cambridge barber, was born on August 15th, 1613, took his degrees at the University (Caius College), where he was also a fellow; and afterwards obtained through Archbishop Laud a fellowship at Oxford (All Souls). He later became rector at Uppingham, and was twice married; his second wife, Joanna Bridges, being, in the opinion of Bishop Heber, an illegitimate daughter of Charles I. when Prince of Wales. His first work, published in 1642, bore the curious name of 'Episcopacy Asserted against the Acephali and Aërians New and Old,' and hardly gave a hint of his future

reputation. He is thought to have served as chaplain during the civil war, and was impoverished by that great convulsion, as were so many others; becoming later a schoolmaster in Wales. Here he was befriended by Richard Vaughan, Earl of Carbery, whose residence "Golden Grove" affords a title to Taylor's manual of devotion, published in 1655. This, with the other works by which the author is now best known, was prepared during his retirement from the world, between 1647 and 1660. 'The Liberty of Prophesying' (1655) was far above the prevalent opinions of the time, or indeed of any time. In this he sets aside all grounds of authority except the words of Scripture, placing reason above even those; and denies the right of civil government to exercise discipline over opinions. The fact that he was three times in his life imprisoned for his own utterances may well have strengthened this liberality; but unfortunately it did not prevent him, when after the Restoration he became Bishop of Down and Connor, from ejecting thirty-six ministers from their pulpits for doctrines too strongly Presbyterian. He was capable even of very questionable casuistry; justified the Israelites for spoiling the Egyptians, maintained that private evil might be employed for the public good, and that we may rightfully employ reasonings which we know to be unfounded. This was in a book expressly designed as a guide to learners,—the 'Ductor Dubitantium, or the Rule of Conscience in all her General Measures' (1660).

Taylor's whole theory of religious liberty may be found summed up in one passage, which heads the series of selections that follow in this volume; and which may be thus condensed still further: No man, he thinks, can be trusted to judge for others unless he be infallible,—which no man is. It is, however, perfectly legitimate for men to choose guides who shall judge for them; only it is to be remembered that those thus choosing have not got rid of the responsibility of selection, since they select the guides. The best course for a man, Taylor also points out, is to follow his guide while his own reason is satisfied, and no farther; since no man can escape this responsibility without doing willful violence to his own nature. Reason is thus necessarily the final arbiter; and all things else—Scriptures, traditions, councils, and fathers—afford merely the evidences in the question, while reason remains and must remain the judge. It is needless to say that in this statement every vestige of infallible authority is swept away.

In handling practical questions, Jeremy Taylor displays an equal freedom from traditional bondage. In dealing with the difficult subject of marriage, for instance, it is to be noticed that he places the two parties, ordinarily, on more equal terms than English usage, or even the accustomed discipline of the English Church, has recognized;

and that his exhortations are usually addressed to both parties as if they stood on equal terms. "Let them be sure to abstain from all those things which by experience and observation they find to be contrary to each other." Again he says, "Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offenses of each other in the beginning of their conversation;" and all his suggestions of caution and self-restraint apply alike to both parties. The same justness and humane sympathy extend to his remarks on children: who, as he observes, have tenderer feeling and greater suffering in respect to their senses; and are not fortified by the results of long experience, as grown persons are, nor have they heard the instructive words of philosophers, or acquired the habit of setting their blessings against their sorrows: and yet they "wade through the storm and murmur not," and give an example to their elders.

His supreme wisdom is shown, however, in all his discussion of the trials and cares of life, and of the means of defying them. No one has painted quite so vividly the difference between the cares that come with increased wealth or office, and the peace that dwells in humble stations. "They that admire the happiness of a prosperous prevailing tyrant, know not the felicities that dwell in innocent hearts, and poor cottagers, and small fortunes." He thinks that man miserable who has no adversity; and virtues, he says, are but in the seed at first, and need heat and cold, showers as well as sunshine, before they can be of any value. God himself, he boldly says, "loves to see us struggling with a disease, and resisting the Devil, and contesting against the weaknesses of nature." The gladiators of old did not cry or complain; the soldier stands at his post through everything. It is to Taylor that we chiefly owe the attention latterly attracted to the oft-quoted saying of Xenophon, that the same labors are easier to the general officer than to the common soldier, because the former is "supported by the huge appetites of honor." Again, reasoning more minutely, he points out that in most forms of grief or pain, we deal with it only, as it were, from moment to moment, and can therefore meet it with strength supplied at the same short intervals. There is rarely a cumulative or composite pain; but it flows "like the drops of a river or the little shreds of time." Each duty can thus be mastered, if we will but make sure of the present moment.

All these things show that Jeremy Taylor had not lived for nothing through the ordeal of a civil war; that he was not merely a gentle and placid dweller amid the calms of life, but had encountered its storms with an equal mind. They still show you, at Chesham Castle, the room where he was imprisoned; and his kindred in the little city still boast of the period as an honor. That he was patient in adversity cannot be denied; although it may be that when

his turn of prosperity and power came, he was not always mindful of his own broad theories. Nevertheless, a halo of purity and elevation will always hallow his name. A portrait of him hangs in All Souls College at Oxford; and this, like all the pictures of him, justifies the tradition of personal beauty so long attributed to Taylor. The legend seems appropriate to the charm of his style; and recalls the opinion expressed by Dr. Parr,—that Hooker may be the object of our reverence, and Barrow of our admiration, but that Jeremy Taylor will always be the object of our love.

T. W. Higginson

OF THE AUTHORITY OF REASON

From the 'Liberty of Prophesying'

HERE then I consider, that although no man may be trusted to judge for all others, unless this person were infallible and authorized so to do,—which no man nor no company of men is,—yet every man may be trusted to judge for himself;—I say, every man that can judge at all: as for others, they are to be saved as it pleaseth God;—but those that can judge at all must either choose their guides who shall judge for them,—and then they oftentimes do the wisest, and always save themselves a labor, but then they choose too: or if they be persons of great understanding, then they are to choose for themselves in particular what the others do in general, and by choosing their guide. And for this, any man may be better trusted for himself than any man can be for another: for in this case his own interest is most concerned; and ability is not so necessary as honesty, which certainly every man will best preserve in his own case, and to himself,—and if he does not, it is he that must smart for 't: and it is not required of us not to be in error, but that we endeavor to avoid it.

He that follows his guide so far as his reason goes along with him, or—which is all one—he that follows his own reason (not guided only by natural arguments, but by divine revelation and all other good means), hath great advantages over him that gives himself wholly to follow any human guide whatsoever; because he follows all their reasons, and his own too: he follows them till reason leaves them, or till it seems so to him,—which is all one

to his particular; for by the confession of all sides, an erroneous conscience binds him when a right guide does not bind him. But he that gives himself up wholly to a guide is oftentimes (I mean if he be a discerning person) forced to do violence to his own understanding, and to lose all the benefit of his own discretion, that he may reconcile his reason to his guide. . . .

So that Scripture, traditions, councils, and fathers are the evidence in a question, but reason is the judge: that is, we being the persons that are to be persuaded, we must see that we be persuaded reasonably; and it is unreasonable to assent to a lesser evidence when a greater and clearer is propounded.

THE TRUE PROSPERITY

From Sermon: 'Faith and Patience of the Saints'

IS THAT man prosperous who hath stolen a rich robe, and is in fear to have his throat cut for it, and is fain to defend it with greatest difficulty and the greatest danger? Does not he drink more sweetly that takes his beverage in an earthen vessel, than he that looks and searches into his golden chalices for fear of poison, and looks pale at every sudden noise, and sleeps in armor, and trusts nobody, and does not trust God for his safety, but does greater wickedness only to escape awhile unpunished for his former crimes? "*Auro bibitur venenum.*" No man goes about to poison a poor man's pitcher, nor lays plots to forage his little garden, made for the hospital of two beehives and the feasting of a few Pythagorean herb-eaters. They that admire the happiness of a prosperous, prevailing tyrant know not the felicities that dwell in innocent hearts, and poor cottagers, and small fortunes.

And so have I often seen young and unskillful persons sitting in a little boat, when every little wave sporting about the sides of the vessel, and every motion and dancing of the barge, seemed a danger, and made them cling fast upon their fellows; and yet all the while they were as safe as if they sat under a tree, while a gentle wind shook the leaves into a refreshment and a cooling shade. And the unskillful, inexperienced Christian shrieks out whenever his vessel shakes, thinking it always a danger that the watery pavement is not stable and resident like a

rock: and yet all his danger is in himself, none at all from without; for he is indeed moving upon the waters, but fastened to a rock: faith is his foundation, and hope is his anchor, and death is his harbor, and Christ is his pilot, and heaven is his country. And all the evils of poverty and affronts, of tribunals and evil judges, of fears and sadder apprehensions, are but like the loud wind blowing from the right point,—they make a noise, and drive faster to the harbor; and if we do not leave the ship and leap into the sea, quit the interests of religion and run to the securities of the world, cut our cables and dissolve our hopes, grow impatient and hug a wave, and die in its embraces,—we are as safe at sea; safer in the storm which God sends us than in a calm wind when we are befriended by the world.

THE MERITS OF ADVERSITY

From 'Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying'

NO MAN is more miserable than he that hath no adversity,—that man is not tried whether he be good or bad: and God never crowns those virtues which are only faculties and dispositions; but every act of virtue is an ingredient into reward. And we see many children fairly planted, whose parts of nature were never dressed by art, nor called from the furrows of their first possibilities by discipline and institution, and they dwell forever in ignorance, and converse with beasts; and yet if they had been dressed and exercised, might have stood at the chairs of princes, or spoken parables amongst the rulers of cities. Our virtues are but in the seed when the grace of God comes upon us first; but this grace must be thrown into broken furrows, and must twice feel the cold and twice feel the heat, and be softened with storms and showers, and then it will arise into fruitfulness and harvests. And what is there in the world to distinguish virtues from dishonors, or the valor of Cæsar from the softness of the Egyptian eunuchs, or that can make anything rewardable but the labor and the danger, the pain and the difficulty? Virtue could not be anything but sensuality if it were the entertainment of our senses and fond desires; and Apicius had been the noblest of all the Romans, if feeding and great appetite and despising the severities of temperance had been the work and proper employment of a wise man. But otherwise do

fathers and otherwise do mothers handle their children. These soften them with kisses and imperfect noises, with the pap and breast-milk of soft endearments; they rescue them from tutors and snatch them from discipline; they desire to keep them fat and warm, and their feet dry, and their bellies full: and then the children govern, and cry, and prove fools and troublesome, so long as the feminine republic does endure. But fathers—because they design to have their children wise and valiant, apt for counsel or for arms—send them to severe governments, and tie them to study, to hard labor, and afflictive contingencies. They rejoice when the bold boy strikes a lion with his hunting-spear, and shrinks not when the beast comes to affright his early courage. Softness is for slaves and beasts, for minstrels and useless persons, for such who cannot ascend higher than the state of a fair ox or a servant entertained for vainer offices; but the man that designs his son for nobler employments,—to honors and to triumphs, to consular dignities and presidencies of councils,—loves to see him pale with study or panting with labor, hardened with sufrance or eminent by dangers. And so God dresses us for heaven: he loves to see us struggling with a disease, and resisting the Devil, and contesting against the weaknesses of nature, and against hope to believe in hope,—resigning ourselves to God's will, praying him to choose for us, and dying in all things but faith and its blessed consequents; *ut ad officium cum periculo sinus prompti*—and the danger and the resistance shall endear the office. For so have I known the boisterous north wind pass through the yielding air, which opened its bosom, and appeased its violence by entertaining it with easy compliance in all the region of its reception; but when the same breath of heaven hath been checked with the stiffness of a tower, or the united strength of a wood, it grew mighty and dwelt there, and made the highest branches stoop and make a smooth path for it on the top of all its glories.

THE POWER OF ENDURANCE

From 'Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying'

IF WE consider how much men can suffer if they list, and how much they do suffer for great and little causes, and that no causes are greater than the proper causes of patience and sickness,—that is, necessity and religion,—we cannot without

huge shame to our nature, to our persons, and to our manners, complain of this tax and impost of nature. This experience added something to the old philosophy. When the gladiators were exposed naked to each other's short swords, and were to cut each other's souls away in portions of flesh, as if their forms had been as divisible as the life of worms, they did not sigh or groan: it was a shame to decline the blow but according to the just measures of art. The women that saw the wound shriek out, and he that receives it holds his peace. He did not only stand bravely, but would also fall so; and when he was down, scorned to shrink his head when the insolent conqueror came to lift it from his shoulders: and yet this man in his first design only aimed at liberty, and the reputation of a good fencer; and when he sunk down, he saw he could only receive the honor of a bold man, the noise of which he shall never hear when his ashes are crammed in his narrow urn. And what can we complain of the weakness of our strengths, or the pressures of diseases, when we see a poor soldier stand in a breach almost starved with cold and hunger, and his cold apt to be relieved only by the heats of anger, a fever, or a fired musket, and his hunger slaked by a greater pain and a huge fear? This man shall stand in his arms and wounds, *patiens luminis atque solis*, pale and faint, weary and watchful; and at night shall have a bullet pulled out of his flesh, and shivers from his bones, and endure his mouth to be sewed up from a violent rent to its own dimensions: and all this for a man whom he never saw, or if he did was not noted by him, but one that shall condemn him to the gallows if he runs from all this misery. It is seldom that God sends such calamities upon men as men bring upon themselves, and suffer willingly. But that which is most considerable is, that any passion and violence upon the spirit of man makes him able to suffer huge calamities with a certain constancy and an unwearied patience. Scipio Africanus was wont to commend that saying in Xenophon, That the same labors of warfare were easier far to a general than to a common soldier; because he was supported by the huge appetites of honor, which made his hard marches nothing but stepping forward and reaching at a triumph.

ON HUSBAND AND WIFE

From Sermon: 'The Marriage Ring'

MAN and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offenses of each other in the beginning of their conversation,—every little thing that can blast an infant blossom: and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage,—watchful and observant, jealous and busy, unquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. For infirmities do not manifest themselves in the first scenes, but in the succession of a long society; and it is not chance or weakness when it appears at first, but it is a want of love or prudence, or it will be so expounded; and that which appears ill at first, usually affrights the inexperienced man or woman, who makes unequal conjectures, and fancies mighty sorrows by the proportions of the new and early unkindness. . . .

Let man and wife be careful to stifle little things,—as fast as they spring, they be cut down and trod upon; for if they be suffered to grow by numbers, they make the spirit peevish, and the society troublesome, and the affections loose and easy by an habitual aversion. Some men are more vexed with a fly than with a wound; and when the gnats disturb our sleep, and the reason is disquieted but not perfectly awakened, it is often seen that he is fuller of trouble than if, in the daylight of his reason, he were to contest with a potent enemy. In the frequent little accidents of a family, a man's reason cannot always be awake; and when his discourses are imperfect, and a trifling trouble makes him yet more restless, he is soon betrayed to the violence of passion. It is certain that the man or woman are in a state of weakness and folly then, when they can be troubled with a trifling accident; and therefore it is not good to tempt their affections, when they are in that state of danger. In this case the caution is to subtract fuel from the sudden flame; for stubble, though it be quickly kindled, yet it is as soon extinguished, if it be not blown by a pertinacious breath or fed with new

materials. Add no new provocations to the accident, and do not inflame this, and peace will soon return; and the discontent will pass away soon, as the sparks from the collision of a flint: ever remembering that discontent proceeding from little daily things do breed a secret undiscernible disease, which is more dangerous than a fever proceeding from a discerned notorious surfeit.

Let them be sure to abstain from all those things which by experience and observation they find to be contrary to each other.

- They that govern elephants never appear before them in white;
- and the masters of bulls keep from them all garments of blood
- and scarlet, as knowing that they will be impatient of civil
- usages and discipline, when their natures are provoked by their
- proper antipathies. The ancient in their marital hieroglyphics used to depict Mercury standing by Venus, to signify that by fair language and sweet entreaties the minds of each other should be united; and hard by them . . . they would have all deliciousness of manners, compliance, and mutual observance to abide.

THE VALUE OF AN HOUR

From 'Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying'

IN TAKING the accounts of your life, do not reckon by great distances, and by the periods of pleasure, or the satisfaction of your hopes, or the sating your desires; but let every intermedial day and hour pass with observation. He that reckons he hath lived but so many harvests, thinks they come not often enough, and that they go away too soon. Some lose the day with longing for the night, and the night in waiting for the day. Hope and fantastic expectations spend much of our lives; and while with passion we look for a coronation, or the death of an enemy, or a day of joy, passing from fancy to possession without any intermedial notices, we throw away a precious year, and use it but as the burden of our time,—fit to be pared off and thrown away, that we may come at those little pleasures which first steal our hearts, and then steal our life.

LIFE AND DEATH

From 'Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying'

XERXES wept sadly when he saw his army of thirteen hundred thousand men, because he considered that within a hundred years all the youth of that army should be dust and ashes: and yet, as Seneca well observes of him, he was the man that should bring them to their graves; and he consumed all that army in two years, for whom he feared and wept the death after an hundred. Just so do we all.

THE ROSE

From 'Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying'

So have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece: but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age: it bowed the head, and broke its stalk, and at night having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman.

REMEDIES AGAINST IMPATIENCE

From 'Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying'

CERTAIN it is, reason was as well given us to harden our spirits, and stiffen them in passions and sad accidents, as to make us bending and apt for action: and if in men God hath heightened the faculties of apprehension, he hath increased the auxiliaries of reasonable strengths, that God's rod and God's staff might go together; and the beam of God's countenance may as well refresh us with its light as scorch us with its heat. But poor children that endure so much, have not inward supports and refreshments to bear them through it: they never heard the sayings of old men, nor have been taught the principles of severe philosophy, nor are assisted with the results of a long experience, nor know they how to turn a sickness into virtue

and a fever into a reward; nor have they any sense of favors, the remembrance of which may alleviate their burden: and yet nature hath in them teeth and nails enough to scratch and fight against their sickness; and by such aids as God is pleased to give them, they wade through the storm, and murmur not. And besides this, yet although infants have not such brisk perceptions upon the stock of reason, they have a more tender feeling upon the accounts of sense; and their flesh is as uneasy by their unnatural softness and weak shoulders as ours by our too forward apprehensions. Therefore bear up: either you or I, or some man wiser, and many a woman weaker, than us both, or the very children, have endured worse evil than this that is upon thee now.

That sorrow is hugely tolerable which gives its smart but by instants and smallest proportions of time. No man at once feels the sickness of a week, or of a whole day, but the smart of an instant; and still every portion of a minute feels but its proper share, and the last groan ended all the sorrow of its peculiar burden. And what minute can that be which can pretend to be intolerable? and the next minute is but the same as the last, and the pain flows like the drops of a river, or the little shreds of time: and if we do but take care of the present minute, it cannot seem a great charge or a great burden; but that care will secure one duty, if we still but secure the present minute.

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ESAIAS TEGNÉR.

ESAIAS TEGNÉR

(1782-1846)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE



IN HIS interesting critical study of Tegnér, Dr. Brandes assigns the poet his place in Swedish literature in the following terms: "He is not the greatest poet of the Swedish tongue: one great singer before him, and after him another, molded that speech into forms that surpass his in perspicuity and actual life. But it is with Bellman and Runeberg that he must be named and classed; and while he is inferior to them as a poet, he outshines them both intellectually." Tegnér appeared in Swedish literature at the time of sharpest conflict between the two poetical camps of the Phosphorists and the Gothics, and the day was won definitely for the latter by his activity. The Phosphorists, represented by such men as Atterbom, Stagnelius, and Sjöberg (*Vitalis*), were the standard-bearers of a misty romanticism inspired by the contemporary movement of thought in Germany, and even improving upon its models in the direction of the fantastic and the transcendental. The Gothic school, on the other hand,—chiefly represented by Geijer, Afzelius, and Ling,—pursued a more local and national ideal, seeking in the life and legendary history of the North the materials for a literature that should be independent of foreign influences. The advent of Tegnér was decisive for this conflict of ideals; for in him the national principle found as valiant a representative as it had found in Denmark in the person of Oehlenschläger, and in the presence of his work the controversy was silenced.

Esaias Tegnér, born November 13th, 1782, was sprung from the purest of peasant stock. His father, who was parish priest of Kyrkerud, died a few years later, leaving a widow and six children (of whom Esaias was the fifth in age) without any means of support. A neighboring official agreed to take charge of Esaias, and provided the nine-year-old boy with a place in his home and his office, where he was given some simple clerical work. His employer's business took him upon many excursions through the Wermeland district; and the boy, who usually went with him, received a deep impression of the natural beauties of the country. At the same time he was an eager reader of poetry, history, and saga-books; and we have thus accounted for the two distinguishing traits of his writings,—a

passionate love of nature and a deep sense of the significance of the legendary past. One evening, returning from one of these country excursions, he astonished his employer by taking an intelligent part in a conversation upon "God's omnipotence and its visible traces throughout nature." The old man was so impressed by this precocity that a few days later he announced his intention of giving the boy an academic education.

After two or three years of fitting, under the care of an elder brother who occupied the post of private tutor in a wealthy family, Tegnér entered the University of Lund in 1799, at the age of seventeen. In 1802 he took his degree, and received the laurel crown bestowed upon successful candidates; and soon thereafter got into a serious scrape by participating in a student demonstration against the unpopular rector of the university. But his friends saved him from the disgrace of the *consilium abeundi cum infamia*, and got him instead an appointment as docent. His vacations were spent with the family in which he had been prepared for college, and he soon won the love of the daughter of the house. The story of his courtship, to say nothing of the boy-and-girl intercourse of the earlier years, may be read plainly enough in the love episodes of 'Frithjof's Saga'; for Tegnér put into his own poetry the candor that he esteemed so highly in other men, and much of his work is hardly more than a direct transcript of his own experience. After his marriage, he remained at Lund for many years; until 1810 as docent, then as lecturer on Greek literature, and finally as full professor,— a post which carried with it, according to the curious Swedish custom, the duties of a parish priest, although the incumbent had taken no degree in theology. Promotion to a bishopric followed as a matter of course in the case of so brilliant a man as Tegnér, and he was given charge of the diocese of Vexiö in 1825. He made a very active sort of bishop; his first care being to clear his diocese of drunken clergymen, or at least to insist that they should not appear drunk on public occasions. He also undertook a close supervision of the parish schools under his charge, and took pains to see that his subordinates kept their accounts correctly. This very wholesome way of looking at his official duties was characteristic of a man who cared little for theology, but who recognized the importance of conduct. He accepted the forms of the established church, but interpreted them in a liberal spirit. The rationalism of the eighteenth century had left its mark upon him, and he was never orthodox in the narrow intolerant sense. His instincts were so unclerical as to enable him to enjoy a jest, even if the subject were of questionable taste; and he retained throughout the years of his health a certain buoyancy of spirits that marked him as a true child of the world.

In thus sketching Tegnér's official life, we have anticipated a little, and must turn back to the time of his docentship, when his first fame as a poet was won. His first poem of importance was a thrilling war-song, 'För Skånska Landtvärnet' (For the Reserves of Scania), written in 1808. In 1811 the fine patriotic poem 'Svea' won the prize of the Swedish Academy. Many other poems followed, and his most famous works were produced before the date of his removal to Vexjö. The last five years of his stay in Lund witnessed the publication of the three poems by which he is most widely known. They are the beautiful idyl 'Nattvårdsbarnen' (The Children of the Lord's Supper), which the translation of Longfellow has made one of the most familiar of English poems; the narrative poem 'Axel,' rich in sentiment and diversified by exquisite lyrical episodes; and the world-famous cycle of 'Frithjof's Saga.' The first of these three poems is in hexameters, and was obviously inspired by 'Goethe's 'Hermann and Dorothea'; while the second is in rhymed octosyllabic verse, and much in the manner of Byron. As for the last of the three, a great variety of metrical forms is made use of in the several songs or cantos, and the most astonishing virtuosity in the poetical use of the Swedish language is displayed. The subject of the 'Frithjof's Saga' is taken from the Icelandic tale of 'Frithjof the Bold,' one of the later and more sophisticated products of the old Norse genius for story-telling. The significance of this choice of a subject, which preferred to the simple and rugged themes of the great age of saga-writing one belonging to a more self-conscious and artificial period, is thus commented upon by Professor Ker:—"The original Frithjof is almost as remote as Tegnér himself from the true heroic tradition; and like Tegnér's poem, makes up for this want of a pedigree by a study and imitation of the great manner, and by a selection and combination of heroic traits from the older authentic literature." But criticism, although it may cavil at the choice of subject, and at the rhetorical character of the diction, and at the poet's flagrant violation of historical verisimilitude, cannot rob this poem of its beauty, or lessen its appeal to every noble instinct and generous sentiment. It has made its way triumphantly round the world, and been translated into almost every civilized tongue. There are not less than a score of English translations, and nearly that number in the German language.

For a number of years after he became Bishop of Vexjö, Tegnér's life was one of rich and varied activity. Besides performing his strictly official duties, he wrote many poems, and made many addresses upon educational and other occasions. But the cloud was slowly gathering that was to break upon his life and destroy its fairest prospects. Attacked by an insidious disease, the nature of

which long baffled his physicians, his mind broke down, and insanity made him its prey. During the years 1830-40 the shadow grew darker and darker, until in the latter year his intellect gave way completely, and he had to be placed in an asylum. Within a year partial recovery followed, and he was able again to take up his work. But his powers were failing in other directions also, and in 1845 he applied for relief from his duties. The year following, he succumbed to a stroke of paralysis; and died November 2d, 1846. His mind was clear at the end, and his last words were: "I will lift up my hands unto the house and the mountain of God."

The impression made upon the student of his life and works is well stated in the words with which Dr. Brandes closes the monograph mentioned at the beginning of this article:—

"Esaias Tegnér was beyond all else a whole man; for in his faults as well as his virtues he was an honest upright soul, easily wrought upon, but with a radiant love for the beautiful and the true. His human and earthly nature is so full of worth that it must always remain in a high degree attractive and interesting to every one who can appreciate the value of a rich personality; while the ideal image of Tegnér the poet will ever stand in luminous outline before the people upon whom he once shone as a living beam from the sun of the nineteenth century.



FROM 'FRITHIOF'S SAGA'

FRITHIOF AND INGEBORG

[Ingeborg, daughter of Bele, King of Sygva-fylke in Norway, having lost her mother, is brought up by her foster-father Hilding, who also rears Frithiof. Frithiof and Ingeborg become lovers; but her brothers refuse her to Frithiof, because they are jealous of his superior valor and fame.]

Two plants, in Hilding's garden fair,
Grew up beneath his fostering care;
Their match the North had never seen,
So nobly towered they in the green!

The one shot forth like some broad oak,
Its trunk a battle lance unbroke;
But helmet-like the top ascends,
As heaven's soft breeze its arched round bends.

Like some sweet rose,—bleak winter floun,—
That other fresh young plant y-shone;

From out this rose spring yet scarce gleameth,
Within the bud it lies and dreameth.

But cloud-sprung storm round th' earth shall go,—
That oak then wrestles with his foe;
Her heavenly path spring's sun shall tread,—
Then opes that rose her lips so red!

Thus sportful, glad, and green they sprung:
And Frithiof was that oak the young;
The rose so brightly blooming there,
She hight was Ingeborg the fair.

Saw'st thou the two by gold-beamed day,
To Freja's courts thy thoughts would stray;
Where, bright-haired and with rosy pinions,
Swings many a bride pair, Love's own minions.

But saw'st thou them, by moonlight's sheen,
Dance round beneath the leafy green,
Thou'dst say, In yon sweet garland grove
The king and queen of fairies move.

How precious was the prize he earned
When his first rune the youth had learned!
No king's could his bright glory reach,—
That letter would he Ing'borg teach.

How gladly at her side steered he
His barque across the dark blue sea!
When gaily tacking Frithiof stands,
How merrily clap her small white hands!

No birds' nests yet so lofty were,
That thither he not climbed for her;
E'en th' eagle, as he cloudward swung,
Was plundered both of eggs and young.

No streamlet's waters rushed so swift,
O'er which he would not Ing'borg lift;
So pleasant feels, when foam-rush 'larms,
The gentle cling of small white arms!

The first pale flower that spring had shed,
The strawberry sweet that first grew red,
The corn-ear first in ripe gold clad,
To her he offered, true and glad.

But childhood's days full quickly fly:
He stands a stripling now, with eye
Of haughty fire which hopes and prayeth;
And she, with budding breast, see! strayeth.

The chase young Frithiof ceaseless sought;
Nor oft would hunter so have fought:
For, swordless, spearless all, he'd dare
With naked strength the savage bear;

Then breast to breast they struggled grim;—
Though torn, the bold youth masters him!
With shaggy hide now see him laden:
Such spoils refuse, how can the maiden?

For man's brave deeds still women wile;
Strength well is worth young beauty's smile:
Each other suit they, fitly blending
Like helm o'er polished brows soft bending!

But read he, some cold winter's night,
(The fire-hearth's flaming blaze his light,)
A song of Valhall's brightnesses,
And all its gods and goddesses,—

He'd think, "Yes! yellow's Freja's hair,
A cornland sea, breeze-waved so fair;
Sure Ing'borg's, that like gold-net trembles
Round rose and lily, hers resembles!"

"Rich, white, soft, clear is Idun's breast;
How it heaves beneath her silken vest!
A silk I know, whose heave discloses
Light-fairies two with budding roses.

"And blue are Frigga's eyes to see,
Blue as heaven's cloudless canopy!
But I know eyes, to whose bright beams
The light-blue spring day darksome seems.

"The bards praise Gerda's cheeks too high,
Fresh snows which playful north-lights dye!
I cheeks have seen whose day lights, clear,
Two dawns blushing in one sphere.

"A heart like Nanna's own I've found,
As tender—why not so renowned?

Ah! happy Balder: ilk breast swelleth
To share the death thy scald o'ertelleth.

"Yes! could my death like Balder's be,—
A faithful maid lamenting me,—
A maid like Nanna, tender, true,—
How glad I'd stay with Hel the blue!"

But the king's child—all glad her love—
Sat murmuring hero-songs, and wove
Th' adventures that her chief had seen,
And billows blue, and groves of green;

Slow start from out the wool's snow-fields
Round, gold-embroidered, shining shields,
And battle's lances flying red,
And mail-coats stiff with silver thread:

But day by day her hero still
Grows Frithiof like, weave how she will;
And as his form 'mid th' armed host rushes,—
Though deep, yet joyful, are her blushes!

And Frithiof, where his wanderings be,
Carves I and F i' th' tall birch-tree;
The runes right gladly grow united,
Their young hearts like by one flame lighted.

Stands Day on heaven's arch,—throne so fair!—
King of the world, with golden hair,
Waking the tread of life and men,—
Each thinks but of the other then!

Stands Night on heaven's arch,—throne so fair!—
World's mother with her dark-hued hair,
While stars tread soft, all hushed 'mong men,—
Each dreams but of the other then!

"Thou Earth! each spring through all thy bowers
Thy green locks jewelings thick with flowers,—
Thy choicest give! fair weaving them,
My Frithiof shall the garland gem."

"Thou Sea! in whose deep gloomy hall
Shine thousand pearls,—hear Love's loud call!
Thy fairest give me, to bedeck
That whiter pearl, my Ing'borg's neck!"

"O crown of Oden's royal throne,
Eye of the world, bright golden Sun!
Wert thou but mine, should Frithiof wield
Thy shining disk, his shining shield."

"O lamp of great All-father's dome,
Thou Moon, whose beams so pale-clear roam!
Wert thou but mine, should Ing'borg wear
Thy crescent-orb among her hair."

Then Hilding spoke:—"From this love-play
Turn, foster-son, thy mind away:
Had wisdom ruled, thou ne'er hadst sought her,—
'The maid,' Fate cries, 'is Bele's daughter!'"

"To Oden, in his starlit sky,
Ascends her titled ancestry;
But Thorsten's son art thou: give way!
For 'like thrives best with like,' they say."

But Frithiof smiling said:—"Down fly
To death's dark vale my ancestry:
Yon forest's king late slew I; pride
Of high birth heired I with his hide.

"The free-born man yields not; for still
His arm wins worlds where'er it will:
Fortune can mend as well as mar,—
Hope's ornaments right kingly are!

"What is high birth for force? Yes! Thor,
Its sire, in Thrudvang's fort gives law:
Not birth, but worth, he weighs above;
The sword pleads strongly for its love!

"Yes! I will fight for my young bride,
Though e'en the thundering god defied.
Rest thee, my lily, glad at heart;
Woe him whose rash hand would us part!"

FRITHIOF GOES INTO BANISHMENT

[Frithiof, persistently refused Ingeborg's hand, wishes her to fly with him, but she refuses. He goes to the Orkney Islands to fetch tribute to her brothers in order to win their favor; but on returning finds that she has been forced into marriage with another suitor, King Ring, and has gone with him to his country. Quarreling with the brothers again, he is forced to go into exile.]

HIS ship's deck slight,
I' th' summer night,
Bore th' hero grieving.
Like waves high heaving,
Now rage now woe
Thro' his bosom flow;
Smoke still ascended,
The fire not ended.

"Thou free broad Sea!
Unknown to thee
Are despot's glances
And tyrant's fancies.
Where freemen swing
Is he thy king
Who never shivers,
Howe'er high quivers,
With rage oppressed,
Thy froth-white breast!
Thy plains, blue-spreading,
Glad chiefs are treading;
Like ploughs thereon
Their keels drive on;
And blood-rain patters
In shade th' oak scatters,
But steel-bright there
The corn-seeds glare!
Those plains so hoary
Bear crops of glory,
Rich crops of gold:
Thou billow bold
Befriend me! Never
I'll from thee sever!
My father's mound
Dull stands, fast-bound,

And selfsame surges
 Chant changeless dirges;
 But blue shall mine
 Through foam-flowers shine,
 'Mid tempests swimming,
 And storms thick dimming,
 And draw yet mo
 Down, down, below.—
 My life-home given,
 Thou shalt, far-driven!
 My barrow be,
 Thou free broad Sea!"

Day's orb now shined
 Hill-tops behind;
 Fresh breezes bounded
 From shore, and sounded
 Each wave to dance
 In morning's glance.
 Where th' high surge leapeth
 Ellida sweepeth,
 Glad stretched her wings.
 But Frithiof sings:—

"Heimskringla's forehead,
 Thou lofty North!
 Away I'm hurried
 From this thine earth.
 My race from thee goes,
 I boasting tell;
 Now, nurse of heroes—
 Farewell! Farewell!

"Farewell, high-gleaming
 Valhalla's throne,
 Night's eye, bright-beaming
 Midsummer's sun!
 Sky! where, as in hero's
 Soul, pure depths dwell,
 And thronging star-rows,—
 Farewell! Farewell!

"Farewell, ye mountains,
 Seats glory for;
 Ye tablet fountains
 For mighty Thor!

Ye lakes and highlands
I left so sel',
Ye rocks and islands,
Farewell! Farewell!

"Farewell, cairns dreaming
By wave of blue,
Where, snow-white gleaming,
Limes flower-dust strew!
But Saga spieth
And doometh well
I' the earth what lieth;—
Farewell! Farewell!

"Farewell, ye bowers,
Fresh houses green,
Where youth plucked flowers
By murm'ring stream;
Ye friends of childhood
Who meant me well,
Ye're yet remembered;—
Farewell! Farewell!

"My love insulted,
My palace brent,
My honor tarnished,
In exile sent,—
From land in sadness
To th' sea we appeal;
But Life's young gladness,
Farewell! Farewell!"

THE VIKING CODE

[Frithlof having set sail, draws up a code of conduct and honor for himself and his party; and after a career of successful sea-roving, resolves to revisit his native land.]

FAR and wide, like the falcon that hunts through the sky, flew he
now o'er the desolate sea;
And his Vikinga Code, for his champions on board, wrote he well:
wilt thou hear what it be?

"On thy ship pitch no tent; in no house shalt thou sleep: in the hall
who our friends ever knew?

On his shield sleeps the Viking, his sword in his hand, and for tent
has yon heaven the blue.

"With a short-shafted hammer fights conquering Thor; Frey's own
sword but an ell long is made:
That's enough. Hast thou courage? Strike close to thy foe: not too
short for thee then is thy blade!

"When the storm roars on high, up aloft with the sail; ah! how
pleasant's the sea in its wrath!
Let it blow, let it blow! He's a coward that furls; rather founder
than furl in thy path.

"On the shore, not on board, mayst thou toy with a maid: Freja's
self would prove false to thy love;
For the dimple deceives on her cheek, and her tresses would net-like
entrap thee above!

"Wine is Valfather's drink,—a carouse thou mayst have; but yet
steady and upright appear:
He who staggers on shore may stand up, but will soon down to
sleep-giving Ran stagger here.

"Sails the merchant ship forth, thou his bark mayst protect, if due
tribute his weak hand has told:
On thy wave art thou king; he's a slave to his pelf, and thy steel is
as good as his gold!

"With the dice and the lot shall the booty be shared; and complain
not, however it goes:
But the sea-king himself throws no dice on the deck,—only glory he
seeks from his foes.

"Heaves a Viking in sight,—then come boarding and strife, and hot
work is it under the shield;
But from us art thou banished—forget not the doom—if a step or a
foot thou shalt yield!

"'Tis enough, shouldst thou conquer! Who prays thee for peace has
no sword, and cannot be thy foe:
Prayer is Valhalla's child, hear the pale Virgin's voice; yes! a
scoundrel is he who says no!

"Viking gains are deep wounds, and right well they adorn if they
stand on the brow or the breast.
Let them bleed! Twice twelve hours first must circle ere binds
them, who Vikinga comrade would rest!"

Thus his laws carved he out, and fresh exploits each day and fresh
fame to strange coast-lands he brought;
And his like found he none on the blue-rolling sea, and his cham-
pions right willing they fought.

But himself sat all darkly, with rudder in hand, and looked down on
the slow-rocking spray;—

“Deep thou art! Peace perchance in those depths still may bloom,
but above here all peace dies away.

“Is the White God enraged? Let him take his good sword,—I will
fall should it so be decreed:

But he sits in yon sky, gloomy thoughts sending down; ne’er my
soul from their sadness is freed!”

Yet when battle is near, like the fresh eagle flying, his spirit fierce
soars with delight;

Loudly thunders his voice, and with clear brow he stands, like the
lightener still foremost in fight.

Thus from vict’ry to vict’ry he ceaselessly swam, on that wide-
foaming grave all secure;

And fresh islands he saw, and fresh bays in the south, till fair winds
on to Greek-Land allure.

When its groves he beheld, in the green tide reflected, its temples
in ruin bent low,—

Freja knows what he thought, and the scald; and if e’er thou hast
known how to love—thou wilt know!

“Here our dwelling had been! Here’s the isle, here’s the land: of
this temple my sire oft would tell;

Hither ’twas, hither ’twas, I invited my maid;—ah! she, cruel, the
North loved too well!

“’Mong these happy green vales dwells not peace? and remembrance,
ah! haunts she not columns so fair?

Like the whisp’rings of lovers soft murmur those springs, and with
bridal songs birds fill the air.

“Where is Ingeborg now?—Is so soon all forgot, for a chief with-
ered, gray-haired, and old?

I, I cannot forget! Gladly gave I my life, yet once more that dear
form to behold!

“And three years have gone by since my own land I saw, kingly hall
of fair Saga the Queen!

Rise there yet so majestic those mountains to heaven? keeps my
forefathers' dale its bright green?

"On the cairn where my father lies buried, a lime-tree I planted,—
ah! blooms it there now?

Who its tender shoot guards? Give thy moisture, O earth! and thy
dews, O thou heaven, give thou!

"Yet why linger I here, on the wave of the stranger?—Is tribute, is
blood, then my goal?

I have glory sufficient; and beggarly gold and its brightness, deep
scorneth my soul.

"There's the flag on the mast; to the Northland it points, and the
North holds the country I love:

Back to northward I'll steer, and will follow the course of the
breezes fresh-blowing above!"

[In the thirteenth canto, Frithiof in a defiant mood enters the temple of
Balder, seizes the arm-ring, pulls down the image of Balder, and involves the
whole temple in ruin, it being consumed in a blaze of unquenchable fire.

Returning from the sea, Frithiof in disguise visits the court of King Ring,
and sees Ingeborg, who recognizes him through his disguise. King Ring also
divines his secret, but magnanimously allows him to depart in peace.

Frithiof rebuilds the temple in a spirit of sincere repentance.

King Ring has died, and Ingeborg is free.

The last canto is entitled 'The Reconciliation,' and is full of noble senti-
ment. Frithiof has made atonement, resumes his place in the kingdom, and
is united to Ingeborg.]

THE RECONCILIATION

FINISHED great Balder's temple stood!
Round it no palisade of wood

Ran now as erst:

A railing stronger, fairer than the first,

And all of hammered iron,—each bar

Gold-tipped and regular,—

Walls Balder's sacred house. Like some long line

Of steel-clad champions, whose bright war-spears shine

And golden helms afar, so stood

This glittering guard within the holy wood! . . .

Proud stood it there on mountain steep, its lofty brow

Reflected calmly on the sea's bright-flowing wave.

But round about, some girdle like of beauteous flowers,

Went Balder's dale, with all its groves' soft-murmured sighs,
And all its birds' sweet twittered songs,—the home of peace. . . .

Farthest within, the god's high altar rested,
Hewn all of one sole block
From Northern marble rock;
And round thereon its scroll the serpent twisted,
With solemn rune
Each fold thick strewn,
Whose words from Havamal and Vala taken
Deep thoughts in every human bosom waken,—
While in the wall above
A niche was seen with stars of gold
On dark-blue ground; and there, behold!
All mild and gentle as the silver moon
Sitting heaven's blue aboon,
The silver image stands of Balder, God of Love!—

So seemed the sanctuary.—Forth in pairs now tread
Twelve temple virgins; vests of silver thread
Adorn each slender form, and roses red
O'er ev'ry cheek soft graces shed,
And spread
O'er ev'ry innocent heart a fragrant fair rose-bed.—
Before the White God's image, and around
The late-blessed altar, dancing, light they bound
As spring winds leap where rippling fount waves sound,
As woodland elves that skip along the ground,
Skimming the high-grown grass
Which morning's dew
Still hangs with sparkling gems of every hue;—
Ah! how those jewels tremble as the fairies pass!

And while the dance went round, a holy song they sung
Of Balder, that mild god, and how he was beloved
By every creature, till he fell by Höder's dart,
And earth and ocean wide, and heaven itself, sore wept!
How pure, how tender that song it peaaleth!
Sure never sprang
Such tuneful clang
From mortal breast! No,—heaven revealeth
Some tone from Breidablick, from out the gods' own hall,
All soft as lonely maiden's thoughts on him she loves,
What time the quail calls deeply 'mid the peace of night;
The North's tall birches bathed i' th' moon's pale-quivering sheen.

And Frithiof, leaning on his sword, whose glance
 Shines far around, stood lost as in a trance,
 And charmed and silent gazed upon the dance!—
 Thereat his childhood's memories, how they throng
 Before his raptured eye!—A jocund train, and long,
 And innocent and glad and true,
 With eyes like heaven's own blue,
 And heads rich circled by bright-golden tresses,—
 His former youth-friend each with some sign addresses;
 Then all his Viking life,
 With scenes of murderous strife
 And bold adventures rife,
 Like some dark bloody shadow sinketh
 Fast down to night.—Ah! glad he drinketh
 Forgetfulness's sweet cup, and thinketh,
 "Repose at last those sea-king exploits have,—
 I stand a flower-crowned Bauta-Stone upon their grave!" . . .

"Son Frithiof, welcome! Yes, I've long expected
 That thou shouldst come;—for force, 'tis true, still wanders
 Round land and sea afar, wild Berserk like
 That pale with rage the shield's hard border biteth;
 But yet at last it home returns again,
 Outwearied and all calm.—The strong-armed Thor
 Full oft 'gainst giant Jotunheim did wend;
 But spite his belt celestial, spite his gauntlets,
 Utgård-Loke still his throne retains;—
 Evil, itself a force, to force yields never!
 Goodness, not joined with strength, must child's-play be;—
 On Ägir's bosom so, the sun shines prettily;
 But fickle as the flood the graspless splendor see!
 As sink or rise the billows, thus all changeably
 The fairy brightness flitteth, moving endlessly.
 And force, from goodness severed, surely dies;
 Self-eating, self-consumed, as sword that lies
 In some damp cairn, black rust corrodes the prize:
 Yes! Life's debauch fierce strength's mad riot is!
 But ah! Oblivion's heron flutters still
 O'er goblet-brim that traitorous sweet draughts fill,
 And deep's the wakened drunkard's shame for deeds of ill! . . .

"King Helge is no more!"—

"King Helge, he," said Frithiof,— "when, where, how?"

"Thyself know'st well that whilst thou here hast builded
 This temple to the god, King Helge marched

On painful foray 'mong the heathen Fins,
Scaling each mountain wall. In Finland's borders,
Raised on a barren time-worn peak, there stood
An ancient temple consecrate to Jumala:
Abandoned and fast-shut, for many ages
This desolate fane had been, its every rite
Long since forgotten; but above the portal
An old and monstrous idol of the god
Stood, frail-supported, trembling to its fall.
This temple none dared enter, scarce approach;
For down from sire to son an eld tradition
Went dimly warning, that whoever first
The temple visited should Jumala view!
This Helge heard, and in his blind fierce rage,
The pathless wilds trod 'gainst this deity
So hated from of old, all bent on razing
The temple's heathen walls. But when he'd marched
Up where the ruin threatened, lo! all fast
The massy moss-grown door was closed; and, covered
With thick brown rust, the key still sat within it.
Grim Helge then, the door-posts griping hard,
With rude uncivil strain the moldering pillars
Fierce shook, and straightway — with tremendous crash
The sculptured image fell, burying beneath it
Valhalla's impious son; and so dread Jumala
His eyes behold.— A messenger in haste
These tidings brought ere yet last night was ended.

"Now, only Halfdan sits on Bele's chair.
Thy hand, brave Frithiof, offer him! Revenge
And passion sacrifice to heaven's high gods:
This Balder's shrine demandeth; — I demand, too,
As Balder's highest priest, in token meet
That peace's gentle chief thou hast not mocked
With vain professions and an empty homage.—
Decide, my son! — shall Balder's peace be broken?
If so, in vain thou'st built this fane, the token
Of mild forgiveness, and in vain aged priest hath spoken!"

Over the copper threshold Halfdan now,
With pallid brow
And fearful fitful glance, advanceth slow
Tow'rd's yonder tow'ring ever-dreaded foe,
And, silent, at a distance stands.
Then Frithiof, with quick hands,

The corslet-hater, Angurvadel, from his thigh
Unbuckleth, and his bright shield's golden round
Leaning 'gainst the altar, thus draws nigh;
While his cowed enemy

He thus accosts, with pleasant dignity:—
"Most noble in this strife will he be found
Who first his right hand good

Offers in pledge of peaceful brotherhood!"

Then Halfdan, deeply blushing, doffs with haste
His iron gauntlet, and—with hearty grasp embraced—
Each long, long severed hand

Its friend-foe hails, steadfast as mountain-bases stand!

That aged and awful priest then glad removeth
The curse that rested on the varg I veum,
Frithiof the outlaw; and as the last deep accents
Of reconcilment and of blessing sounded—

Lo! Ing'borg sudden enters, rich adorned
With bridal ornaments, and all enrobed
In gorgeous ermine, and by bright-eyed maidens
Slow followed, as on heaven's broad canopy
Attending star-trains guard the regent moon!

But the young bride's fair eyes,

Those two blue skies,

Fill quick with tears,

And to her brother's heart she trembling sinketh;—

He, with his sister's fears

Deep-moved, her hand all tenderly in Frithiof's linketh,

His burden soft transferring to that hero's breast,

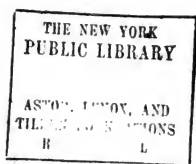
Its long-tried faith fit place for Ing'borg's rest.

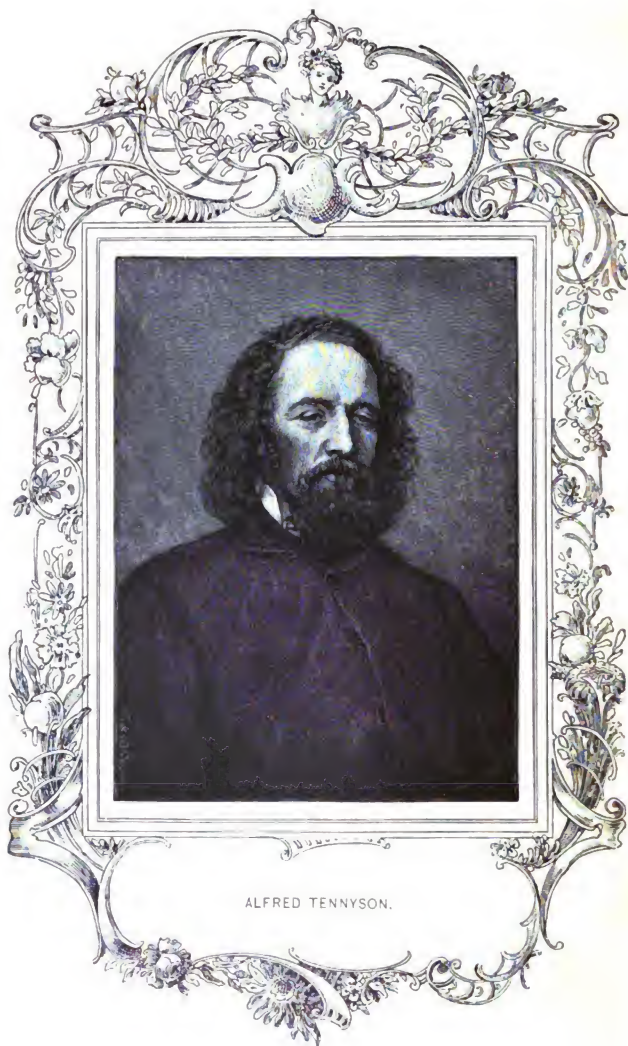
Then, to her heart's first, best beloved, her childhood's friend,

In nuptial band

She gives her lily hand,

As before pardoning Balder's altar both low bend!





ALFRED TENNYSON

(1809-1892)

BY HENRY VAN DYKE



LFRED TENNYSON, the most representative English poet of the nineteenth century, was born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, on August 6th, 1809. His boyhood was passed in his father's country rectory, in an atmosphere that was full of poetry and music; and at a very early age he began to try his wings in verse. Some of his youthful efforts were published in partnership with his elder brother Charles, in 1826, in a volume entitled 'Poems by Two Brothers.' Two years later he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and became a member of an intimate society called "The Apostles," which included some of the most brilliant young men in England. Among them was Arthur Henry Hallam, the closest friend of Tennyson. In 1829 he won the chancellor's medal with his poem called 'Timbuctoo'; and in the following year he published 'Poems, Chiefly Lyrical,' a slender volume of new and delicate melodies. He left college without taking his degree, soon after his father's death in 1831, and gave himself to a poet's life with a clear resolution which never wavered for sixty years.

His volume of poems published in 1832 marked a distinct growth in strength and skill. It was but a tiny book; but there was a quality in it which more than balanced the lack of quantity. 'The Lady of Shalott,' 'Ænone,' 'The Lotos Eaters,' 'The Palace of Art,' and 'A Dream of Fair Women,' revealed the presence of a true dreamer of dreams, gifted with the magic which translates visions into music. 'The Miller's Daughter,' 'The May Queen,' and 'New Year's Eve,' showed the touch of one who felt the charm of English rural scenery and common life with a sentiment so fresh and pure and deep that he might soon be able to lay his hand upon the very heart of the people.

But before this highest potency of the poet's gift could come to Tennyson, there was need of a baptism of conflict and sorrow, to purify him from the mere love of art for art's sake, to save him from sinking into an over-dainty weaver of exquisite verse, and to consecrate his genius to the severe and noble service of humanity and truth. This liberating and uplifting experience was enfolded in the

profound grief which fell upon him in Arthur Hallam's sudden death at Vienna, in 1833. How deeply this irretrievable loss shook the poet's heart, how closely and how strenuously it forced him to face the mystery and the meaning of life in lonely spiritual wrestling, was fully disclosed, after seventeen years, in the famous elegy, 'In Memoriam.' But the traces of the conflict and some of its fine results were seen even earlier, in the two volumes of 'Poems' which appeared in 1842, as the fruitage of a decade of silence. 'Ulysses,' 'Morte d'Arthur,' 'St. Simeon Stylites,' 'Dora,' 'Locksley Hall,' 'A Vision of Sin,' 'The Two Voices,' and that immortal lyric, 'Break, Break, Break,' were not the work of

"An idle singer of an empty day."

A new soul had entered into his poetry. His Muse had been born again, from above. He took his place with the master-minstrels who sing with a full voice out of a full heart, not for a coterie, but for the age and for the race.

It was the recognition that Tennyson really belonged to this higher class of poets,—a recognition which at first was confined to a clear-sighted circle, but spread by degrees to the wider reading public,—that prepared an expectant audience for his first long poem, 'The Princess,' which appeared in 1847. The subject was the eternal woman question, treated in the form of an epic, half heroic and half humorous: the story of a king's daughter who sought to emancipate, and even to separate, her sex from man, by founding a wonderful woman's college; but was conquered at last (or at least modified), by the love of an amorous, chivalrous, dreamy prince, who wooed and married her. The blank verse in which the tale is told has great beauty, though it is often too ornate; the conclusion of the poem is a superb and sonorous tribute to the honor of "das ewig weibliche": but the little interludes of song which are scattered through the epic shine as the chief jewels in a setting which is not all of pure gold.

In 1850 the long-delayed and nobly labored elegy on the death of Hallam was given to the world. It is hardly too much to say that 'In Memoriam' stands out, in present vision, as the most illustrious poem of the century. Certainly it has been the most frequently translated, the most widely quoted, and the most deeply loved. It is far more than a splendid monument to the memory of a friend. It is an utterance of the imperishable hopes and aspirations of the human soul passing through the valley of the shadow of death. It is a unique group of lyrics, finished each one with an exquisite artist's care, which is only surpassed by the intense and steady passion which fuses them into a single poem. It is the English classic on the love of immortality and the immortality of love.

His influence upon the thought and feeling of the age has been far-reaching and potent. He has stood among the doubts and confusions of these latter days, as a witness for the things that are invisible and eternal,—the things that men may forget if they will, but if they forget them, their hearts wither and the springs of poesy run dry. His verse has brought new cheer and courage to the youth of to-day who would fain defend their spiritual heritage against the invasions of materialism. In the vital conflict for the enlargement of faith to embrace the real results of science, he stood forth as a leader. In the great silent reaction of our age from the desperate solitude of a consistent skepticism, his voice was a clear-toned bell, calling the unwilling exiles of belief to turn again. And when at last, on the 6th of October 1892, he passed away from his quiet home at Aldworth, with the moonlight falling on closed eyes and voiceless lips, the world mourned for him as for a mighty prophet, and rejoiced for him as a poet who had finished his course and kept the faith.

Henry van Dyke

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

ON EITHER side the river lie
 Long fields of barley and of rye,
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
 And through the field the road runs by
 To many-towered Camelot:
 And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
 Little breezes dusk and shiver
 Through the wave that runs for ever
 By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
 Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
 Overlook a space of flowers,
 And the silent isle embowers
 The Lady of Shalott,

By the margin, willow-veiled,
Slide the heavy barges trailed
By slow horses; and unhailed
The shallop flitteth silken-sailed
 Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
 Down to towered Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot;
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,

Sometimes a curly shepherd lad,
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
 Goes by towered Camelot;
And sometimes through the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two;—
She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights:
For often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot;
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed:
"I am half sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bowshot from her bower eaves,
He rode between the barley sheaves;
The sun came dazling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
 As he rode down to Camelot;
And from his blazoned baldric slung,
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
 Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jeweled shone the saddle leather;
The helmet and the helmet feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
 As he rode down to Camelot:

As often through the purple night,
 Below the starry clusters bright,
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;
 On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;
 From underneath his helmet flowed
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,

 As he rode down to Camelot.
 From the bank and from the river
 He flashed into the crystal mirror;
 "Tirra lirra," by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
 She made three paces through the room;
 She saw the water-lily bloom,
 She saw the helmet and the plume,

 She looked down to Camelot.
 Out flew the web and floated wide;
 The mirror cracked from side to side:
 "The curse is come upon me," cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods were waning,
 The broad stream in his banks complaining,
 Heavily the low sky raining

 Over towered Camelot:
 Down she came and found a boat
 Beneath a willow left afloat,
 And round about the prow she wrote —
 The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse,
 Like some bold seer in a trance
 Seeing all his own mischance,
 With a glassy countenance

 Did she look to Camelot.
 And at the closing of the day
 She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
 The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Leaves robed in snowy white
Loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Through the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot;
And as the boat-head wound along,
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,

Turned to towered Camelot.
For ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape, she floated by
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear,

All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

CHORIC SONG

From 'The Lotos-Eaters'

I

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

III

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweetened with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.

All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place;
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life: ah, why
Should life all labor be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall, and cease:
Give us long rest or death; dark death, or dreamful ease.

V

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whispered speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heaped over with a mound of grass,—
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives

And their warm tears; but all hath suffered change:
 For surely now our household hearths are cold;
 Our sons inherit us; our looks are strange:
 And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
 Or else the island princes over-bold
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
 Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
 And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
 Is there confusion in the little isle?
 Let what is broken so remain.
 The gods are hard to reconcile:
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.
 There *is* confusion worse than death,
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 Long labor unto aged breath,
 Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

VII

But propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
 With half-dropt eyelid still,
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
 His waters from the purple hill—
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 From cave to cave through the thick-twinèd vine—
 To watch the emerald-colored water falling
 Through many a woven acanthus wreath divine!
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
 Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the pine.

VIII

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak;
 The Lotos blows by every winding creek;
 All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone;
 Through every hollow cave and alley lone,
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust is blown.
 We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
 Rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard, when the surge was seething
 free,
 Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.

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CIRCE AND THE FRIENDS OF ULYSSES

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind:
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curled
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world;
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and
fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and pray-
ing hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning though the words are strong,—
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine, and oil;
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whispered—down in
hell
Suffer endless anguish; others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;
Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

ULYSSES

IT LITTLE profits that, an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea. I am become a name:
For always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known,—cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,

Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence,—something more,
A bringer of new things: and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle:
Well loved of me, discerning to fulfill
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me,
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads,—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil:
Death closes all; but something, ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths

Of all the western stars, until I die,
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven—that which we are, we are:
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

LOCKSLEY HALL

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn;
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle-
horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed;

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,—
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be,—

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so
young,

And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me:
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turned—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;"
Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee
long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands:
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with
might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fullness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
Oh the dreary, dreary moorland! Oh the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me, to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day;
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are glazed with
wine.

Go to him—it is thy duty: kiss him; take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought:
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand—
Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,
Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool!

Well—'tis well that I should bluster!—Hadst thou less unworthy
proved—

Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart be at the root.

Never, though my mortal summers to such length of years should
come

As the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perished; sweetly did she speak and move:
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
No—she never loved me truly: love is love for evermore. —

Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widowed marriage pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.—
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow; get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.
'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

Oh, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due
Half is thine and half is his; it will be worthy of the two.

Oh, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the feelings—she herself was not exempt—

Truly, she herself had suffered—" Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is thronged with suitors; all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life:

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men:

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-
storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common-sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumphed ere my passion sweeping through me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint:
Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from point to point;

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Though the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moldered string?
I am shamed through all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's
pain—

Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain;

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, matched with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine —

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starred; —
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit — there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day;

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breathths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats a European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the
crag;

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree —
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of
mind,

In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have scope and breath-
ing-space:

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books —

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my words are wild, —
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage — what to me were sun or clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time —

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range;
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun:
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun.

Oh, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set:
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

“BREAK, BREAK, BREAK”

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill:
But oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

THE BROOK

"HERE, by this brook, we parted; I to the East
 And he for Italy—too late—too late.
 One whom the strong sons of the world despise:
 For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share,
 And mellow metres more than cent. for cent.;
 Nor could he understand how money breeds,—
 Thought it a dead thing,—yet himself could make
 The thing that is not as the thing that is.
 Oh, had he lived! In our schoolbooks we say,
 Of those that held their heads above the crowd,
 They flourished then or then; but life in him
 Could scarce be said to flourish,—only touched
 On such a time as goes before the leaf,
 When all the wood stands in a mist of green,
 And nothing perfect: yet the brook he loved,
 For which, in branding summers of Bengal,
 Or even the sweet half-English Neilgherry air
 I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,
 Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy,
 To me that loved him; for 'O brook,' he says,
 'O babbling brook,' says Edmund in his rhyme,
 'Whence come you?' and the brook—why not?—replies:

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally,
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges,
 By twenty thorns, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
 To join the brimming river:
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

"Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,
 Traveling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge—
 It has more ivy: there the river; and there
 Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles.

I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river:
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"But Philip chattered more than brook or bird—
Old Philip; all about the fields you caught
His weary daylong chirping, like the dry
High-elbowed grigs that leap in summer grass.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river:
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"O darling Katie Willows, his one child!
A maiden of our century, yet most meek;
A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse;
Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand;
Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

"Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn,—
Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed,
James Willows, of one name and heart with her.
For here I came, twenty years back—the week
Before I parted with poor Edmund; crost
By that old bridge which, half in ruins then,
Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam
Beyond it, where the waters marry—crost,
Whistling a random bar of 'Bonny Doon,'

And pushed at Philip's garden gate. The gate,
Half parted from a weak and scolding hinge,
Stuck; and he clamored from a casement, 'Run!'
To Katie somewhere in the walks below,
'Run, Katie!' Katie never ran: she moved
To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers,
A little fluttered, with her eyelids down,—
Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon.

"What was it?—Less of sentiment than sense
Had Katie: not illiterate; nor of those
Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,
And nursed by mealy-mouthed philanthropies,
Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.

"She told me. She and James had quarreled. Why?
What cause of quarrel? None, she said, no cause;
James had no cause: but when I prest the cause,
I learnt that James had flickering jealousies
Which angered her. Who angered James? I said.
But Katie snatched her eyes at once from mine,
And sketching with her slender pointed foot
Some figure like a wizard pentagram
On garden gravel, let my query pass
Unclaimed, in flushing silence, till I asked
If James were coming. 'Coming every day,'
She answered, 'ever longing to explain:
But evermore her father came across
With some long-winded tale, and broke him short;
And James departed, vexed with him and her.'
How could I help her? 'Would I—was it wrong?'
(Claspt hands and that petitionary grace
Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)
'Oh, would I take her father for one hour,
For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!'
And even while she spoke, I saw where James
Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,
Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet.

"O Katie, what I suffered for your sake!
For in I went, and called old Philip out
To show the farm: full willingly he rose;
He led me through the short sweet-smelling lanes
Of his wheat suburb, babbling as he went.
He praised his land, his horses, his machines;

He praised his plows, his cows, his hogs, his dogs;
He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens;
His pigeons, who in session on their roofs
Approved him, bowing at their own deserts:
Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took
Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each,
And naming those, his friends, for whom they were:
Then crost the common into Darnley chase
To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.
Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,
He pointed out a pasturing colt, and said,
'That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire.'
And there he told a long long-winded tale
Of how the Squire had seen the colt at grass,
And how it was the thing his daughter wished,
And how he sent the bailiff to the farm
To learn the price, and what the price he asked,
And how the bailiff swore that he was mad,
But he stood firm: and so the matter hung;
He gave them line: and five days after that
He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,
Who then and there had offered something more,
But he stood firm: and so the matter hung;
He knew the man; the colt would fetch its price;
He gave them line: and how by chance at last
(It might be May or April, he forgot,
The last of April or the first of May)
He found the bailiff riding by the farm,
And, talking from the point, he drew him in,
And there he mellowed all his heart with ale,
Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand.

"Then, while I breathed in sight of haven, he—
Poor fellow, could he help it?—recommenced,
And ran through all the coltish chronicle,
Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho,
Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt,
Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,—
Till, not to die a listener, I arose,
And with me Philip, talking still; and so
We turned our foreheads from the falling sun,
And following our own shadows thrice as long
As when they followed us from Philip's door,

Arrived, and found the sun of sweet content
Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river:
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"Yes, men may come and go; and these are gone,
All gone. My dearest brother Edmund sleeps,
Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,
But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome
Of Brunelleschi—sleeps in peace; and he,
Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words
Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb—
I scraped the lichen from it; Katie walks
By the long wash of Australasian seas
Far off, and holds her head to other stars,
And breathes in April-autumns. All are gone."

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile
In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind
Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook
A tonsured head in middle age forlorn,
Mused, and was mute. On a sudden a low breath
Of tender air made tremble in the hedge
The fragile bindweed bells and briony rings;
And he looked up. There stood a maiden near,
Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared
On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within;
Then, wondering, asked her, "Are you from the farm?"

"Yes," answered she.—"Pray stay a little: pardon me—
What do they call you?"—"Katie."—"That were strange.
What surname?"—"Willows."—"No!"—"That is my
name."—

"Indeed!" and here he looked so self-perplexed
That Katie laughed, and laughing blushed, till he
Laughed also, but as one before he wakes,
Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.
Then looking at her—"Too happy, fresh, and fair,
Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,
To be the ghost of one who bore your name
About these meadows, twenty years ago."

"Have you not heard?" said Katie: "we came back.
We bought the farm we tenanted before.
Am I so like her? so they said on board.
Sir, if you knew her in her English days,
My mother, as it seems you did,—the days
That most she loves to talk of,—come with me.
My brother James is in the harvest-field;
But she—you will be welcome—oh, come in!"

SONG: "THE SPLENDOR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS"

From 'The Princess'

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying!
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying, dying, dying.

Oh hark, oh hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever,
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying!
And answer, echoes, answer—dying, dying, dying.

SONG: "TEARS, IDLE TEARS"

From 'The Princess'

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean:
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
 That brings our friends up from the underworld;
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge:
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square:
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret—
 O death in Life, the days that are no more.

PERFECT UNITY

From 'The Princess'

"BLAME not thyself too much," I said, "nor blame
 Too much the sons of men and barbarous laws:
 These were the rough ways of the world till now.
 Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know
 The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
 Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free:
 For she that out of Lethe scales with man
 The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
 His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
 Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—
 If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
 How shall men grow? But work no more alone!
 Our place is much: as far as in us lies

We two will serve them both in aiding her;
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up but drag her down;
Will leave her space to burgeon out of all
Within her; let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
For women is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain; his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man:
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind:
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of human-kind.
May these things be!"

Sighing she spoke, "I fear

They will not."

"Dear, but let us type them now
In our own lives, and this proud watchword rest
Of equal; seeing either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal, nor unequal; each fulfills
Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-celled heart beating, with one full stroke,
Life."

And again sighing she spoke: "A dream
That once was mine! What woman taught you this?"

"Alone," I said, "from earlier than I know,
Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the world,

I loved the woman: he that doth not, lives
 A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
 Or pines in sad experience worse than death,
 Or keeps his winged affections clipt with crime:
 Yet was there one through whom I loved her,—one
 Not learnèd, save in gracious household ways;
 Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants;
 No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
 In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
 Interpreter between the Gods and men;
 Who looked all native to her place, and yet
 On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
 Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
 Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved,
 And girdled her with music. Happy he
 With such a mother! Faith in womankind
 Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
 Comes easy to him; and though he trip and fall,
 He shall not blind his soul with clay."

"But I,"

Said Ida tremulously, "so all unlike—
 It seems you love to cheat yourself with words:
 This mother is your model. I have heard
 Of your strange doubts: they well might be; I seem
 A mockery to my own self. Never, Prince:
 You cannot love me."

"Nay, but thee," I said,
 "From year-long poring on thy pictured eyes,
 Ere seen I loved, and loved thee seen, and saw
 Thee woman through the crust of iron moods
 That masked thee from men's reverence up, and forced
 Sweet love on pranks of saucy boyhood: now,
 Given back to life, to life indeed, through thee,
 Indeed I love; the new day comes, the light
 Dearer for night, as dearer thou for faults
 Lived over: lift thine eyes; my doubts are dead,
 My haunting sense of hollow shows: the change,
 This truthful change in thee, has killed it. Dear,
 Look up, and let thy nature strike on mine,
 Like yonder morning on the blind half-world;
 Approach and fear not; breathe upon my brows:
 In that fine air I tremble; all the past
 Melts mist-like into this bright hour, and this
 Is morn to more, and all the rich to-come
 Reels, as the golden Autumn woodland reels

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THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Athwart the smoke of burning weeds. Forgive me
I waste my heart in signs: let be. My bride,
My wife, my life. Oh, we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee; come,
Yield thyself up,—my hopes and thine are one:
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself;
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.”

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

I

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,

Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

IV

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
Shattered and Sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

FROM 'IN MEMORIAM'

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove:

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death: and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,—
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know:
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear:
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me;
What seemed my worth since I began:
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,—
Thy creature, whom I found so fair:
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

I ENVY not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods;

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth,
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall,—
I feel it when I sorrow most,—
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

THAT each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet;

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good:
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away,
Some landing-place, to clasp and say,
"Farewell! We lose ourselves in light."

OH YET we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;
That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

* * *

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
 And falling with my weight of cares
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs
 That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
 And gather dust and chaff, and call
 To what I feel is Lord of all,
 And faintly trust the larger hope.

* * *

"So careful of the type?" but no.
 From scarpèd cliff and quarried stone
 She cries, "A thousand types are gone:
 I care for nothing; all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me:
 I bring to life, I bring to death;
 The spirit does but mean the breath:
 I know no more." And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,
 Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
 Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies,
 Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed,
 And love Creation's final law,—
 Though Nature, red in tooth and claw
 With ravine, shrieked against his creed,—

Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
 Who battled for the True, the Just,—
 Be blown about the desert dust,
 Or sealed within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,
 A discord. Dragons of the prime,
 That tare each other in their slime,
 Were mellow music matched with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!
 Oh for thy voice to soothe and bless!
 What hope of answer, or redress?
 Behind the veil, behind the veil.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

LOVE is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, though as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompassed by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

O LIVING will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow through our deeds and make them pure;

That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquered years
To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

O TRUE and tried, so well and long,
Demand not thou a marriage lay:
In that it is thy marriage day
Is music more than any song.

Nor have I felt so much of bliss
Since first he told me that he loved
A daughter of our house; nor proved
Since that dark day a day like this:

Though I since then have numbered o'er
Some thrice three years; they went and came,
Remade the blood and changed the frame,
And yet is love not less, but more:

No longer caring to embalm
In dying songs a dead regret,
But like a statue solid-set,
And molded in colossal calm,

Regret is dead, but love is more
Than in the summers that are flown,
For I myself with these have grown
To something greater than before;

Which makes appear the songs I made
As echoes out of weaker times,
As half but idle brawling rhymes,
The sport of random sun and shade.

But where is she, the bridal flower,
That must be made a wife ere noon?
She enters, glowing like the moon
Of Eden on its bridal bower:

On me she bends her blissful eyes,
And then on thee; they meet thy look,
And brighten like the star that shook
Betwixt the palms of Paradise.

Oh, when her life was yet in bud,
He too foretold the perfect rose.
For thee she grew, for thee she grows
For ever, and as fair as good.

And thou art worthy: full of power,
As gentle; liberal-minded, great,
Consistent; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.

But now set out: the noon is near,
And I must give away the bride;
She fears not, or with thee beside
And me behind her, will not fear.

For I that danced her on my knee,
That watched her on her nurse's arm,
That shielded all her life from harm,
At last must part with her to thee:

Now waiting to be made a wife,
Her feet, my darling, on the dead;
Their pensive tablets round her head,
And the most living words of life

Breathed in her ear. The ring is on,
The "wilt thou" answered, and again
The "wilt thou" asked, till out of twain
Her sweet "I will" has made you one.

Now sign your names, which shall be read,
Mute symbols of a joyful morn,
By village eyes as yet unborn;—
The names are signed, and overhead

Begins the clash and clang that tells
The joy to every wandering breeze;
The blind wall rocks, and on the trees
The dead leaf trembles to the bells.

O happy hour, and happier hours
Await them. Many a merry face
Salutes them—maidens of the place,
That pelt us in the porch with flowers.

O happy hour, behold the bride
With him to whom her hand I gave.
They leave the porch, they pass the grave
That has to-day its sunny side.

To-day the grave is bright for me;
For them the light of life increased.
Who stay to share the morning feast,
Who rest to-night beside the sea.

Let all my genial spirits advance
To meet and greet a whiter sun;
My drooping memory will not shun
The foaming grape of eastern France.

It circles round, and fancy plays,
And hearts are warmed and faces bloom,
As drinking health to bride and groom
We wish them store of happy days.

Nor count me all to blame if I
Conjecture of a stiller guest,
Perchance, perchance, among the rest,
And though in silence, wishing joy.

But they must go,—the time draws on,
And those white-favored horses wait:
They rise, but linger; it is late:
Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.

A shade falls on us like the dark
From little cloudlets on the grass;
But sweeps away as out we pass
To range the woods, to roam the park,

Discussing how their courtship grew,
And talk of others that are wed,
And how she looked, and what he said,—
And back we come at fall of dew.

Again the feast, the speech, the glee,
The shade of passing thought, the wealth
Of words and wit, the double health,
The crowning cup, the three-times-three.

And last the dance;—till I retire.
Dumb is that tower which spake so loud,
And high in heaven the streaming cloud,
And on the downs a rising fire:

And rise, O moon, from yonder down,
Till over down and over dale
All night the shining vapor sail
And pass the silent-lighted town,

The white-faced halls, the glancing rills,
And catch at every mountain head,
And o'er the friths that branch and spread
Their sleeping silver through the hills;

And touch with shade the bridal doors,
With tender gloom the roof, the wall;
And breaking let the splendor fall
To spangle all the happy shores

By which they rest, and ocean sounds,
And, star and system rolling past,
A soul shall draw from out the vast
And strike his being into bounds,

And, moved through life of lower phase,
 Result in man, be born and think,
 And act and love, a closer link
 Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
 On knowledge: under whose command
 Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
 Is Nature like an open book:

No longer half akin to brute,
 For all we thought and loved and did
 And hoped and suffered, is but seed
 Of what in them is flower and fruit:

Whereof the man that with me trod
 This planet was a noble type,
 Appearing ere the times were ripe,—
 That friend of mine who lives in God;

That God which ever lives and loves,—
 One God, one law, one element,
 And one far-off Divine event,
 To which the whole creation moves.

“COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD”

From ‘Maud’

COME into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown;
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone;
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
 And the musk of the rose is blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
 On a bed of daffodil sky,
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
 To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
 The flute, violin, bassoon;

All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune:
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I swear to the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall:
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,—
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea:
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,—
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither—the dances are done—

In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls.
 Queen lily and rose in one;
 Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
 To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion-flower at the gate.
 She is coming, my dove, my dear;
 She is coming, my life, my fate;
 The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
 And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
 The larkspurs listens, "I hear, I hear;"
 And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet:
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthly bed;
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead;
 Would start and tremble under her feet,
 And blossom in purple and red.

«OH THAT 'TWERE POSSIBLE»

From 'Maud'

O^H THAT 'twere possible
 After long grief and pain
 To find the arms of my true love
 Round me once again!

When I was wont to meet her
 In the silent woody places
 By the home that gave me birth,
 We stood tranced in long embraces,
 Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter,
 Than anything on earth.

A shadow flits before me,
 Not thou, but like to thee:
 Ah Christ! that it were possible
 For one short hour to see
 The souls we loved, that they might tell us
 What and where they be.

It leads me forth at evening;
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendor falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls;
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet:
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings;
In a moment we shall meet;
She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye?
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry,
There is some one dying or dead,
And a sullen thunder is rolled;
For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake—my dream is fled;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold.

Get thee hence, nor come again;
Mix not memory with doubt;

Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about!
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That *will* show itself without.

Then I rise; the eavedrops fall,
And the yellow vapors choke
The great city sounding wide;
The day comes, a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river-tide.

Through the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame;
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Through all that crowd confused and loud,
The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering through the laurels
At the quiet evenfall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall.

Would the happy spirit descend,
From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,—
Should I fear to greet my friend,
Or to say "Forgive the wrong,"
Or to ask her, "Take me, sweet,
To the regions of thy rest?"

But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be;
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me;
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee.

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THE KING'S FAREWELL.

"He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet."

Faintest Painting by Gustave Doré

THE FAREWELL OF KING ARTHUR TO QUEEN GUINEVERE

From 'Idylls of the King'

BUT when the Queen, immersed in such a trance,
And moving through the past unconsciously,
Came to that point where first she saw the King
Ride toward her from the city, sighed to find
Her journey done, glanced at him, thought him cold,
High, self-contained, and passionless, not like him,
"Not like my Lancelot"—while she brooded thus
And grew half guilty in her thoughts again,
There rode an armèd warrior to the doors.
A murmuring whisper through the nunnery ran,
Then on a sudden a cry, "The King!" She sat
Stiff-stricken, listening: but when armèd feet
Through the long gallery from the outer doors
Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell,
And groveled with her face against the floor;
There with her milk-white arms and shadowy hair
She made her face a darkness from the King;
And in the darkness heard his armed feet
Pause by her: then came silence, then a voice,
Monotonous and hollow like a ghost's
Denouncing judgment, but though changed, the King's:—

"Liest thou here so low, the child of one
I honored, happy, dead before thy shame?
Well is it that no child is born of thee.
The children born of thee are sword and fire,
Red ruin, and the breaking-up of laws,
The craft of kindred, and the Godless hosts
Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea;
Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my right arm,
The mightiest of my knights, abode with me,
Have everywhere about this land of Christ
In twelve great battles ruining overthrown.
And knowest thou now from whence I come?—From him,
From waging bitter war with him; and he,
That did not shun to smite me in worse way,
Had yet that grace of courtesy in him left,
He spared to lift his hand against the King
Who made him knight: but many a knight was slain;
And many more, and all his kith and kin
Clave to him, and abode in his own land.

And many more when Modred raised revolt,
Forgetful of their troth and fealty, gave
To Modred, and a remnant stays with me.
And of this remnant will I leave a part,
True men who love me still, for whom I live,
To guard thee in the wild hour coming on,
Lest but a hair of this low head be harmed.
Fear not: thou shalt be guarded till my death.
Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies
Have erred not, that I march to meet my doom.
Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,
That I the King should greatly care to live;
For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life.
Bear with me for the last time while I show,
Even for thy sake, the sin which thou hast sinned.
For when the Roman left us, and their law
Relaxed its hold upon us, and the ways
Were filled with rapine, here and there a deed
Of prowess done redressed a random wrong.
But I was first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
In that fair Order of my Table Round,—
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine, and swear
To reverence the King as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honor his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds
Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.
And all this throve before I wedded thee,

Believing, 'Lo mine helpmate, one to feel
My purpose and rejoicing in my joy.'
Then came thy shameful sin with Lancelot;
Then came the sin of Tristram and Isolt;
Then others, following these my mightiest knights,
And drawing foul ensample from fair names,
Sinned also, till the loathsome opposite
Of all my heart had destined did obtain,
And all through thee! so that this life of mine
I guard as God's high gift from scathe and wrong,
Not greatly care to lose; but rather think
How sad it were for Arthur, should he live,
To sit once more within his lonely hall,
And miss the wonted number of my knights,
And miss to hear high talk of noble deeds
As in the golden days before thy sin.
For which of us, who might be left, could speak
Of the pure heart, nor seem to glance at thee?
And in thy bowers of Camelot or of Usk
Thy shadow still would glide from room to room,
And I should evermore be vexed with thee
In hanging robe or vacant ornament,
Or ghostly footfall echoing on the stair.
For think not, though thou wouldst not love thy lord,
Thy lord has wholly lost his love for thee.
I am not made of so slight elements.
Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.
I hold that man the worst of public foes
Who either for his own or children's sake,
To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife
Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house;
For being through his cowardice allowed
Her station, taken everywhere for pure,
She like a new disease, unknown to men,
Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,
Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps
The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.
Worst of the worst were that man he that reigns!
Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart
Than thou reseated in thy place of light,
The mockery of my people, and their bane."

He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.

Far off a solitary trumpet blew.
Then waiting by the doors the war-horse neighed
As at a friend's voice, and he spake again:—

“ Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes;
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,—
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,
The doom of treason and the flaming death,
(When first I learnt thee hidden here) is past.
The pang which while I weighed thy heart with one
Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
Made my tears burn, is also past—in part.
And all is past, the sin is sinned, and I,
Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to play,
Not knowing! O imperial-molded form,
And beauty such as never woman wore,
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee—
I cannot touch thy lips,—they are not mine,
But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's.
I cannot take thy hand,—that too is flesh,
And in the flesh thou hast sinned; and mine own flesh,
Here looking down on thine polluted, cries
'I loathe thee;' yet not less, O Guinevere,—
For I was ever virgin save for thee,—
My love through flesh hath wrought into my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.
Through the thick night I hear the trumpet blow:
They summon me their King to lead mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in the west,
Where I must strike against the man they call

My sister's son—no kin of mine, who leagues
 With Lords of the White Horse, heathen, and knights,
 Traitors—and strike him dead, and meet myself
 Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.
 And thou remaining here wilt learn the event:
 But hither shall I never come again,
 Never lie by thy side; see thee no more—
 Farewell!"

And while she groveled at his feet,
 She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,
 And in the darkness o'er her fallen head
 Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

EMMIE

I

OUR doctor had called in another: I never had seen him before.
 But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come in at
 the door,
 Fresh from the surgery-schools of France and of other lands—
 Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless hands!
 Wonderful cures he had done, oh yes, but they said too of him
 He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb;
 And that I can well believe, for he looked so coarse and so red,
 I could think he was one of those who would break their jests on
 the dead,
 And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawned at his
 knee—
 Drenched with the hellish oorali—that ever such things should be!

II

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die
 But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting eye—
 Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seemed out of its place—
 Caught in a mill and crushed—it was all-but a hopeless case:
 And he handled him gently enough; but his voice and his face were
 not kind,
 And it was but a hopeless case,—he had seen it and made up his
 mind;

And he said to me roughly, "The lad will need little more of your care."

"All the more need," I told him, "to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer: They are all his children here, and I pray for them all as my own." But he turned to me, "Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone?"

Then he muttered half to himself, but I know that I heard him say, "All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had his day."

III

Had? has it come? It has only dawned. It will come by-and-by. Oh, how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie?

How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease But that He said, "Ye do it to me, when ye do it to these?"

IV

So he went. And we past to this ward where the younger children are laid:

Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little maid;
Empty you see just now! We have lost her who loved her so much—
Patient of pain though as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch;
Hers was the prettiest prattle,—it often moved me to tears;
Hers was the gratefullest heart I have found in a child of her years—
Nay, you remember our Emmie: you used to send her the flowers;
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours after hours!

They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are revealed

Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the field:
Flowers to these "spirits in prison" are all they can know of the spring;

They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an angel's wing;

And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin hands crost on her breast,—

Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire,—and we thought her at rest,
Quietly sleeping; so quiet, our doctör said, "Poor little dear!
Nurse, I must do it to-morrow: she'll never live through it, I fear."

V

I walked with our kindly old doctör as far as the head of the stair,
Then I returned to the ward; the child didn't see I was there,

VI

Never since I was nurse, had I been so grieved and so vext!
Emmie had heard him. Softly she called from her cot to the next:
"He says I shall never live through it—O Annie, what shall I do?"
Annie considered. "If I," said the wise little Annie, "was you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me; for, Emmie, you see,
It's all in the picture there: 'Little children should come to me.'"
(Meaning the print that you gave us,—I find that it always can please
Our children,—the dear Lord Jesus with children about his knees.)
"Yes, and I will," said Emmie; "but then if I call to the Lord,
How should he know that it's me? such a lot of beds in the ward!"
That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she considered and said:—
"Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the
bed—

The Lord has so *much* to see to! but, Emmie, you tell it him plain,
It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane."

VII

I had sat three nights by the child—I could not watch her for four;
My brain had begun to reel—I felt I could do it no more.
That was my sleeping-night, but I thought that it never would pass.
There was a thunderclap once, and a clatter of hail on the glass,
And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tost about,
The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the darkness with-
out;
My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dreadful knife,
And fears for our delicate Emmie, who scarce would escape with her
life;
Then in the gray of the morning it seemed she stood by me and
smiled,
And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see to the child.

VIII

He had brought his ghastly tools: we believed her asleep again—
Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane;
Say that His day is done! Ah, why should we care what they say?
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had past away.

THE THROSTLE

"SUMMER is coming, summer is coming.
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again."
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then *so* new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again,"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
Oh, warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

THE OAK

LIVE thy Life,
Young and old,
Like yon oak,
Bright in spring,
Living gold;

Summer-rich
Then; and then
Autumn-changed,
Soberer-hued
Gold again.

All his leaves
Fallen at length,
Look, he stands,
Trunk and bough,
Naked strength.

CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER

(1808-1879)

THE poetic gift in the Tennyson family was not confined to the laureate, although his accomplishment and fame overshadow his brothers. But both Frederick and Charles Tennyson were verse-writers of no mean power; and of Charles—who in 1835 assumed the name of Turner upon inheriting the estate of a great-uncle—it may be said that he was one of the most attractive and genuine of the minor Victorian lyric singers. His sonnets have a delicacy of art, a loveliness of expression, and a depth of feeling, which give them distinction and charm. They are quiet, reflective, unobtrusive; but their attraction is strong and lasting. This poet's range was not wide, but his note was very true and sweet.



TENNYSON TURNER

Charles Tennyson Turner was the son of the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, rector of Somersby and Enderby in Lincolnshire, and was born in the former village on July 4th, 1808; being a year the elder of Alfred. Charles was educated at Louth Grammar School, and with Alfred at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he got his degree in 1832. As a Trinity student he did fine work in the classics, and won the

Bell Scholarship. In 1835 he was appointed Vicar of Grasby, and spent most of his life in the faithful discharge of the duties of a country parish, much beloved by his people. He married in 1836 Louisa Sellwood, the younger sister of Lady Tennyson.

Charles's initial appearance as a poet was with Alfred in the anonymous volume, now so much coveted, 'Poems by Two Brothers'; which was published in 1827, and drew the attention of the public to a new talent in English verse. Charles's share in the volume was but modest. His independent publication began three years later with the 'Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces'; and further volumes were 'Sonnets' (1864), 'Small Tableaux' (1868), 'Sonnets, Lyrics, and Translations' (1873), 'Collected Sonnets, Old and New' (1880),—the last a posthumous publication. The poet's death occurred at Cheltenham, April 25th, 1879.

The ethical is strongly marked in Charles Tennyson Turner's verse. His interest in spiritual themes rarely gave his poems the didactic flavor too commonly found in religious poetry. This was because he was naturally an artist; and also because he was full of feeling, richly human. He chose for the most part simple homely themes suggested by his environment, and illuminated them with tender imagination. As to poetic forms, the sonnet, "poising one bright thought," was with him the favorite mold into which to pour his thought and emotion. Its lyric requirements and demands suited his gift, and he gained mastery in it. Few sonneteers excel him for sentiment choicely and musically expressed. In such poems as 'Letty's Globe' and 'The Mummy,' he touches the heart and delights the sense of beauty. The former poem awoke the enthusiasm of Swinburne, who declared it to be unsurpassed among English child poems. At times too he was stimulated by a motif like that in 'The Lion's Skeleton' into a noble largeness of conception and utterance. Charles Tennyson Turner's sweet, pure pastoral melody must long afford pleasure and find appreciation.

THE LION'S SKELETON

How long, O lion, hast thou fleshless lain?
 What rapt thy fierce and thirsty eyes away?
 First came the vulture; worms, heat, wind, and rain
 Ensued, and ardors of the tropic day.
 I know not—if they spared it thee—how long
 The canker sate within thy monstrous mane,
 Till it fell piecemeal, and bestrewed the plain,
 Or, shredded by the storming sands, was flung
 Again to earth: but now thine ample front,
 Whereon the great frowns gathered, is laid bare;
 The thunders of thy throat, which erst were wont
 To scare the desert, are no longer there:
 Thy claws remain; but worms, wind, rain, and heat
 Have sifted out the substance of thy feet.

THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE

As on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,
 I saw my lattice pranked upon the wall,
 The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal,—
 A sunny phantom interlaced with shade:

"Thanks be to Heaven," in happy mood I said,
 "What sweeter aid my matins could befall
 Than the fair glory from the East hath made?
 What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,
 To bid us feel and see! We are not free
 To say we see not, for the glory comes
 Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea;
 His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms,
 And, at prime hour, behold! he follows me
 With golden shadows to my secret rooms."

THE ROOKERY

METHOUGHT, as I beheld the rookery pass
 Homeward at dusk upon the rising wind,
 How every heart in that close-flying mass
 Was well befriended by the Almighty mind:
 He marks each sable wing that soars or drops,
 He sees them forth at morning to their fare,
 He sets them floating on his evening air,
 He sends them home to rest on the tree-tops.
 And when through umbered leaves the night-winds pour,
 With lusty impulse rocking all the grove,
 The stress is measured by an eye of love:
 No root is burst, though all the branches roar;
 And in the morning, cheerly as before,
 The dark clan talks, the social instincts move.

ORION

How oft I've watched thee from the garden croft,
 In silence, when the busy day was done,
 Shining with wondrous brilliancy aloft,
 And flickering like a casement 'gainst the sun!
 I've seen thee soar from out some snowy cloud,
 Which held the frozen breath of land and sea,
 Yet broke and severed as the wind grew loud—
 But earth-bound winds could not dismember thee,
 Nor shake thy frame of jewels: I have guessed
 At thy strange shape and function, haply felt
 The charm of that old myth about thy belt
 And sword; but most, my spirit was possessed
 By His great Presence, who is never far
 From his light-bearers, whether man or star.

LETTY'S GLOBE

WHEN Letty had scarce passed her third glad year,
And her young, artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a colored sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know,
By tint and outline, all its sea and land.
She patted all the world; old empires peeped
Between her baby fingers; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leaped,
And laughed, and prattled in her world-wide bliss!
But when we turned her sweet unlearnèd eye
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry:
"Oh yes! I see it; Letty's home is there!"
And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair!

HER FIRST-BORN

IT WAS her first sweet child, her heart's delight;
And though we all foresaw his early doom,
We kept the fearful secret out of sight;
We saw the canker, but she kissed the bloom.
And yet it might not be: we could not brook
To vex her happy heart with vague alarms,
To blanch with fear her fond intrepid look,
Or send a thrill through those encircling arms.
She smiled upon him, waking or at rest;
She could not dream her little child would die;
She tossed him fondly with an upward eye;
She seemed as buoyant as a summer spray
That dances with a blossom on its breast,
Nor knows how soon it will be borne away.

OUR MARY AND THE CHILD MUMMY

WHEN the four quarters of the globe shall rise,—
Men, women, children, at the judgment-time,—
Perchance this Memphian girl, dead ere her prime,
Shall drop her mask, and with dark, new-born eyes

BIBLIOGRAPHY.—The best English editions of Terence are those of Bentley, Parry, and Wagner. The best translation is that of Colman. The best sketch of his life and work is that by Sellar, in his 'Roman Poets of the Republic.' Substantially the same article appears in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' in an abridged form. There is a very full account in Dunlop's 'History of Roman Literature.'

FROM 'THE SELF-TORMENTOR'

Opening Scene: Enter Chremes, and Menedemus with a spade in his hand; the latter falls to digging.

CHREMES—Although this acquaintanceship between us is of very recent date, from the time in fact of your purchasing an estate here in the neighborhood, yet either your good qualities, or our being neighbors (which I take to be a sort of friendship), induces me to inform you, frankly and familiarly, that you appear to me to labor beyond your years, and beyond what your affairs require. For, in the name of gods and men, what would you have? What can be your aim? You are, as I conjecture, sixty years of age or more. No man in these parts has a better or more valuable estate, no one more servants; and yet you discharge their duties just as diligently as if there were none at all. However early in the morning I go out, and however late in the evening I return home, I see you either digging or plowing, or doing something, in fact, in the fields. You take respite not an instant, and are quite regardless of yourself. I am very sure that this is not done for your amusement. But really I am vexed how little work is done here. If you were to employ the time you spend in laboring yourself, in keeping your servants at work, you would profit much more.

Menedemus—Have you so much leisure, Chremes, from your own affairs, that you can attend to those of others—those which don't concern you?

Chremes—I am a man: and nothing that concerns a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me.* Suppose that I wish either to advise you in this matter, or to be informed myself: if

*"I am a man," etc.: "Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto." St. Augustine says that at the delivery of this sentiment, the theatre resounded with applause; and deservedly, indeed, for it is replete with the very essence of benevolence and disregard of self.

what you do is right, that I may do the same; if it is not, then that I may dissuade you.

Menedemus—It's requisite for me to do so: do you as it is necessary for you to do.

Chremes—Is it requisite for any person to torment himself?

Menedemus—It is for me.

Chremes—If you have any affliction, I could wish it otherwise. But prithee, what sorrow is this of yours? How have you deserved so ill of yourself?

Menedemus—Alas! alas! [*He begins to weep.*]

Chremes—Do not weep; but make me acquainted with it, whatever it is. Do not be reserved; fear nothing; trust me, I tell you. Either by consolation, or by counsel, or by any means, I will aid you.

Menedemus—Do you wish to know this matter?

Chremes—Yes; and for the reason I mentioned to you.

Menedemus—I will tell you.

Chremes—But still, in the mean time, lay down that rake; don't fatigue yourself.

Menedemus—By no means.

Chremes—What can be your object? [*Tries to take the rake from him.*]

Menedemus—Do leave me alone, that I may give myself no respite from my labor.

Chremes—I will not allow it, I tell you. [*Taking the rake from him.*]

Menedemus—Ah, that's not fair!

Chremes [*poising the rake*—Whew! such a heavy one as this, pray!

Menedemus—Such are my deserts.

Chremes—Now speak. [*Laying down the rake.*]

Menedemus—I have an only son, a young man,—alas! why did I say, "I have"?—rather I should say, "I had" one, *Chremes*: whether I have him now or not is uncertain.

Chremes—Why so?

Menedemus—You shall know. There is a poor woman here, a stranger from Corinth; her daughter, a young woman, he fell in love with, insomuch that he almost regarded her as his wife: all this took place unknown to me. When I discovered the matter, I began to reprove him; not with gentleness, nor in the way suited to the lovesick mind of a youth, but with violence, and

after the usual method of fathers. I was daily reproaching him,—"Look you, do you expect to be allowed any longer to act thus, myself your father being alive: to be keeping a mistress pretty much as though your wife? You are mistaken, Clinia; and you don't know me if you fancy that. I am willing that you should be called my son just as long as you do what becomes you; but if you do not do so, I shall find out how it becomes me to act towards you. This arises from nothing, in fact, but too much idleness. At your time of life I did not devote my time to dalliance; but in consequence of my poverty, departed hence for Asia, and there acquired in arms both riches and military glory." At length the matter came to this: the youth, from hearing the same things so often, and with such severity, was overcome. He supposed that I, through age and affection, had more judgment and foresight for him than himself. He went off to Asia, Chremes, to serve under the king.

Chremes—What is it you say?

Menedemus—He departed without my knowledge; and has been gone these three months.

Chremes—Both are to be blamed—although I still think this step shows an ingenuous and enterprising disposition.

Menedemus—When I learnt this from those who were in the secret, I returned home sad, and with feelings almost overwhelmed and distracted through grief. I sit down: my servants run to me; they take off my shoes; then some make all haste to spread the couches, and to prepare a repast: each according to his ability did zealously what he could, in order to alleviate my sorrow. When I observed this, I began to reflect thus:—"What! are so many persons anxious for my sake alone, to pleasure myself only? Are so many female servants to provide me with dress? Shall I alone keep up such an expensive establishment, while my only son, who ought equally to enjoy these things,—or even more so, inasmuch as his age is better suited for the enjoyment of them,—him, poor youth, have I driven away from home by my severity! Were I to do this, really I should deem myself deserving of any calamity. But so long as he leads this life of penury, banished from his country through my severity, I will revenge his wrongs upon myself,—toiling, making money, saving, and laying up for him." At once I set about it: I left nothing in the house, neither movables nor clothing; everything I scraped together. Slaves, male and female, except those who could easily pay for

their keep by working in the country,—all of them I set up to auction and sold. I at once put up a bill to sell my house. I collected somewhere about fifteen talents, and purchased this farm; here I fatigue myself. I have come to this conclusion, Chremes, that I do my son a less injury while I am unhappy; and that it is not right for me to enjoy any pleasure here, until such time as he returns home safe to share it with me.

Chremes—I believe you to be of an affectionate disposition towards your children; and him to be an obedient son, if one were to manage him rightly or prudently. But neither did you understand him sufficiently well, nor he you,—a thing that happens where persons don't live on terms of frankness together. You never showed him how highly you valued him, nor did he ever dare put that confidence in you which is due to a father. Had this been done, these troubles would never have befallen you.

Menedemus—Such is the fact, I confess; the greatest fault is on my side.

Chremes—But still, Menedemus, I hope for the best; and I trust that he'll be here safe before long.

Menedemus—Oh that the gods would grant it!

Chremes—They will do so. Now if it is convenient to you—the festival of Bacchus is being kept here to-day—I wish you to give me your company.

Menedemus—I cannot.

Chremes—Why not? Do, pray, spare yourself a little while. Your absent son would wish you to do so.

Menedemus—It is not right that I, who have driven him hence to endure hardships, should now shun them myself.

Chremes—Is such your determination?

Menedemus—It is.

Chremes—Then kindly fare you well.

Menedemus—And you the same. [*Goes into his house.*]

Chremes [alone]—He has forced tears from me, and I do pity him. But as the day is far gone, I must remind Phania, this neighbor of mine, to come to dinner. I'll go see whether he is at home. [*Goes to Phania's door, makes the inquiry, and returns.*] There was no occasion for me to remind him: they tell me he has been some time already at my house; it's I myself am making my guests wait. I'll go in-doors immediately. But what means the noise at the door of my house? I wonder who's coming out. I'll step aside here. [*He stands aside.*]

Enter Clitipho, from the house of his father Chremes

Clitipho [*at the door, to Clinia within*].—There is nothing, Clinia, for you to fear as yet: they have not been long, by any means; and I am sure that she will be with you presently along with the messenger. Do at once dismiss these causeless apprehensions which are tormenting you.

Chremes [*apart*].—Who is my son talking to? [*Makes his appearance.*]

Clitipho [*to himself*].—Here comes my father, whom I wished to see: I'll accost him. Father, you have met me opportunely.

Chremes.—What is the matter?

Clitipho.—Do you know this neighbor of ours, Menedemus?

Chremes.—Very well.

Clitipho.—Do you know that he has a son?

Chremes.—I have heard that he has; in Asia.

Clitipho.—He is not in Asia, father; he is at our house.

Chremes.—What is it you say?

Clitipho.—Upon his arrival, after he had just landed from the ship, I immediately brought him to dine with us; for from our very childhood upwards I have always been on intimate terms with him.

Chremes.—You announce to me a great pleasure. How much I wish that Menedemus had accepted my invitation to make one of us, that at my house I might have been the first to surprise him, when not expecting it, with this delight!—and even yet there's time enough—

Clitipho.—Take care what you do; there is no necessity, father, for doing so.

Chremes.—For what reason?

Clitipho.—Why, because he is as yet undetermined what to do with himself. He is but just arrived. He fears everything,—his father's displeasure, and how his mistress may be disposed towards him. He loves her to distraction: on her account this trouble and going abroad took place.

Chremes.—I know it.

Clitipho.—He has just sent a servant into the city to her, and I ordered our Syrus to go with him.

Chremes.—What does Clinia say?

Clitipho.—What does he say?—That he is wretched.

Chremes.—Wretched? Whom could we less suppose so? What is there wanting for him to enjoy everything that among men,

in fact, are esteemed as blessings? Parents, a country in prosperity, friends, family, relations, riches? And yet, all these are just according to the disposition of him who possesses them. To him who knows how to use them, they are blessings; to him who does not use them rightly, they are evils.

Clitipho—Aye, but he always was a morose old man; and now I dread nothing more, father, than that in his displeasure he'll be doing something to him more than is justifiable.

Chremes—What, he?—[*Aside.*] But I'll restrain myself; for that the other one should be in fear of his father is of service to him.

Clitipho—What is it you are saying to yourself?

Chremes—I'll tell you. However the case stood, Clinia ought still to have remained at home. Perhaps his father was a little stricter than he liked: he should have put up with it. For whom ought he to bear with, if he would not bear with his own father? Was it reasonable that he should live after his son's humor, or his son after his? And as to charging him with harshness, it is not the fact. For the severities of fathers are generally of one character,—those I mean who are in some degree reasonable men. They do not wish their sons to be always wenching; they do not wish them to be always carousing; they give a limited allowance: and yet all this tends to virtuous conduct. But when the mind, Clitipho, has once enslaved itself by vicious appetites, it must of necessity follow similar pursuits. This is a wise maxim: "To take warning from others of what may be to your own advantage."

Clitipho—I believe so.

Chremes—I'll now go hence in-doors, to see what we have for dinner. Do you, seeing what is the time of day, mind and take care not to be anywhere out of the way. [*Goes into his house, and exit Clitipho.*]

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Enter Clitipho

Clitipho [*to himself*].—What partial judges are all fathers in regard to all of us young men, in thinking it reasonable for us to become old men all at once from boys, and not to participate in those things which youth is naturally inclined to. They regulate us by their own desires, such as they now are,—not as they once were. If ever I have a son, he certainly shall find in

me an indulgent father, for the means both of knowing and of pardoning his faults shall be found by me; not like mine, who by means of another person discloses to me his own sentiments. I'm plagued to death. When he drinks a little more than usual, what pranks of his own he does relate to me! Now he says, "Take warning from others of what may be to your own advantage." How shrewd! He certainly does not know how deaf I am at the moment when he's telling his stories. Just now the words of my mistress make more impression upon me. "Give me this, and bring me that," she cries. I have nothing to say to her in answer, and no one is there more wretched than myself. But this Clinia, although he as well has cares enough of his own, still has a mistress of virtuous and modest breeding, and a stranger to the arts of a courtesan. Mine is a craving, saucy, haughty, extravagant creature, full of lofty airs. Then all that I have to give her is—fair words; for I make it a point not to tell her that I have nothing. This misfortune I met with not long since, nor does my father as yet know anything of the matter.

Enter Clinia from the house of Chremes

Clinia [*to himself*].—If my love affairs had been prosperous for me, I am sure she would have been here by this; but I'm afraid that the damsel has been led astray here in my absence. Many things combine to strengthen this opinion in my mind: opportunity, the place, her age; a worthless mother, under whose control she is, with whom nothing but gain is precious.

Enter Clitipho

Clitipho—Clinia!

Clinia—Alas! wretched me!

Clitipho—Do, pray, take care that no one coming out of your father's house sees you here by accident.

Clinia—I will do so; but really my mind presages I know not what misfortune.

Clitipho—Do you persist in making up your mind upon that, before you know what is the fact?

Clinia—Had no misfortune happened, she would have been here by this.

Clitipho—She'll be here presently.

Clinia—When will that presently be?

Clitipho—You don't consider that it is a great way from here. Besides, you know the ways of women: while they are bestirring themselves, and while they are making preparations, a whole year passes by.

Clinia—O *Clitipho*, I'm afraid—

Clitipho—Take courage. Look, here comes *Dromo*, together with *Syrus*: they are close at hand. [*They stand aside.*]

Enter Syrus and Dromo, conversing at a distance

Syrus—Do you say so?

Dromo—'Tis as I told you; but in the mean time, while we've been carrying on our discourse, these women have been left behind.

Clitipho [*apart*]*—*Don't you hear, *Clinia*? Your mistress is close at hand.

Clinia [*apart*]*—*Why, yes, I do hear now at last; and I see and revive, *Clitipho*.

Dromo—No wonder: they are so incumbered; they are bringing a troop of female attendants with them.

Clinia [*apart*]*—*I'm undone! Whence come these female attendants?

Clitipho [*apart*]*—*Do you ask me?

Syrus—We ought not to have left them; what a quantity of things they are bringing!

Clinia [*apart*]*—*Ah me!

Syrus—Jewels of gold, and clothes; it's growing late too, and they don't know the way. It was very foolish of us to leave them. Just go back, *Dromo*, and meet them. Make haste!—why do you delay?

Clinia [*apart*]*—*Woe unto wretched me! From what high hopes am I fallen!

Clitipho [*apart*]*—*What's the matter? Why, what is it that troubles you?

Clinia [*apart*]*—*Do you ask what it is? Why, don't you see? Attendants, jewels of gold, and clothes;—her too, whom I left here with only one little servant-girl. Whence do you suppose that they come?

Clitipho [*apart*]*—*Oh! now at last I understand you.

Syrus [*to himself*]*—*Good gods! what a multitude there is! Our house will hardly hold them, I'm sure. How much they will eat! how much they will drink! what will there be more

wretched than our old gentleman? [*Catching sight of Clinia and Clitipho.*] But look: I espy the persons I was wanting.

Clinia [*apart*].—O Jupiter! Why, where is fidelity gone? While I, distractedly wandering, have abandoned my country for your sake, you in the mean time, Antiphila, have been enriching yourself, and have forsaken me in these troubles: you for whose sake I am in extreme disgrace, and have been disobedient to my father; on whose account I am now ashamed and grieved that he who used to lecture me about the manners of these women, advised me in vain, and was not able to wean me away from her;—which however I shall now do; whereas when it might have been advantageous to me to do so, I was unwilling. There is no being more wretched than I.

Syrus [*to himself*].—He certainly has been misled by our words which we have been speaking here.—[*Aloud.*] Clinia, you imagine your mistress quite different from what she really is. For both her mode of life is the same, and her disposition towards you is the same, as it always was, so far as we could form a judgment from the circumstances themselves.

Clinia.—How so, prithee? For nothing in the world could I rather wish for just now, than that I have suspected this without reason.

Syrus.—This, in the first place, then (that you may not be ignorant of anything that concerns her): the old woman, who was formerly said to be her mother, was not so. She is dead; this I overheard by accident from her, as we came along, while she was telling the other one.

Clitipho.—Pray, who is the other one?

Syrus.—Stay: what I have begun I wish first to relate, Clitipho; I shall come to that afterwards.

Clitipho.—Make haste, then.

Syrus.—First of all, then, when we came to the house, Dromo knocked at the door; a certain old woman came out; when she opened the door, he directly rushed in; I followed; the old woman bolted the door, and returned to her wool. On this occasion might be known, Clinia, or else on none, in what pursuits she passed her life during your absence—when we thus came upon a female unexpectedly. For this circumstance then gave us an opportunity of judging of the course of her daily life; a thing which especially discovers what is the disposition of each individual. We found her industriously plying at the web; plainly clad

in a mourning-dress,—on account of this old woman, I suppose, who was lately dead; without golden ornaments, dressed besides just like those who only dress for themselves, and patched up with no worthless woman's trumpery. Her hair was loose, long, and thrown back negligently about her temples.—[*To Clinia.*] Do hold your peace.

Clinia—My dear Syrus, do not without cause throw me into ecstasies, I beseech you.

Syrus—The old woman was spinning the woof: there was one little servant-girl besides; she was weaving together with them, covered with patched clothes, slovenly, and dirty with filthiness.

Clitipho—If this is true, Clinia, as I believe it is, who is there more fortunate than you? Do you mark this girl whom he speaks of as dirty and drabbish? This too is a strong indication that the mistress is out of harm's way, when her confidant is in such ill plight; for it is a rule with those who wish to gain access to the mistress, first to bribe the maid.

Clinia [*to Syrus*—Go on, I beseech you; and beware of endeavoring to purchase favor by telling an untruth. What did she say when you mentioned me?

Syrus—When we told her that you had returned, and had requested her to come to you, the damsel instantly put away the web, and covered her face all over with tears; so that you might easily perceive that it really was caused by her affection for you.

Clinia—So may the Deities bless me, I know not where I am for joy! I was so alarmed before.

Translation of Henry Thomas Riley.

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WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

(1811-1863)

BY W. C. BROWNELL

THACKERAY shares the reader's interest with his works in a degree quite unexampled in literature. His works are, in a more obvious and special sense than is true of those of most authors, the direct expression of his personality; and this personality in turn is one of unusually special and conspicuous interest. He was a man of immense idiosyncratic attractiveness aside from his literary faculties and equipment, and he endued his writings with this personal interest to an extent not to be met with elsewhere. No books are so personal as his. They are full of his ideas, his notions, his feelings; and they owe to these not only their color and atmosphere, but a considerable portion of their substance. They not only tell the story, but draw the moral; and in a large way justify the title of "week-day preacher," which he gave himself, and of which he was both fond and proud.

This circumstance has been variously viewed by his readers and critics, according to their own inclinations towards art or towards morals,—their preferences for "objectivity" in the novelist's attitude to, and treatment of, his theme, or for the cogent and illuminating commentary which draws out and sets forth in the telling the typical and universal interest and value of the story. Taine laments the consecration of such splendid artistic gifts as are witnessed by the exceptional 'Henry Esmond' to the service of morals. And on the other hand, Dr. John Brown both underestimates and undervalues the artistic element in Thackeray, and deems his "moralizing" his great and real distinction. The inference is, naturally, that Thackeray has a side which each of these temperaments may admire at its ease. But it is to be pointed out in addition that he has so fused the two—which ordinarily exist separately when they exist in any such distinction as they do in Thackeray—that each enhances and neither disparages the other. The characters of 'Vanity Fair,' 'Pendennis,' or 'The Newcomes,' and the story that is evolved out of their study rather than constructed for their framework, gain greatly in realization as well as in significance from the personal commentary by which they are expressed as well as attended. And the social and

personal philosophy which springs from their consideration, and to which they give point, is powerfully enforced by the illustrative, exemplary, and suggestive service they perform. Both proceed from the instinctive exercise of Thackeray's mind and temperament, and therefore coexist harmoniously in his works. Letters has never known such a combination in one personality of the artist and moralist, the satirist and poet; and the literature that is the expression of this unique personality is therefore not to be classed in the customary category of art or in that of morals, with its complementary qualities considered correspondingly as defects according to the category to which the work is ascribed. Hence, moreover, the unusual, the unique importance and convenience in any critical consideration of Thackeray's works, of considering also the personality which not only penetrates but characterizes them.

It has become quite superfluous at the present day to point out that he was very far from being the cynic he passed for with many readers during his lifetime. He is rather to be defended from the reproach of sentimentality. But excess in the matter of sentiment is something that different people will determine differently. Intellectual rectitude distinguished him conspicuously; but he was notably a man of heart, and exercised his great powers in the service of the affections. He may be said to have taken the sentimental view of things, if not to do so implies the dispassionate and detached attitude towards them. He was extremely sensitive, and chafed greatly under the frequent ascription of cynicism that he had to endure. He found the problem of reconciling a stoic philosophy and an epicurean temperament no easier and no harder, probably, than many others to whom it has been assigned; and his practice was, as usual, a succession of alternations of indulgence and restraint. But he hoodwinked himself no more than he was deceived by others; and if few men of his intellectual eminence—which is the one thing about him we can now perceive as he could hardly do himself—have been so open to his particular temptations, few men of his temperament, on the other hand, have steadfastly and industriously carved for themselves so splendid a career. He was at the same time the acutest of observers and eminently a man of the world. He was even in some sense a man about town. The society he depicted so vividly had marked attractions for him. He was equally at home in Bohemia and in Belgravia,—enough so in the latter to lead the literal to ascribe to him the snobbishness he made so large a portion of his subject. As he pointed out, however, no one is free from some touch of this, and denunciation of it is in peculiar peril from its contagion; and Thackeray had the courage of his tastes in valuing what is really valuable in the consideration which society bestows. On its good side this

consideration is certainly to be prized by any one not a snob; for it means a verdict often more impartial and independent than that of any other tribunal. Society is a close corporation; and petty as are many of its standards, and vulgar as is much of its application of them, it has its ideal of the art of life: and what it really worships is real power,—power that is independent of talent, accomplishment, or worth, often, very likely; but power that, adventitious or other, is almost an automatic measure of an individual's claims upon it. Really to contribute to the life of society implies a special, disinterested, and æsthetic talent like another; and Thackeray's gift in this respect is properly to be associated with his literary and more largely human ones. At all events it aided him to handle his theme of "manners" with a competence denied to most writers, and helped to fuse in him the dual temperament of the artist and satirist with distinguished results.

This combination of the artist and the satirist is the ideal one for the novelist; and Thackeray's genius, varied as it is, is pre-eminently the genius of the born novelist. It is singular, but it is doubtless characteristic of a temperament destined to such complete maturity, that he should have waited so long before finding his true field of effort, and that he should not have begun the work upon which his fame rests until he had reached an age at which that of not a few men of genius has ended: he was thirty-six before his first great work was published. He was born July 18th, 1811, in Calcutta; and was sent home to England to school, upon his father's death when he was five years old. From 1822 to 1828 he was at Charterhouse School,—the famous "Grey Friars" of 'The Newcomes.' He spent two years at Cambridge, leaving without a degree to travel abroad, where he visited the great European capitals, and saw Goethe at Weimar. He traveled in the real sense, and used perceptive faculties such as are given to few observers, to the notable ends subsequently witnessed in his books. He was from the first always of the world as well as in it, and understood it with as quick sympathy in one place as in another. At Weimar he meditated translating Schiller; but—no doubt happily—nothing came of the rather desultory design. In 1831 he went into chambers in the Temple; but not taking kindly to law, and losing a small inherited fortune, he followed his native bent, which led him into journalism, literature, and incidentally into art. He began his serious literary work as a contributor to Fraser's Magazine in 1835, after some slight preliminary experience; and thenceforth wrote literary miscellany of extraordinary variety—stories, reviews, art criticisms, foreign correspondence, burlesques, ballads—for all sorts of periodicals.

In 1836 he made an effort to obtain work as an illustrator, but without success,—one of his failures being with Dickens, whose refusal

was certainly justified. In 1838 he illustrated Jerrold's 'Men of Character'; but in the main he was forced to content himself with his own works in this respect, and most of these he did illustrate. Pictorial art was clearly not his vocation. His drawings have plenty of character; and it is not unfortunate, perhaps, that we have his pictorial presentment rather than another's, of so many of his personages. But he not only lacked the skill that comes of training,—he had no real gift for representation, and for the plastic expression of beauty he had no faculty; the element of caricature is prominent in all his designs. He did them with great delight and ease, whereas literary work was always drudgery to him; but of course this is the converse of witness to their merit.

His poetry, which he wrote at intervals, and desultorily throughout his career, is on a decidedly higher plane. It is of the kind that is accurately called "verses," but it is as plainly his own as his prose; and some of it will always be read, probably, for its feeling and its felicity. It is the verse mainly but not merely of the improvisatore. It never oversteps the modesty becoming the native gift that expresses itself in it. Most of it could not have been as well said in prose; and its title is clear enough, however unpretentious. Metrically and in substance the 'Ballads' are excellent balladry. They never rise to Scott's level of heroic *bravura*, and though the contemplative ones are deeper in feeling than any of Scott's, they are poetically more summary and have less sweep; one hardly thinks of the pinions of song at all in connection with them. Prose was distinctly Thackeray's medium more exclusively than it was Scott's. But compare the best of the 'Ballads' with Macaulay's 'Lays,' to note the difference in both quality and execution between the verse of a writer with a clear poetic strain in his temperament, and that of a pure rhetorician whose numbers make one wince. 'The White Squall' is a *tour de force* of rhyme and rhythm, the 'Ballad of Bouillabaisse' has a place in every reader's affections, 'Mr. Moloney's Account of the Ball' is a perpetual delight, even 'The Crystal Palace' is not merely clever; and 'The Pen and the Album' and notably the 'Vanitas Vanitatum' verses have an elevation that is both solemn and moving, — a sustained note of genuine lyric inspiration chanting gravely the burden of all the poet's prose.

He joined the staff of *Punch* almost immediately upon its establishment, and was long one of its strongest contributors. The following year, 1843, he went to Ireland, and published his 'Irish Sketch-Book.' In 1844 he made the Eastern journey chronicled in 'From Cornhill to Grand Cairo,' and published 'Barry Lyndon' in Fraser. In 1846 'The Book of Snobs' appeared; and the next year 'Vanity Fair,' which made him famous and the fashion. 'Pendennis' followed in 1848-49. Next came 'The English Humorists of the Eighteenth

Century' (1851), delivered with great success to the exacting London world of society and letters; 'Henry Esmond,' and his first trip to America (1852), where he repeated the lectures, and where he was greeted universally with a friendliness he thoroughly returned; 'The Newcomes' (1853-5); his second American trip (1855), when he first read his lectures on 'The Four Georges'; 'The Virginians' (1857-9); the establishment of the Cornhill Magazine with Thackeray as editor (1860), and the publication in its pages during his last three years of the 'Roundabout Papers,' 'Lovel the Widower,' 'Philip,' and the beginning of the unfinished 'Denis Duval.' In 1857 he had contested a seat in Parliament for Oxford in the Liberal interest, but had been defeated by a vote of 1018 to 1085 for his opponent. His health had been far from good for some years; and during the night of December 23d, 1863, he died in his sleep.

Loosely speaking, his work may be said to be divided into two classes, miscellany and novels, by the climacteric date of his career—January 1847—when the first number of 'Vanity Fair' appeared. No writer whose fame rests, as Thackeray's larger fame does, on notable works of fiction, has written miscellaneous literature of the quality of his. Taken in connection with the novels, it ranks him as the representative English man of letters of his time. There is extraordinarily little "copy" in it. It is the lighter work of a man born for greater things, and having therefore in its quality something superior to its *genre*. In the first place, it has the style which in its maturity led Carlyle to say, "Nobody in our day wrote, I should say, with such perfection of style;" and as Thackeray observes of Gibbon's praise of Fielding, "there can be no gainsaying the sentence of this great judge" in such a matter. It has too his qualities of substance, which were to reach their full development later. 'The Great Hoggarty Diamond' is rather small-beer, but it communicates that sense of reality which is to be sought for in vain among its contemporaries: compare the consummate Brough in this respect with one of Dickens's ideal hypocrites. The 'Sketch-Books' will always be good reading. 'The Book of Snobs' enlarged the confines of literature by the discovery and exploration of a new domain. 'Barry Lyndon' is a masterpiece of irony comparable with Swift and 'Jonathan Wild' alone, and to be ranked rather among the novels. Such burlesques as 'Rebecca and Rowena' and the 'Novels by Eminent Hands' of Punch, the various essays in polite literature of Mr. Yellowplush, the delightful extravagance 'The Rose and the Ring,' the admirable account of 'Mrs. Perkins's Ball,' and many other trifles which it is needless even to catalogue here, illustrate in common a quality of wit, of unexpectedness, of charm, as conspicuous as their remarkable variety. And as to the later 'Lectures' on the Queen

Anne humorists and the Georges, and the inimitable 'Roundabout Papers,' nothing of the kind has ever been done on quite the same plane.

It is, however, to the elaborate and exquisitely commented picture of life which the novels present, that Thackeray owes his fellowship with the very greatest figures of literature outside the realm of poetry. The four most important,—'Vanity Fair,' 'Pendennis,' 'Henry Esmond,' and 'The Newcomes,'—especially, enable him to take his place among these with the ease of equality. 'Vanity Fair' perhaps expresses his genius in its freest spontaneity. Thackeray himself spoke of it—to Dr. Merriman—as his greatest work. And though he declared 'Henry Esmond'—which, as the dedicatory states, "copies the manners and language of Queen Anne's time"—"the very best that I can do," the two remarks are not inconsistent: they aptly distinguish between his most original substance and his most perfect form. 'Pendennis' and 'The Newcomes' are social pictures on a larger scale, of less dramatic and more epic interest. 'The Virginians' is only less important; but it loses something of the relief which the remoteness of its epoch gives 'Henry Esmond,' and something of the actuality that its other predecessors owe to their modernness. 'Lovel the Widower' is an admitted failure, largely though not splendidly redeemed by 'Philip' which followed it. But the beginnings of 'Denis Duval' are enough to show that the level of 'The Virginians,' at least, might have been reached again; and make the writer's death at fifty-two indisputably and grievously premature.

Charlotte Brontë, who dedicated the second edition of 'Jane Eyre' to Thackeray, maintaining that "No commentator upon his writings has yet found the comparison that suits him, the terms which rightly characterize his talent," spoke of him as "the first social regenerator of the day." She had herself, however, correctly divined his talent: it was at once social and moral. She objected to his association with Fielding, whom she declared he resembled "as an eagle does a vulture," and charged Fielding with having "stooped on carrion." Fielding was undoubtedly his model. He regretted that he had not read him more in early years. And Fielding is undoubtedly a writer of both social and moral quality. But his moral range is narrow, and there is a grave lack in his equipment considered as that of a great writer,—he lacks spirituality altogether. And spirituality is a quality that Thackeray possessed in a distinguished degree. It is his spirituality that Charlotte Brontë really had in mind in contrasting him in her trenchant, passionate way with his predecessor. The difference is fundamental. It is far deeper than mere choice of material. Thackeray himself says regretfully, in the preface to

'Pendennis': "Since the author of 'Tom Jones' was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a man. We must drape him, and give him a certain conventional simper." He would have liked, clearly, a wider range and a freer hand; and Charlotte Brontë would have been less pleased with him had he enjoyed them. But he would never have "sunk with his subject," because his imagination had so strong a spiritual side.

On the other hand, what distinguishes him from such a novelist as George Eliot is the preoccupation of his imagination with the heart rather than the mind. Instinctively his critics agree in characterizing his dominant faculty as "insight into the human heart." There is no question anywhere as to the depth and keenness of this insight in him, at all events,—however one regards the frequent statement that it was deeper and keener than that of any other writer, "Shakespeare and Balzac perhaps excepted." The exception of Shakespeare is surely as sound as it is mechanical. That of Balzac may be disputed. Balzac's insight proceeds from his curiosity, that of Thackeray from his sympathy. If always as keen, Balzac's is never quite as deep. It is perhaps wider. Curiosity in the artist means an unlimited interest in men and things; which it regards as all, and more or less equally, material. Sympathy necessarily selects—sympathy, or even antipathy if one chooses; but in selecting it concentrates. 'La Comédie Humaine' is a wonderful structure. It parallels the existing world, one may almost say. The psychologist, the sociologist, the specialist of nearly any description, may study it with zest and ponder it profitably. It is a marvelously elaborate framework filled in with an astonishing variety of both types and individuals. One may seek in it not vainly for an analogue of almost anything actual. But though less multifarious, Thackeray's world is far more real. His figures are far more alive. Their inner springs are divined, not studied. They make the story themselves, not merely appear in it. We have no charts of their minds and qualities, but we know them as we know our friends and neighbors.

This sense of reality and vitality, in which the personages of Thackeray excel those of any other prose fiction, proceeds from that unusual association in the author's own personality of the spiritual and sentimental qualities with great intellectual powers—to which I have already referred. For character—the subject *par excellence* of the great writers of fiction as distinguished from the pure romanticists—depends upon the heart. It is comparatively independent of psychology. For a period so given over to science as our own, so imbued with the scientific spirit, and so concentrated upon the scientific side of even spiritual things, psychological fiction—such as George Eliot's—inevitably possesses a special, an almost esoteric,

interest. But it is nevertheless true that the elemental, the temperamental, the vital idiosyncrasies of character depend less directly upon mental than upon moral qualities. Men are what they are through their feeling, not through their thinking—except in so far as their thinking modifies their feeling. At the same time it is to be borne in mind that Thackeray does not neglect the mental constitution of his characters. It cannot be said of his Rebecca, for example, as Turgénieff is said to have observed of Zola's Gervaise Coupeau, that "he tells us how she feels, never what she thinks." We have a complete enough picture of what is going on in her exceedingly active mind; only in the main we infer this indirectly from what she does, as we do in the case of Shakespeare's characters, rather than from an express scrutiny of her mental mechanism. Her human and social side is uppermost in her creator's presentation of her, though she is plainly idiosyncratic enough to reward the study and even the speculation of the most insistent psychologist.

Mr. Henry James acutely observes of Hawthorne's characters, that with the partial exception of Donatello in the 'Marble Faun,' there are no types among them. And it is assuredly for this reason that they appear to us so entirely the creations of Hawthorne's fancy, so much a part of the insubstantial witchery of his genius, that they seem as individual, so unreal. Thackeray, on the other hand, has been reproached with creating nothing but types. But the truth is that a character of fiction, in order to make the impression of individuality, must be presented as a type. It is through its typical qualities that it attains a definition which is neither insubstantial like that of Hawthorne's personages, nor a caricature like that of so many of Dickens's. Its typical qualities are those that persuade us of its truth, and create the convincing illusion of its reality. A type in fiction is a type in the sense in which the French use the term in speaking of a real person,—a synthesis of representative traits, more accentuated than the same characteristics as they are to be found in general; a person, that is to say, of particularly salient individuality. Only in this way do real persons who are not also eccentric persons leave a striking and definite impression on us; and only in this way do we measure that correspondence of fictitious to real character which determines the reality of the former.

Of course in thus eschewing psychology and dealing mainly with types,—in occupying himself with those elemental traits of character that depend upon the heart rather than the mind,—a realist like Thackeray renounces a field so large and interesting as justly to have his neglect of it accounted to him as a limitation. And Thackeray still further narrows his field by confining himself in the main to character not merely in its elemental traits, but in its morally

significant ones as well. The colorless characters, such as Tom Tulliver for a single example, in which George Eliot is so strong, the irresponsible ones, such as Dickens's Winkles and Swivellers, have few fellows in his fiction, from which the seriousness of his satiric strain excludes whatever is not significant as well as whatever is purely particular. The loss is very great, considering his world as a *comédie humaine*. It involves more than the elimination of psychology,—it diminishes the number of types; and all types are interesting, whether morally important or not. But in Thackeray's case it has two great compensations. In the first place, the greater concentration it involves notably defines and emphasizes the net impression of his works. It unifies their effect; and sharply crystallizes the message to mankind, which, like every great writer in whatever branch of literature he may cultivate, it was the main business, the aim and crown and apology of his life, to deliver. There is no missing the tenor of his gospel, which is that character is the one thing of importance in life; that it is tremendously complex, and the easiest thing in the world to misconceive both in ourselves and in others; that truth is the one instrument of its perfecting, and the one subject worthy of pursuit; and that the study of truth discloses littlenesses and futilities in it at its best for which the only cloak is charity, and the only consolation and atonement the cultivation of the affections.

In the second place, it is his concentration upon the morally significant that places him at the head of the novelists of manners. It is the moral and social qualities, of course, that unite men in society, and make it something other than the sum of the individuals composing it. Far more deeply than Balzac, Thackeray felt the relations between men that depend upon these qualities; and consequently his social picture is, if less comprehensive and varied, far more vivid and real. It is painted directly, and lacks the elaborate structural machinery which makes Balzac's seem mechanical in composition and artificial in spirit. Thackeray's personages are never portrayed in isolation. They are a part of the *milieu* in which they exist, and which has itself therefore much more distinction and relief than an environment which is merely a framework. How they regard each other, how they feel toward and what they think of each other, the mutuality of their very numerous and vital relations, furnishes an important strand in the texture of the story in which they figure. Their activities are modified by the air they breathe in common. Their conduct is controlled, their ideas affected, even their desires and ambitions dictated, by the general ideals of the society that includes them. In a more extended sense than Lady Kew intended in reminding Ethel Newcome of the fact, they "belong to their belongings." So far as it goes, therefore,—and it would be easy to exaggerate its

limitations, which are trivial in comparison,—Thackeray's picture of society is the most vivid, as it is incontestably the most real, in prose fiction. The temperament of the artist and satirist combined, the preoccupation with the moral element in character,—and in logical sequence, with its human and social side,—lead naturally to the next step of viewing man in his relations, and the construction of a miniature world. And in addition to the high place in literature won for him by his insight into the human heart, Thackeray's social picture has given him a distinction that is perhaps unique. In virtue of it, at any rate, the writer who passed his life in rivalry with Dickens and Bulwer and Trollope and Lever, belongs with Shakespeare and Molière.

W. M. Thackeray

BEATRIX ESMOND

From 'The History of Henry Esmond'

AS THEY came up to the house at Walcote, the windows from within were lighted up with friendly welcome; the supper table was spread in the oak parlor: it seemed as if forgiveness and love were awaiting the returning prodigal. Two or three familiar faces of domestics were on the lookout at the porch: the old housekeeper was there, and young Lockwood from Castlewood in my lord's livery of tawny and blue. His dear mistress pressed his arm as they passed into the hall. Her eyes beamed out on him with affection indescribable. "Welcome," was all she said, as she looked up, putting back her fair curls and black hood. A sweet rosy smile blushed on her face; Harry thought he had never seen her look so charming. Her face was lighted with a joy that was brighter than beauty; she took a hand of her son, who was in the hall waiting his mother—she did not quit Esmond's arm.

"Welcome, Harry!" my young lord echoed after her. "Here we are all come to say so. Here's old Pincot: hasn't she grown handsome?" and Pincot, who was older and no handsomer than usual, made a curtsy to the captain,—as she called Esmond,—and told my lord to "Have done, now."

"And here's Jack Lockwood. He'll make a famous grenadier, Jack; and so shall I: we'll both 'list under you, cousin. As soon



BEATRIX ESMOND

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as I am seventeen, I go to the army—every gentleman goes to the army. Look! who comes here: ho, ho!" he burst into a laugh. "'Tis Mistress 'Trix, with a new ribbon: I knew she would put one on as soon as she heard a captain was coming to supper."

This laughing colloquy took place in the hall of Walcote House, in the midst of which is a staircase that leads from an open gallery, where are the doors of the sleeping-chambers; and from one of these, a wax candle in her hand and illuminating her, came Mistress Beatrix,—the light falling indeed upon the scarlet ribbon which she wore, and upon the most brilliant white neck in the world.

Esmond had left a child, and found a woman; grown beyond the common height, and arrived at such a dazzling completeness of beauty that his eyes might well show surprise and delight at beholding her. In hers there was a brightness so lustrous and melting that I have seen a whole assembly follow her as if by an attraction irresistible; and that night the great duke was at the playhouse after Ramillies, every soul turned and looked (she chanced to enter at the opposite side of the theatre at the same moment) at her, and not at him. She was a brown beauty; that is, her eyes, hair, and eyebrows, and eyelashes were dark, her hair curling with rich undulations and waving over her shoulders; but her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine, except her cheeks which were a bright red, and her lips which were of a still deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full; and so they might be for a goddess in marble, but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest low song, whose shape was perfect symmetry, health, decision, activity, whose foot as it planted itself on the ground was firm but flexible, and whose motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace: agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen,—now melting, now imperious, now sarcastic,—there was no single movement of hers but was beautiful. As he thinks of her, he who writes feels young again, and remembers a paragon.

So she came holding her dress with one fair rounded arm, and her taper before her, tripping down the stair to greet Esmond.

"She hath put on her scarlet stockings and white shoes," says my lord, still laughing. "Oh, my fine mistress! is this the way you set your cap at the captain?" She approached, shining smiles

upon Esmond, who could look at nothing but her eyes. She advanced, holding forward her head, as if she would have him kiss her as he used to do when she was a child.

"Stop," she said, "I am grown too big! Welcome, Cousin Harry," and she made him an arch curtsy, sweeping down to the ground almost with the most gracious bend, looking up the while with the brightest eyes and sweetest smile. Love seemed to radiate from her. Harry eyed her with such a rapture as the first lover is described as having by Milton.

"N'est-ce pas?" says my lady, in a low, sweet voice, still hanging on his arm.

Esmond turned round with a start and a blush, as he met his mistress's clear eyes. He had forgotten her, rapt in admiration of the *filia pulcrrior*.

"Right foot forward, toe turned out, so; now drop the curtsy and show the red stockings, 'Trix. They're silver clocks, Harry. The dowager sent 'em. She went to put 'em on," cries my lord.

"Hush, you stupid child!" says miss, smothering her brother with kisses; and then she must come and kiss her mamma, looking all the while at Harry over his mistress's shoulder. And if she did not kiss him, she gave him both her hands and said, "O Harry, we're so, *so* glad you're come!"

"There are woodcocks for supper," says my lord. "Huzzay! It was such a hungry sermon."

"And it is the 29th of December, and our Harry has come home."

"Huzzay, old Pincot!" again says my lord; and my dear lady's lips looked as if they were trembling with prayer. She would have Harry lead in Beatrix to the supper-room, going herself with my young Lord Viscount; and to this party came Tom Tusher directly, whom four at least out of the company of five wished away. Away he went, however, as soon as the sweetmeats were put down; and then, by the great crackling fire,—his mistress, or Beatrix with her blushing glances, filling his glass for him,—Harry told the story of his campaign, and passed the most delightful night his life had ever known. The sun was up long ere he was, so deep, sweet, and refreshing was his slumber. He woke as if angels had been watching at his bed all night. I daresay one that was as pure and loving as an angel had blessed his sleep with her prayers.

Next morning the chaplain read prayers to the little household at Walcote, as the custom was: Esmond thought Mistress Beatrix did not listen to Tusher's exhortation much; her eyes were wandering everywhere during the service,—at least whenever he looked up he met them. Perhaps he also was not very attentive to his reverence the chaplain. "This might have been my life," he was thinking; "this might have been my duty from now till old age. Well, were it not a pleasant one to be with these dear friends and part from 'em no more? Until—until the destined lover comes and takes away pretty Beatrix—" and the best part of Tom Tusher's exposition, which may have been very learned and eloquent, was quite lost to poor Harry by this vision of the destined lover, who put the preacher out.

All the while of the prayers, Beatrix knelt a little way before Harry Esmond. The red stockings were changed for a pair of gray, and black shoes in which her feet looked to the full as pretty. All the roses of spring could not vie with the brightness of her complexion; Esmond thought he had never seen anything like the sunny lustre of her eyes. My lady viscountess looked fatigued as if with watching, and her face was pale.

Miss Beatrix remarked these signs of indisposition in her mother, and deplored them. "I am an old woman," says my lady with a kind smile: "I cannot hope to look as young as you do, my dear."

"She'll never look as good as you do if she lives till she's a hundred," says my lord, taking his mother by the waist and kissing her hand.

"Do I look very wicked, cousin?" says Beatrix, turning full round on Esmond, with her pretty face so close under his chin that the soft perfumed hair touched it. She laid her finger-tips on his sleeve as she spoke, and he put his other hand over hers.

"I'm like your looking-glass," says he, "and that can't flatter you."

"He means that you are always looking at him, my dear," says her mother archly. Beatrix ran away from Esmond at this, and flew to her mamma, whom she kissed, stopping my lady's mouth with her pretty hand.

"And Harry is very good to look at," says my lady, with her fond eyes regarding the young man.

"If 'tis good to see a happy face," says he, "you see that." My lady said "Amen" with a sigh; and Harry thought the

memory of her dear lord rose up and rebuked her back again into sadness, for her face lost the smile and resumed its look of melancholy.

"Why, Harry, how fine we look in our scarlet-and-silver and our black periwig," cries my lord. "Mother, I am tired of my own hair. When shall I have a peruke? Where did you get your steenkirk, Harry?"

"It's some of my lady dowager's lace," says Harry; "she gave me this and a number of other fine things."

"My lady dowager isn't such a bad woman," my lord continued.

"She's not so—so red as she's painted," says Miss Beatrix.

Her brother broke into a laugh. "I'll tell her you said so; by the Lord, 'Trix, I will," he cries out.

"She'll know that you hadn't the wit to say it, my lord," says Miss Beatrix.

"We won't quarrel the first day Harry's here, will we, mother?" said the young lord. "We'll see if we can get on to the new year without a fight. Have some of this Christmas pie. And here comes the tankard; no, it's Pincot with the tea."

"Will the captain choose a dish?" asked Mistress Beatrix.

"I say, Harry," my lord goes on, "I'll show thee my horses after breakfast, and we'll go a-bird-netting to-night; and on Monday there's a cock-match at Winchester—do you love cock-fighting, Harry?—between the gentlemen of Sussex and the gentlemen of Hampshire, at £10 the battle and £50 the odd battle, to show one-and-twenty cocks."

"And what will you do, Beatrix, to amuse our kinsman?" asks my lady.

"I'll listen to him," says Beatrix. "I am sure he has a hundred things to tell us. And I'm jealous already of the Spanish ladies. Was that a beautiful nun at Cadiz that you rescued from the soldiers? Your man talked of it last night in the kitchen, and Mrs. Betty told me this morning as she combed my hair. And he says you must be in love, for you sat on deck all night and scribbled verses all day in your table-book." Harry thought if he had wanted a subject for verses yesterday, to-day he had found one; and not all the Lindamiras and Ardelias of the poets were half so beautiful as this young creature: but he did not say so, though some one did for him.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

From 'The History of Henry Esmond'

AND now, having seen a great military march through a friendly country, the poms and festivities of more than one German court, the severe struggle of a hotly contested battle, and the triumph of victory, Mr. Esmond beheld another part of military duty: our troops entering the enemy's territory and putting all around them to fire and sword; burning farms, wasted fields, shrieking women, slaughtered sons and fathers, and drunken soldiery, cursing and carousing in the midst of tears, terror, and murder. Why does the stately Muse of History, that delights in describing the valor of heroes and the grandeur of conquest, leave out these scenes, so brutal, mean, and degrading, that yet form by far the greater part of the drama of war? You gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease and compliment yourselves in the songs of triumph with which our chieftains are bepraised; you pretty maidens that come tumbling down the stairs when the fife and drum call you, and huzza for the British Grenadiers,—do you take account that these items go to make up the amount of triumph you admire, and form part of the duties of the heroes you fondle? Our chief, whom England and all Europe, saving only the Frenchmen, worshiped almost, had this of the god-like in him: that he was impassible before victory, before danger, before defeat. Before the greatest obstacle or the most trivial ceremony; before a hundred thousand men drawn in battalia, or a peasant slaughtered at the door of his burning hovel, before a carouse of drunken German lords, or a monarch's court, or a cottage table where his plans were laid, or an enemy's battery, vomiting flame and death and strewing corpses round about him,—he was always cold, calm, resolute, like fate. He performed a treason or a court bow, he told a falsehood as black as Styx, as easily as he paid a compliment or spoke about the weather. He took a mistress and left her, he betrayed his benefactor and supported him, or would have murdered him, with the same calmness always, and having no more remorse than Clotho when she weaves the thread, or Lachesis when she cuts it. In the hour of battle I have heard the Prince of Savoy's officers say the prince became possessed with a sort of warlike fury: his eyes lighted up; he rushed hither and thither,

raging; he shrieked curses and encouragement, yelling and harking his bloody war-dogs on, and himself always at the first of the hunt. Our duke was as calm at the mouth of a cannon as at the door of a drawing-room. Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was had he had a heart either for love or hatred, or pity or fear, or regret or remorse. He achieved the highest deed of daring, or deepest calculation of thought, as he performed the very meanest action of which a man is capable; told a lie or cheated a fond woman or robbed a poor beggar of a halfpenny, with a like awful serenity, and equal capacity of the highest and lowest acts of our nature.

His qualities were pretty well known in the army, where there were parties of all politics, and of plenty of shrewdness and wit; but there existed such a perfect confidence in him, as the first captain of the world, and such a faith and admiration in his prodigious genius and fortune, that the very men whom he notoriously cheated of their pay, the chiefs whom he used and injured—for he used all men, great and small, that came near him, as his instruments alike, and took something of theirs, either some quality or some property: the blood of a soldier, it might be, or a jeweled hat or a hundred thousand crowns from a king, or a portion out of a starving sentinel's three farthings; or when he was young, a kiss from a woman, and the gold chain off her neck, taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I said, this of the godlike in him, that he could see a hero perish or a sparrow fall with the same amount of sympathy for either. Not that he had no tears. he could always order up this reserve at the proper moment to battle; he could draw upon tears or smiles alike, and whenever need was for using this cheap coin. He would cringe to a shoeblack, and he would flatter a minister or a monarch; be haughty, be humble, threaten, repent, weep, grasp your hand, or stab you whenever he saw occasion—but yet those of the army who knew him best and had suffered most from him, admired him most of all; and as he rode along the lines to battle, or galloped up in the nick of time to a battalion reeling from before the enemy's charge or shot, the fainting men and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face, and felt that his will made them irresistible.

After the great victory of Blenheim, the enthusiasm of the army for the duke, even of his bitterest personal enemies in it, amounted to a sort of rage: nay, the very officers who cursed

him in their hearts were among the most frantic to cheer him. Who could refuse his meed of admiration to such a victory and such a victor? Not he who writes: a man may profess to be ever so much a philosopher, but he who fought on that day must feel a thrill of pride as he recalls it.

THE FAMOUS MR. JOSEPH ADDISON

From 'The History of Henry Esmond'

THE gentlemen ushers had a table at Kensington, and the Guard a very splendid dinner daily at St. James's, at either of which ordinaries Esmond was free to dine. Dick Steele liked the Guard table better than his own at the gentlemen ushers', where there was less wine and more ceremony; and Esmond had many a jolly afternoon in company of his friend, and a hundred times at least saw Dick into his chair. If there is verity in wine, according to the old adage, what an amiable-natured character Dick's must have been! In proportion as he took in wine he overflowed with kindness. His talk was not witty so much as charming. He never said a word that could anger anybody, and only became the more benevolent the more tipsy he grew. Many of the wags derided the poor fellow in his cups, and chose him as a butt for their satire; but there was a kindness about him, and a sweet playful fancy, that seemed to Esmond far more charming than the pointed talk of the brightest wits, with their elaborate repartees and affected severities. I think Steele shone rather than sparkled. Those famous *beaux esprits* of the coffee-houses (Mr. William Congreve, for instance, when his gout and his grandeur permitted him to come among us) would make many brilliant hits,—half a dozen in a night sometimes,—but like sharpshooters, when they had fired their shot they were obliged to retire under cover till their pieces were loaded again, and wait till they got another chance at their enemy; whereas Dick never thought that his bottle companion was a butt to aim at—only a friend to shake by the hand. The poor fellow had half the town in his confidence: everybody knew everything about his loves and his debts, his creditors' or his mistress's obduracy. When Esmond first came on to the town, honest Dick was all flames and raptures for a young lady, a West India fortune, whom he married. In a couple of years the lady was dead,

the fortune was all but spent, and the honest widower was as eager in pursuit of a new paragon of beauty as if he had never courted and married and buried the last one.

Quitting the Guard table one Sunday afternoon, when by chance Dick had a sober fit upon him, he and his friend were making their way down Germain Street, and Dick all of a sudden left his companion's arm and ran after a gentleman who was poring over a folio volume at the book-shop near to St. James's Church. He was a fair, tall man, in a snuff-colored suit, with a plain sword, very sober, and almost shabby in appearance—at least when compared to Captain Steele, who loved to adorn his jolly round person with the finest of clothes, and shone in scarlet and gold lace. The captain rushed up then to the student of the book-stall, took him in his arms, hugged him, and would have kissed him,—for Dick was always hugging and bussing his friends,—but the other stepped back with a flush on his pale face, seeming to decline this public manifestation of Steele's regard.

"My dearest Joe, where hast thou hidden thyself this age?" cries the captain, still holding both his friend's hands: "I have been languishing for thee this fortnight."

"A fortnight is not an age, Dick," says the other very good-humoredly. (He had light-blue eyes, extraordinary bright, and a face perfectly regular and handsome, like a tinted statue.) "And I have been hiding myself—where do you think?"

"What! not across the water, my dear Joe?" says Steele, with a look of great alarm: "thou knowest I have always—"

"No," says his friend, interrupting him with a smile: "we are not come to such straits as that, Dick. I have been hiding, sir, at a place where people never think of finding you—at my own lodgings, whither I am going to smoke a pipe now, and drink a glass of sack. Will your Honor come?"

"Harry Esmond, come hither," cries out Dick. "Thou hast heard me talk over and over again of my dearest Joe, my guardian angel?"

"Indeed," says Mr. Esmond with a bow, "it is not from you only that I have learnt to admire Mr. Addison. We loved good poetry at Cambridge as well as at Oxford; and I have some of yours by heart, though I have put on a red coat. . . . 'O qui canoro blandius Orpheo vocale ducis carmen;'—shall I go on, sir?" says Mr. Esmond, who indeed had read and loved the charming Latin poems of Mr. Addison, as every scholar of that time knew and admired them.

"This is Captain Esmond, who was at Blenheim," says Steele.

"Lieutenant Esmond," says the other with a low bow, "at Mr. Addison's service."

"I have heard of you," says Mr. Addison with a smile; as indeed everybody about town had heard that unlucky story about Esmond's dowager aunt and the duchess.

"We were going to the George to take a bottle before the play," says Steele: "wilt thou be one, Joe?"

Mr. Addison said his own lodgings were hard by, where he was still rich enough to give a good bottle of wine to his friends; and invited the two gentlemen to his apartment in the Hay-market, whither we accordingly went.

"I shall get credit with my landlady," says he with a smile, "when she sees two such fine gentlemen as you come up my stair." And he politely made his visitors welcome to his apartment,—which was indeed but a shabby one, though no grandee of the land could receive his guests with a more perfect and courtly grace than this gentleman. A frugal dinner, consisting of a slice of meat and a penny loaf, was awaiting the owner of the lodgings. "My wine is better than my meat," says Mr. Addison. "My Lord Halifax sent me the burgundy." And he set a bottle and glasses before his friends, and ate his simple dinner in a very few minutes; after which the three fell to, and began to drink.

"You see," says Mr. Addison, pointing to his writing-table, whereon was a map of the action at Hochstedt, and several other gazettes and pamphlets relating to the battle, "that I too am busy about your affairs, captain. I am engaged as a poetical gazetteer, to say truth, and am writing a poem on the campaign."

So Esmond, at the request of his host, told him what he knew about the famous battle, drew the river on the table *aliquo mero*, and with the aid of some bits of tobacco pipe showed the advance of the left wing, where he had been engaged.

A sheet or two of the verses lay already on the table beside our bottles and glasses; and Dick, having plentifully refreshed himself from the latter, took up the pages of manuscript, writ out with scarce a blot or correction, in the author's slim, neat handwriting, and began to read therefrom with great emphasis and volubility. At pauses of the verse, the enthusiastic reader stopped and fired off a great salvo of applause.

Esmond smiled at the enthusiasm of Addison's friend. "You are like the German burghers," says he, "and the princes on the Moselle: when our army came to a halt, they always sent a deputation to compliment the chief, and fired a salute with all their artillery from their walls."

"And drunk the great chief's health afterward, did not they?" says Captain Steele, gayly filling up a bumper: he never was tardy at that sort of acknowledgment of a friend's merit.

"And the duke, since you will have me act his Grace's part," says Mr. Addison, with a smile and something of a blush, "pledged his friends in return. Most Serene Elector of Covent Garden, I drink to your Highness's health," and he filled himself a glass. Joseph required scarce more pressing than Dick to that sort of amusement: but the wine never seemed at all to fluster Mr. Addison's brains, it only unloosed his tongue: whereas Captain Steele's head and speech were quite overcome by a single bottle.

No matter what the verses were (and to say truth, Mr. Esmond found some of them more than indifferent), Dick's enthusiasm for his chief never faltered; and in every line from Addison's pen, Steele found a master-stroke. By the time Dick had come to that part of the poem wherein the bard describes, as blandly as though he were recording a dance at the opera, or a harmless bout of bucolic cudgeling at a village fair, that bloody and ruthless part of our campaign with the remembrance whereof every soldier who bore a part in it must sicken with shame,—when we were ordered to ravage and lay waste the Elector's country; and with fire and murder, slaughter and crime, a great part of his dominions was overrun;—when Dick came to the lines,—

"In vengeance roused, the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land;
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burn,
A thousand villages to ashes burn.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mixed with bellowing herds confused bleat;
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in every brake.
The listening soldier fixed in sorrow stands,
Loath to obey his leader's just commands.
The leader grieves, by generous pity swayed,
To see his just commands so well obeyed,"—

by this time wine and friendship had brought poor Dick to a perfectly maudlin state, and he hiccupped out the last line with a tenderness that set one of his auditors a-laughing.

"I admire the license of your poets," says Esmond to Mr. Addison. (Dick, after reading of the verses, was fain to go off, insisting on kissing his two dear friends before his departure, and reeling away with his periwig over his eyes.) "I admire your art: the murder of the campaign is done to military music, like a battle at the opera; and the virgins shriek in harmony as our victorious grenadiers march into their villages. Do you know what a scene it was?"—by this time, perhaps, the wine had warmed Mr. Esmond's head too—"what a triumph you are celebrating? what scenes of shame and horror were enacted, over which the commander's genius presided, as calm as though he didn't belong to our sphere? You talk of the 'listening soldier fixed in sorrow,' the 'leader's grief swayed by generous pity': to my belief the leader cared no more for bleating flocks than he did for infants' cries, and many of our ruffians butchered one or the other with equal alacrity. I was ashamed of my trade when I saw those horrors perpetrated, which came under every man's eyes. You hew out of your polished verses a stately image of smiling Victory: I tell you 'tis an uncouth, distorted, savage idol; hideous, bloody, and barbarous. The rites performed before it are shocking to think of. You great poets should show it as it is,—ugly and horrible, not beautiful and serene. Oh, sir, had you made the campaign, believe me, you never would have sung it so."

During this little outbreak Mr. Addison was listening, smoking out of his long pipe, and smiling very placidly. "What would you have?" says he. "In our polished days, and according to the rules of art, 'tis impossible that the Muse should depict tortures or begrime her hands with the horrors of war. These are indicated rather than described; as in the Greek tragedies, that I daresay you have read (and sure there can be no more elegant specimens of composition), Agamemnon is slain, or Medea's children destroyed, away from the scene,—the chorus occupying the stage and singing of the action to pathetic music. Something of this I attempt, my dear sir, in my humble way: 'tis a panegyric I mean to write, and not a satire. Were I to sing as you would have me, the town would tear the poet in pieces, and burn his book by the hands of the common hangman.—Do you not use

tobacco? Of all the weeds grown on earth, sure the nicotian is the most soothing and salutary.—We must paint our great duke," Mr. Addison went on, "not as a man—which no doubt he is, with weaknesses like the rest of us—but as a hero. 'Tis in a triumph, not a battle, that your humble servant is riding his sleek Pegasus. We college poets trot, you know, on very easy nags; it hath been, time out of mind, part of the poet's profession to celebrate the actions of heroes in verse, and to sing the deeds which you men of war perform. I must follow the rules of my art; and the composition of such a strain as this must be harmonious and majestic,—not familiar, or too near the vulgar truth. *Si parva licet*: if Virgil could invoke the divine Augustus, a humbler poet from the banks of the Isis may celebrate a victory and a conqueror of our own nation, in whose triumphs every Briton has a share, and whose glory and genius contribute to every citizen's individual honor. When hath there been, since our Henrys' and Edwards' days, such a great feat of arms as that from which you yourself have brought away marks of distinction? If 'tis in my power to sing that song worthily, I will do so, and be thankful to my Muse. If I fail as a poet, as a Briton at least I will show my loyalty, and fling up my cap and huzza for the conqueror:—

"Rheni pacator et Istri
Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,
Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori."

"There were as brave men on that field," says Mr. Esmond (who never could be made to love the Duke of Marlborough, nor to forget those stories which he used to hear in his youth regarding that great chief's selfishness and treachery)—"there were men at Blenheim as good as the leader, whom neither knights nor senators applauded, nor voices plebeian nor patrician favored, and who lie there forgotten under the clods. What poet is there to sing them?"

"To sing the gallant souls of heroes sent to Hades!" says Mr. Addison with a smile. "Would you celebrate them all? If I may venture to question anything in such an admirable work, the catalogue of the ships in Homer hath always appeared to me as somewhat wearisome: what had the poem been, supposing the writer had chronicled the names of captains, lieutenants, rank and file? One of the greatest of a great man's qualities is success:

'tis the result of all the others; 'tis a latent power in him which compels the favor of the gods and subjugates fortune. Of all his gifts I admire that one in the great Marlborough. To be brave? every man is brave. But in being victorious, as he is, I fancy there is something divine. In presence of the occasion, the great soul of the leader shines out, and the god is confessed. Death itself respects him, and passes by him to lay others low. War and carnage flee before him to ravage other parts of the field, as Hector from before the divine Achilles. You say he hath no pity: no more have the gods, who are above it, and superhuman. The fainting battle gathers strength at his aspect; and wherever he rides, victory charges with him."

BEATRIX ESMOND AND THE DUKE OF HAMILTON

From 'The History of Henry Esmond'

PERHAPS Beatrix was a little offended at his gayety. "Is this the way, sir, that you receive the announcement of your misfortune," says she; "and do you come smiling before me as if you were glad to be rid of me?"

Esmond would not be put off from his good-humor, but told her the story of Tom Trett and his bankruptcy. "I have been hankering after the grapes on the wall," says he, "and lost my temper because they were beyond my reach: was there any wonder? They're gone now, and another has them,—a taller man than your humble servant has won them." And the colonel made his cousin a low bow.

"A taller man, Cousin Esmond!" says she. "A man of spirit would have scaled the wall, sir, and seized them! A man of courage would have fought for 'em, not gaped for 'em."

"A duke has but to gape and they drop into his mouth," says Esmond, with another low bow.

"Yes, sir," says she, "a duke *is* a taller man than you. And why should I not be grateful to one such as his Grace, who gives me his heart and his great name? It is a great gift he honors me with; I know 'tis a bargain between us, and I accept it and will do my utmost to perform my part of it. 'Tis no question of sighing and philandering, between a nobleman of his Grace's age and a girl who hath little of that softness in her nature. Why

should I not own that I am ambitious, Harry Esmond; and if it be no sin in a man to covet honor, why should a woman too not desire it? Shall I be frank with you, Harry, and say that if you had not been down on your knees and so humble, you might have fared better with me? A woman of my spirit, cousin, is to be won by gallantry, and not by sighs and rueful faces. All the time you are worshiping and singing hymns to me, I know very well I am no goddess, and grow weary of the incense. So would you have been weary of the goddess too, when she was called Mrs. Esmond and got out of humor because she had not pin money enough, and was forced to go about in an old gown. Eh! cousin, a goddess in a mob cap that has to make her husband's gruel cease to be divine—I am sure of it. I should have been sulky and scolded; and of all the proud wretches in the world Mr. Esmond is the proudest, let me tell him that. You never fall into a passion; but you never forgive, I think. Had you been a great man you might have been good-humored; but being nobody, sir, you are too great a man for me: and I'm afraid of you, cousin—there! and I won't worship you, and you'll never be happy except with a woman who will. Why, after I belonged to you, and after one of my tantrums, you would have put the pillow over my head some night and smothered me, as the black man does the woman in the play that you're so fond of. What's the creature's name? Desdemona. You would, you little black-eyed Othello."

"I think I should, Beatrix," says the colonel.

"And I want no such ending. I intend to live to be a hundred, and to go to ten thousand routs and balls, and to play cards every night of my life till the year eighteen hundred. And I like to be the first of my company, sir; and I like flattery and compliments, and you give me none: and I like to be made to laugh, sir, and who's to laugh at *your* dismal face, I should like to know? and I like a coach-and-six or a coach-and-eight; and I like diamonds and a new gown every week, and people to say, 'That's the duchess—how well her Grace looks—make way for Madame l'Ambassadrice d'Angleterre—call her Excellency's people'—that's what I like. And as for you, you want a woman to bring your slippers and cap, and to sit at your feet and cry 'Oh, caro! oh, bravo!' while you read your Shakespeares and Miltons and stuff. Mamma would have been the wife for you had you been a little older, though you look ten years older than

she does—you do, you glum-faced, blue-bearded little old man! You might have sat like Darby and Joan and flattered each other, and billed and cooed like a pair of old pigeons on a perch. I want my wings and to use them, sir." And she spread out her beautiful arms, as if indeed she could fly off like the pretty "Gawrie" whom the man in the story was enamored of.

"And what will your Peter Wilkins say to your flight?" says Esmond, who never admired this fair creature more than when she rebelled and laughed at him.

"A duchess knows her place," says she with a laugh. "Why, I have a son already made for me and thirty years old (my Lord Arran), and four daughters. How they will scold, and what a rage they will be in, when I come to take the head of the table! But I give them only a month to be angry: at the end of that time they shall love me every one, and so shall Lord Arran, and so shall all his Grace's Scots vassals and followers in the Highlands. I'm bent on it; and when I take a thing in my head 'tis done. His Grace is the greatest gentleman in Europe, and I'll try and make him happy: and when the King comes back you may count on my protection, Cousin Esmond—for come back the King will and shall; and I'll bring him back from Versailles if he comes under my hoop."

"I hope the world will make you happy, Beatrix," says Esmond with a sigh. "You'll be Beatrix till you are my lady duchess—will you not? I shall then make your Grace my very lowest bow."

"None of these sighs and this satire, cousin," she says: "I take his Grace's great bounty thankfully—yes, thankfully, and will wear his honors becomingly. I do not say he hath touched my heart, but he has my gratitude, obedience, admiration; I have told him that and no more, and with that his noble heart is content. I have told him all—even the story of that poor creature that I was engaged to, and that I could not love, and I gladly gave his word back to him, and jumped for joy to get back my own. I am twenty-five years old."

"Twenty-six, my dear," says Esmond.

"Twenty-five, sir—I choose to be twenty-five; and in eight years no man hath ever touched my heart. Yes—you did once for a little, Harry, when you came back after Lille, and engaging with that murderer Mohun, and saving Frank's life. I thought I could like you; and mamma begged me hard on her

knees, and I did—for a day. But the old chill came over me, Henry, and the old fear of you and your melancholy; and I was glad when you went away, and engaged with my Lord Ashburnham that I might hear no more of you—that's the truth. You are too good for me, somehow. I could not make you happy, and should break my heart in trying and not being able to love you. But if you had asked me when we gave you the sword, you might have had me, sir; and we both should have been miserable by this time. I talked with that silly lord all night just to vex you and mamma; and I succeeded, didn't I? How frankly we can talk of these things! It seems a thousand years ago; and though we are here sitting in the same room, there is a great wall between us. My dear, kind, faithful, gloomy old cousin! I can like you now, and admire you too, sir, and say that you are brave, and very kind, and very true, and a fine gentleman for all—for all your little mishap at your birth," says she, wagging her arch head. "And now, sir," says she with a courtesy, "we must have no more talk except when mamma is by, as his Grace is with us; for he does not half like you, cousin, and is jealous as the black man in your favorite play."

Though the very kindness of the words stabbed Mr. Esmond with the keenest pang, he did not show his sense of the wound by any look of his (as Beatrix indeed afterward owned to him); but said with a perfect command of himself, and an easy smile, "The interview must not end yet, my dear, until I have had my last word. Stay, here comes your mother!" (Indeed she came in here with her sweet anxious face; and Esmond, going up, kissed her hand respectfully.) "My dear lady may hear too the last words, which are no secrets, and are only a parting benediction accompanying a present for your marriage from an old gentleman your guardian; for I feel as if I was the guardian of all the family, and an old fellow that is fit to be the grandfather of you all; and in this character let me make my lady duchess her wedding present. They are the diamonds my father's widow left me. I had thought Beatrix might have had them a year ago; but they are good enough for a duchess, though not bright enough for the handsomest woman in the world." And he took the case out of his pocket in which the jewels were, and presented them to his cousin.

She gave a cry of delight, for the stones were indeed very handsome, and of great value; and the next minute the necklace

was where Belinda's cross is in Mr. Pope's admirable poem, and glittering on the whitest and most perfectly shaped neck in all England.

The girl's delight at receiving these trinkets was so great that, after rushing to the looking-glass and examining the effect they produced upon that fair neck which they surrounded, Beatrix was running back with her arms extended, and was perhaps for paying her cousin with a price that he would have liked no doubt to receive from those beautiful rosy lips of hers; but at this moment the door opened, and his Grace the bridegroom elect was announced.

He looked very black upon Mr. Esmond, to whom he made a very low bow indeed, and kissed the hand of each lady in his most ceremonious manner. He had come in his chair from the palace hard by, and wore his two stars of the Garter and the Thistle.

"Look, my lord duke," says Mistress Beatrix, advancing to him and showing the diamonds on her breast.

"Diamonds," says his Grace. "Hm! they seem pretty."

"They are a present on my marriage," says Beatrix.

"From her Majesty?" asks the duke. "The Queen is very good."

"From my Cousin Henry—from our Cousin Henry," cry both the ladies in a breath.

"I have not the honor of knowing the gentleman. I thought that my Lord Castlewood had no brother; and that on your Ladyship's side there were no nephews."

"From our cousin, Colonel Henry Esmond, my lord," says Beatrix, taking the colonel's hand very bravely, "who was left guardian to us by our father, and who has a hundred times shown his love and friendship for our family."

"The Duchess of Hamilton receives no diamonds but from her husband, madam," says the duke: "may I pray you to restore these to Mr. Esmond?"

"Beatrix Esmond may receive a present from our kinsman and benefactor, my Lord Duke," says Lady Castlewood with an air of great dignity. "She is my daughter yet; and if her mother sanctions the gift, no one else has the right to question it."

"Kinsman and benefactor!" says the duke. "I know of no kinsman; and I do not choose that my wife should have for benefactor a—"

"My lord!" says Colonel Esmond.

"I am not here to bandy words," says his Grace: "frankly I tell you that your visits to this house are too frequent, and that I choose no presents for the Duchess of Hamilton from gentlemen that bear a name they have no right to."

"My lord!" breaks out Lady Castlewood, "Mr. Esmond hath the best right to that name of any man in the world; and 'tis as old and as honorable as your Grace's."

My lord duke smiled, and looked as if Lady Castlewood was mad, that was so talking to him.

"If I called him benefactor," said my mistress, "it is because he has been so to us—yes, the noblest, the truest, the bravest, the dearest of benefactors. He would have saved my husband's life from Mohun's sword. He did save my boy's, and defended him from that villain. Are these no benefits?"

"I ask Colonel Esmond's pardon," says his Grace, if possible more haughty than before. "I would say not a word that should give him offense, and thank him for his kindness to your Ladyship's family. My Lord Mohun and I are connected, you know, by marriage—though neither by blood nor friendship; but I must repeat what I said, that my wife can receive no presents from Colonel Esmond."

"My daughter may receive presents from the Head of our House; my daughter may thankfully take kindness from her father's, her mother's, her brother's dearest friend, and be grateful for one more benefit besides the thousand we owe him," cries Lady Esmond. "What is a string of diamond stones compared to that affection he hath given us—our dearest preserver and benefactor? We owe him not only Frank's life, but our all—yes, our all," says my mistress, with a heightened color and a trembling voice. "The title we bear is his, if he would claim it. 'Tis we who have no right to our name; not he that's too great for it. He sacrificed his name at my dying lord's bedside—sacrificed it to my orphan children; gave up rank and honor because he loved us so nobly. His father was Viscount of Castlewood and Marquis of Esmond before him; and he is his father's lawful son and true heir, and we are the recipients of his bounty, and he the chief of a house that's as old as your own. And if he is content to forego his name that my child may bear it, we love him and honor him and bless him under whatever name he bears"—and here the fond and affectionate creature would have

knelt to Esmond again but that he prevented her; and Beatrix, running up to her with a pale face and a cry of alarm, embraced her and said, "Mother, what is this?"

"'Tis a family secret, my lord duke," says Colonel Esmond: "poor Beatrix knew nothing of it, nor did my lady till a year ago. And I have as good a right to resign my title as your Grace's mother to abdicate hers to you."

"I should have told everything to the Duke of Hamilton," said my mistress, "had his Grace applied to me for my daughter's hand, and not to Beatrix. I should have spoken with you this very day in private, my lord, had not your words brought about this sudden explanation; and now 'tis fit Beatrix should hear it, and know, as I would have all the world know, what we owe to our kinsman and patron."

And then in her touching way, and having hold of her daughter's hand, and speaking to her rather than my lord duke, Lady Castlewood told the story which you know already—lauding up to the skies her kinsman's behavior. On his side Mr. Esmond explained the reasons, that seemed quite sufficiently cogent with him, why the succession in the family, as at present it stood, should not be disturbed; and he should remain as he was, Colonel Esmond.

"And Marquis of Esmond, my lord," says his Grace, with a low bow; "permit me to ask your Lordship's pardon for words that were uttered in ignorance, and to beg for the favor of your friendship. To be allied to you, sir, must be an honor under whatever name you are known" (so his Grace was pleased to say); "and in return for the splendid present you make my wife, your kinswoman, I hope you will be pleased to command any service that James Douglas can perform. I shall never be easy until I repay you a part of my obligations at least; and ere very long, and with the mission her Majesty hath given me," says the duke, "that may perhaps be in my power. I shall esteem it as a favor, my lord, if Colonel Esmond will give away the bride."

"And if he will take the usual payment in advance, he is welcome," says Beatrix, stepping up to him; and as Esmond kissed her, she whispered, "Oh, why didn't I know you before?"

My lord duke was as hot as a flame at this salute, but said never a word; Beatrix made him a proud curtsy, and the two ladies quitted the room together.

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

From 'Vanity Fair'

THERE never was, since the days of Darius, such a brilliant train of camp-followers as hung round the train of the Duke of Wellington's army in the Low Countries, in 1815; and led it dancing and feasting, as it were, up to the very brink of battle. A certain ball which a noble duchess gave at Brussels on the 15th of June in the above-named year is historical. All Brussels had been in a state of excitement about it; and I have heard from ladies who were in that town at the period, that the talk and interest of persons of their own sex regarding the ball was much greater even than in respect of the enemy in their front. The struggles, intrigues, and prayers to get tickets were such as only English ladies will employ, in order to gain admission to the society of the great of their own nation.

Jos and Mrs. O'Dowd, who were panting to be asked, strove in vain to procure tickets; but others of our friends were more lucky. For instance, through the interest of my Lord Bareacres, and as a set-off for the dinner at the restaurateur's, George got a card for Captain and Mrs. Osborne; which circumstance greatly elated him. Dobbin, who was a friend of the general commanding the division in which their regiment was, came laughing one day to Mrs. Osborne, and displayed a similar invitation; which made Jos envious, and George wonder how the deuce *he* should be getting into society. Mr. and Mrs. Rawdon, finally, were of course invited, as became the friends of a general commanding a cavalry brigade.

On the appointed night, George, having commanded new dresses and ornaments of all sorts for Amelia, drove to the famous ball, where his wife did not know a single soul. After looking about for Lady Bareacres,—who cut him, thinking the card was quite enough,—and after placing Amelia on a bench, he left her to her own cogitations there; thinking on his own part that he had behaved very handsomely in getting her new clothes, and bringing her to the ball, where she was free to amuse herself as she liked. Her thoughts were not of the pleasantest, and nobody except honest Dobbin came to disturb them.

Whilst her appearance was an utter failure (as her husband felt with a sort of rage), Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's *début* was, on

the contrary, very brilliant. She arrived very late. Her face was radiant; her dress perfection. In the midst of the great persons assembled, and the eye-glasses directed to her, Rebecca seemed to be as cool and collected as when she used to marshal Miss Pinkerton's little girls to church. Numbers of the men she knew already, and the dandies thronged round her. As for the ladies, it was whispered among them that Rawdon had run away with her from out of a convent, and that she was a relation of the Montmorency family. She spoke French so perfectly that there might be some truth in this report, and it was agreed that her manners were fine, and her air *distingué*. Fifty would-be partners thronged round her at once, and pressed to have the honor to dance with her. But she said she was engaged, and only going to dance very little; and made her way at once to the place where Emmy sate quite unnoticed, and dismally unhappy. And so, to finish the poor child at once Mrs. Rawdon ran and greeted affectionately her dearest Amelia, and began forthwith to patronize her. She found fault with her friend's dress, and her hair-dresser, and wondered how she could be so *chaussée*, and vowed that she must send her *corsetière* the next morning. She vowed that it was a delightful ball; that there was everybody that every one knew, and only a *very* few nobodies in the whole room. It is a fact that in a fortnight, and after three dinners in general society, this young woman had got up the genteel jargon so well that a native could not speak it better; and it was only from her French being so good, that you could know that she was not a born woman of fashion.

George, who had left Emmy on her bench on entering the ball-room, very soon found his way back when Rebecca was by her dear friend's side. Becky was just lecturing Mrs. Osborne upon the follies which her husband was committing. 'For God's sake, stop him from gambling, my dear,' she said, 'or he will ruin himself. He and Rawdon are playing at cards every night; and you know he is very poor, and Rawdon will win every shilling from him if he does not take care. Why don't you prevent him, you little careless creature? Why don't you come to us of an evening, instead of moping at home with that Captain Dobbin? I dare say he is *très aimable*; but how could one love a man with feet of such size? Your husband's feet are darlings—here he comes. Where have you been, wretch? Here is Emmy crying her eyes out for you. Are you coming to fetch me for

the quadrille?" And she left her bouquet and shawl by Amelia's side, and tripped off with George to dance. Women only know how to wound so. There is a poison on the tips of their little shafts which stings a thousand times more than a man's blunter weapon. Our poor Emmy, who had never hated, never sneered all her life, was powerless in the hands of her remorseless little enemy.

George danced with Rebecca twice or thrice—how many times Amelia scarcely knew. She sate quite unnoticed in her corner, except when Rawdon came up with some words of clumsy conversation; and later in the evening, when Captain Dobbin made so bold as to bring her refreshments and sit beside her. He did not like to ask her why she was so sad; but as a pretext for the tears which were filling in her eyes, she told him that Mrs. Crawley had alarmed her by telling her that George would go on playing.

"It is curious, when a man is bent upon play, by what clumsy rogues he will allow himself to be cheated," Dobbin said; and Emmy said, "Indeed." She was thinking of something else. It was not the loss of the money that grieved her.

At last George came back for Rebecca's shawl and flowers. She was going away. She did not even condescend to come back and say good-by to Amelia. The poor girl let her husband come and go without saying a word, and her head fell on her breast. Dobbin had been called away, and was whispering deep in conversation with the general of the division, his friend, and had not seen this last parting. George went away then with the bouquet; but when he gave it to the owner, there lay a note, coiled like a snake among the flowers. Rebecca's eye caught it at once: she had been used to deal with notes in early life. She put out her hand and took the nosegay. He saw by her eyes as they met, that she was aware what she should find there. Her husband hurried her away, still too intent upon his own thoughts, seemingly, to take note of any marks of recognition which might pass between his friend and his wife. These were, however, but trifling. Rebecca gave George her hand with one of her usual quick knowing glances, and made a curtsy and walked away. George bowed over the hand; said nothing in reply to a remark of Crawley's,—did not hear it even, his brain was so throbbing with triumph and excitement; and allowed them to go away without a word.

His wife saw the one part at least of the bouquet scene. It was quite natural that George should come at Rebecca's request to get her her scarf and flowers,—it was no more than he had done twenty times before in the course of the last few days; but now it was too much for her. "William," she said, suddenly clinging to Dobbin, who was near her, "you've always been very kind to me: I'm—I'm not well. Take me home." She did not know she called him by his Christian name, as George was accustomed to do. He went away with her quickly. Her lodgings were hard by; and they threaded through the crowd without, where everything seemed to be more astir than even in the ball-room within.

George had been angry twice or thrice at finding his wife up on his return from the parties which he frequented, so she went straight to bed now; but although she did not sleep, and although the din and clatter and the galloping of horsemen was incessant, she never heard any of these noises, having quite other disturbances to keep her awake.

Osborne meanwhile, wild with elation, went off to a play table and began to bet frantically. He won repeatedly. "Everything succeeds with me to-night," he said. But his luck at play even did not cure him of his restlessness; and he started up after a while, pocketing his winnings, and went off to a buffet, where he drank off many bumpers of wine.

Here, as he was rattling away to the people around, laughing loudly and wild with spirits, Dobbin found him. He had been to the card tables to look there for his friend. Dobbin looked as pale and grave as his comrade was flushed and jovial.

"Hullo, Dob! Come and drink, old Dob! The duke's wine is famous. Give me some more, you sir;" and he held out a trembling glass for the liquor.

"Come out, George," said Dobbin, still gravely: "don't drink."

"Drink! there's nothing like it. Drink yourself, and light up your lantern jaws, old boy. Here's to you."

Dobbin went up and whispered something to him; at which George, giving a start and a wild hurra, tossed off his glass, clapped it on the table, and walked away speedily on his friend's arm. "The enemy has passed the Sambre," William said, "and our left is already engaged. Come away. We are to march in three hours."

Away went George, his nerves quivering with excitement at the news so long looked for, so sudden when it came. What were love and intrigue now? He thought about a thousand things but these in his rapid walk to his quarters: his past life and future chances—the fate which might be before him—the wife, the child perhaps, from whom unseen he might be about to part. Oh, how he wished that night's work undone! and that with a clear conscience at least he might say farewell to the tender and guileless being by whose love he had set such little store!

He thought over his brief married life. In those few weeks he had frightfully dissipated his little capital. How wild and reckless he had been! Should any mischance befall him, what was then left for her? How unworthy he was of her! Why had he married her? He was not fit for marriage. Why had he disobeyed his father, who had been always so generous to him? Hope, remorse, ambition, tenderness, and selfish regret filled his heart. He sat down and wrote to his father, remembering what he had said once before, when he was engaged to fight a duel. Dawn faintly streaked the sky as he closed this farewell letter. He sealed it, and kissed the superscription. He thought how he had deserted that generous father, and of the thousand kindnesses which the stern old man had done him.

He had looked into Amelia's bedroom when he entered; she lay quiet, and her eyes seemed closed, and he was glad that she was asleep. On arriving at his quarters from the ball, he had found his regimental servant already making preparations for his departure: the man had understood his signal to be still, and these arrangements were very quickly and silently made. Should he go in and wake Amelia, he thought, or leave a note for her brother to break the news of departure to her? He went in to look at her once again.

She had been awake when he first entered her room, but had kept her eyes closed, so that even her wakefulness should not seem to reproach him. But when he had returned,—so soon after herself, too,—this timid little heart had felt more at ease; and turning towards him as he stepped softly out of the room, she had fallen into a light sleep. George came in and looked at her again, entering still more softly. By the pale night-lamp he could see her sweet, pale face: the purple eyelids were fringed and





QUATRE-BRAS

"A line of impassable bayonets, a living *cuirassé-de-ruse* of the best blood of Britain, stood firm."

From a Painting by Mr. Elizabeth Diller, Thames.

closed, and one round arm, smooth and white, lay outside the coverlet. Good God! how pure she was; how gentle, how tender, and how friendless! and he, how selfish, brutal, and black with crime! Heart-stained and shame-stricken, he stood at the bed's foot and looked at the sleeping girl. How dared he—who was he, to pray for one so spotless! God bless her! God bless her! He came to the bedside, and looked at the hand, the little soft hand, lying asleep; and he bent over the pillow noiselessly towards the gentle pale face.

Two fair arms closed tenderly round his neck as he stooped down. "I am awake, George," the poor child said, with a sob fit to break the little heart that nestled so closely by his own. She was awake, poor soul—and to what? At that moment a bugle from the Place of Arms began sounding clearly, and was taken up through the town; and 'midst the drums of the infantry, and the shrill pipes of the Scotch, the whole city awoke. . . .

All our friends took their share and fought like men in the great field. All day long, whilst the women were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were plowing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing in. Towards evening the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset. It came at last: the columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill of Saint Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day; and spite of all, unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line, the dark rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began to wave and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then at last the English troops rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled.

No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city: and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

BECKY ADMIRES HER HUSBAND

From 'Vanity Fair'

RAWDON [just let out of the debtors' prison] walked home rapidly. It was nine o'clock at night. He ran across the streets and the great squares of Vanity Fair, and at length came up breathless opposite his own house. He started back and fell against the railings, trembling as he looked up. The drawing-room windows were blazing with light. She had said that she was in bed and ill. He stood there for some time, the light from the rooms on his pale face.

He took out his door-key and let himself into the house. He could hear laughter in the upper rooms. He was in the ball dress in which he had been captured the night before. He went silently up the stairs, leaning against the banisters at the stair-head. Nobody was stirring in the house besides: all the servants had been sent away. Rawdon heard laughter within—laughter and singing. Becky was singing a snatch of the song of the night before; a hoarse voice shouted "Brava! Brava!" It was Lord Steyne's.

Rawdon opened the door and went in. A little table with a dinner was laid out, and wine and plate. Steyne was hanging over the sofa on which Becky sate. The wretched woman was in a brilliant full toilette, her arms and all her fingers sparkling with bracelets and rings; and the brilliants on her breast which Steyne had given her. He had her hand in his, and was bowing over it to kiss it, when Becky started up with a faint scream as she caught sight of Rawdon's white face. At the next instant she tried a smile, a horrid smile, as if to welcome her husband; and Steyne rose up, grinding his teeth, pale, and with fury in his looks.

He too attempted a laugh—and came forward holding out his hand. "What, come back! How d' ye do, Crawley?" he said, the nerves of his mouth twitching as he tried to grin at the intruder.

There was that in Rawdon's face which caused Becky to fling herself before him. "I am innocent, Rawdon," she said; "before God, I am innocent." She clung hold of his coat, of his hands; her own were all covered with serpents, and rings, and baubles. "I am innocent.—Say I am innocent," she said to Lord Steyne.

He thought a trap had been laid for him, and was as furious with the wife as with the husband. "You innocent, damn you!" he screamed out. "You innocent! Why, every trinket you have on your body is paid for by me. I have given you thousands of pounds which this fellow has spent, and for which he has sold you. Innocent, by ——! You're as innocent as your mother the ballet-girl, and your husband the bully. Don't think to frighten me as you have done others. Make way, sir, and let me pass;" and Lord Steyne seized up his hat, and with flame in his eyes, and looking his enemy fiercely in the face, marched upon him, never for a moment doubting that the other would give way.

But Rawdon Crawley, springing out, seized him by the neck-cloth, until Steyne, almost strangled, writhed, and bent under his arm. "You lie, you dog!" said Rawdon. "You lie, you coward and villain!" And he struck the peer twice over the face with his open hand, and flung him bleeding to the ground. It was all done before Rebecca could interpose. She stood there trembling before him. She admired her husband, strong, brave, and victorious.

"Come here," he said. She came up at once.

"Take off those things." She began, trembling, pulling the jewels from her arms and the rings from her shaking fingers, and held them all in a heap, quivering and looking up at him. "Throw them down," he said, and she dropped them. He tore the diamond ornament out of her breast, and flung it at Lord Steyne. It cut him on his bald forehead. Steyne wore the scar to his dying day.

"Come up-stairs," Rawdon said to his wife. "Don't kill me, Rawdon," she said.—He laughed savagely. "I want to see if that man lies about the money as he has about me. Has he given you any?"

"No," said Rebecca; "that is—"

"Give me your keys," Rawdon answered, and they went out together.

Rebecca gave him all the keys but one; and she was in hopes that he would not have remarked the absence of that. It belonged to the little desk which Amelia had given her in early days, and which she kept in a secret place. But Rawdon flung open boxes and wardrobes, throwing the multifarious trumpery of their contents here and there, and at last he found the desk.

The woman was forced to open it. It contained papers, love-letters many years old—all sorts of small trinkets and woman's memoranda. And it contained a pocket-book with bank-notes. Some of these were dated ten years back, too; and one was quite a fresh one,—a note for a thousand pounds which Lord Steyne had given her.

"Did he give you this?" Rawdon said.

"Yes," Rebecca answered.

"I'll send it to him to-day," Rawdon said (for day had dawned again, and many hours had passed in this search); "and I will pay Briggs, who was kind to the boy, and some of the debts. You will let me know where I shall send the rest to you. You might have spared me a hundred pounds, Becky, out of all this: I have always shared with you."

"I am innocent," said Becky. And he left her without another word.

What were her thoughts when he left her? She remained for hours after he was gone, the sunshine pouring into the room, and Rebecca sitting alone on the bed's edge. The drawers were all opened and their contents scattered about,—dresses and feathers, scarfs and trinkets, a heap of tumbled vanities lying in a wreck. Her hair was falling over her shoulders; her gown was torn where Rawdon had wrenched the brilliants out of it. She heard him go down-stairs a few minutes after he left her, and the door slamming and closing on him. She knew he would never come back. He was gone forever. Would he kill himself? she thought;—not until after he had met Lord Steyne. She thought of her long past life, and all the dismal incidents of it. Ah, how dreary it seemed, how miserable, lonely, and profitless! Should she take laudanum and end it, too—have done with all hopes, schemes, debts, and triumphs? The French maid found her in this position,—sitting in the midst of her miserable ruins with clasped hands and dry eyes. The woman was her accomplice and in Steyne's pay. "Mon Dieu, madame, what has happened?" she asked.

What *had* happened? Was she guilty or not? She said not; but who could tell what was truth which came from those lips; or if that corrupt heart was in this case pure? All her lies and her schemes, all her selfishness and her wiles, all her wit and genius had come to this bankruptcy. The woman closed the curtains, and with some entreaty and show of kindness, persuaded

her mistress to lie down on the bed. Then she went below and gathered up the trinkets which had been lying on the floor since Rebecca dropped them there at her husband's orders, and Lord Steyne went away.

COLONEL NEWCOME IN THE CAVE OF HARMONY

From 'The Newcomes'

THERE was once a time when the sun used to shine brighter than it appears to do in this latter half of the nineteenth century; when the zest of life was certainly keener; when tavern wines seemed to be delicious, and tavern dinners the perfection of cookery; when the perusal of novels was productive of immense delight, and the monthly advent of magazine-day was hailed as an exciting holiday; when to know Thompson, who had written a magazine article, was an honor and a privilege, and to see Brown, the author of the last romance, in the flesh, and actually walking in the Park with his umbrella and Mrs. Brown, was an event remarkable, and to the end of life to be perfectly well remembered; when the women of this world were a thousand times more beautiful than those of the present time, and the hours of the theatres especially so ravishing and angelic, that to see them was to set the heart in motion, and to see them again was to struggle for half an hour previously at the door of the pit; when tailors called at a man's lodgings to dazzle him with cards of fancy waistcoats; when it seemed necessary to purchase a grand silver dressing-case, so as to be ready for the beard which was not yet born (as yearling brides provide lace caps, and work rich clothes, for the expected darling); when to ride in the Park on a ten-shilling hack seemed to be the height of fashionable enjoyment, and to splash your college tutor as you were driving down Regent Street in a hired cab the triumph of satire; when the acme of pleasure seemed to be to meet Jones of Trinity at the Bedford, and to make an arrangement with him, and with King of Corpus (who was staying at the Colonnade), and Martin of Trinity Hall (who was with his family in Bloomsbury Square) to dine at the Piazza, go to the play and see Braham in 'Fra Diavolo,' and end the frolic evening by partaking of supper and a song at the Cave of Harmony. It was in the days of my own

youth then that I met one or two of the characters who are to figure in this history; and whom I must ask leave to accompany for a short while, and until, familiarized with the public, they can make their own way. As I recall them the roses bloom again, and the nightingales sing by the calm Bendemeer.

Going to the play then, and to the pit, as was the fashion in those merry days, with some young fellows of my own age; having listened delighted to the most cheerful and brilliant of operas, and laughed enthusiastically at the farce, we became naturally hungry at twelve o'clock at night, and a desire for Welsh rabbits and good old glee-singing led us to the Cave of Harmony, then kept by the celebrated Hoskins, among whose friends we were proud to count.

We enjoyed such intimacy with Mr. Hoskins that he never failed to greet us with a kind nod; and John, the waiter, made room for us near the president of the convivial meeting. We knew the three admirable glee-singers, and many a time they partook of brandy-and-water at our expense. One of us gave his call dinner at Hoskins's, and a merry time we had of it. Where are you, O Hoskins, bird of the night! Do you warble your songs by Acheron, or troll your choruses by the banks of black Avernus?

The goes of stout, 'The Chough and Crow,' the Welsh rabbit, the 'Red-Cross Knight,' the hot brandy-and-water, (the brown, the strong!) the 'Bloom is on the Rye,' (the bloom isn't on the rye any more!)—the song and the cup, in a word, passed round merrily, and I daresay the songs and bumpers were encored. It happened that there was a very small attendance at the Cave that night, and we were all more sociable and friendly because the company was select. The songs were chiefly of the sentimental class; such ditties were much in vogue at the time of which I speak.

There came into the Cave a gentleman with a lean brown face and long black mustaches, dressed in very loose clothes, and evidently a stranger to the place. At least he had not visited it for a long time. He was pointing out changes to a lad who was in his company; and calling for sherry-and-water, he listened to the music, and twirled his mustaches with great enthusiasm.

At the very first glimpse of me the boy jumped up from the table, bounded across the room, ran to me with his hands out, and blushing, said, "Don't you know me?"

It was little Newcome, my schoolfellow, whom I had not seen for six years; grown a fine, tall young stripling now, with the same bright blue eyes which I remembered when he was quite a little boy.

"What the deuce brings you here?" said I.

He laughed, and looked roguish. "My father—that's my father—would come. He's just come back from India. He says all the wits used to come here,—Mr. Sheridan, Captain Morris, Colonel Hanger, Professor Porson. I told him your name, and that you used to be very kind to me when I first went to Smithfield. I've left now; I'm to have a private tutor. I say, I've got such a jolly pony! It's better fun than old Smiffle."

Here the whiskered gentleman, Newcome's father, pointing to a waiter to follow him with his glass of sherry-and-water, strode across the room, twirling his mustaches, and came up to the table where we sat, making a salutation with his hat in a very stately and polite manner, so that Hoskins himself was, as it were, obliged to bow; the glee-singers murmured among themselves (their eyes rolling over their glasses toward one another as they sucked brandy-and-water); and that mischievous little wag, little Nadab the Improvisatore (who had just come in), began to mimic him, feeling his imaginary whiskers after the manner of the stranger, and flapping about his pocket handkerchief in the most ludicrous manner. Hoskins checked this ribaldry by sternly looking toward Nadab; and at the same time called upon the gents to give their orders, the waiter being in the room, and Mr. Bellew about to sing a song.

Newcome's father came up and held out his hand to me. I daresay I blushed; for I had been comparing him to the admirable Harley in 'The Critic,' and had christened him Don Ferolo Whiskerandos.

He spoke in a voice exceedingly soft and pleasant; and with a cordiality so simple and sincere that my laughter shrank away ashamed, and gave place to a feeling much more respectful and friendly. In youth, you see, one is touched by kindness. A man of the world may of course be grateful or not, as he chooses.

"I have heard of your kindness, sir," says he, "to my boy. And whoever is kind to him is kind to me. Will you allow me to sit down by you? and may I beg you to try my cheroots?" We were friends in a minute—young Newcome snuggling by my side, his father opposite,—to whom, after a minute or two of conversation, I presented my three college friends.

"You have come here, gentlemen, to see the wits," says the colonel. "Are there any celebrated persons in the room? I have been five-and-thirty years from home, and want to see all that is to be seen."

King of Corpus (who was an incorrigible wag) was on the point of pulling some dreadful long-bow, and pointing out a half-dozen of people in the room as R—— and H—— and L——, etc., the most celebrated wits of that day; but I cut King's shins under the table, and got the fellow to hold his tongue.

"*Maxima debetur pueris*," says Jones (a fellow of very kind feeling, who has gone into the Church since); and writing on his card to Hoskins, hinted to him that a boy was in the room, and a gentleman who was quite a greenhorn, hence that the songs had better be carefully selected.

And so they were. A lady's school might have come in, and but for the smell of the cigars and brandy-and-water have taken no harm by what happened. Why should it not always be so? If there are any Caves of Harmony now, I warrant Messieurs the landlords their interests would be better consulted by keeping their singers within bounds. The very greatest scamps like pretty songs, and are melted by them; so are honest people. It was worth a guinea to see the simple colonel, and his delight at the music. He forgot all about the distinguished wits whom he had expected to see, in his ravishment over the glees.

"I say, Clive, this is delightful. This is better than your aunt's concert with all the Squallinis, hey? I shall come here often. Landlord, may I venture to ask those gentlemen if they will take any refreshments? What are their names?" (to one of his neighbors)—"I was scarcely allowed to hear any singing before I went out, except an oratorio, where I fell asleep; but this, by George, is as fine as Incledon!" He became quite excited over his sherry-and-water: "I'm sorry to see you, gentlemen, drinking brandy-pawnee," says he. "It plays the deuce with our young men in India." He joined in all the choruses with an exceedingly sweet voice. He laughed at the Derby Ram so that it did one good to hear him; and when Hoskins sang (as he did admirably) the 'Old English Gentleman,' and described in measured cadence the death of that venerable aristocrat, tears trickled down the honest warrior's cheek, while he held out his hand to Hoskins and said, "Thank you, sir, for that song: it is an honor to human nature." On which Hoskins began to cry too.

And now young Nadab, having been cautioned, commenced one of those surprising feats of improvisation with which he used to charm audiences. He took us all off, and had rhymes pat about all the principal persons in the room: King's pins (which he wore very splendidly), Martin's red waistcoat, etc. The colonel was charmed with each feat, and joined delighted with the chorus—*Ritolderolritolderol ritolderolderay (bis)*. And when, coming to the colonel himself, he burst out,—

A military gent I see—and while his face I scan,
I think you'll all agree with me—he came from Hindostan:
And by his side sits laughing free—a youth with curly head;
I think you'll all agree with me—that he was best in bed.
Ritolderol, etc.,—

the colonel laughed immensely at this sally, and clapped his son, young Clive, on the shoulder. "Hear what he says of you, sir? Clive, best be off to bed, my boy—ho, ho! No, no. We know a trick worth two of that. 'We won't go home till morning, till daylight does appear.' Why should we? Why shouldn't my boy have innocent pleasure? I was allowed none when I was a young chap, and the severity was nearly the ruin of me. I must go and speak with that young man—the most astonishing thing I ever heard in my life. What's his name? Mr. Nadab? Mr. Nadab, sir, you have delighted me. May I make so free as to ask you to come and dine with me to-morrow at six. Colonel Newcome, if you please, Nerot's Hotel, Clifford Street. I am always proud to make the acquaintance of men of genius, and you are one, or my name is not Newcome."

"Sir, you do me Hhonor," says Mr. Nadab, pulling up his shirt collar, "and perhaps the day will come when the world will do me justice: may I put down your hhonored name for my book of poems?"

"Of course, my dear sir," says the enthusiastic colonel: "I'll send them all over India. Put me down for six copies, and do me the favor to bring them to-morrow when you come to dinner."

And now, Mr. Hoskins asking if any gentleman would volunteer a song, what was our amazement when the simple Colonel offered to sing himself, at which the room applauded vociferously; while methought poor Clive Newcome hung down his head and blushed as red as a peony. I felt for the young lad; and thought what my own sensations would have been, if in that place, my

own uncle, Major Pendennis, had suddenly proposed to exert his lyrical powers.

The Colonel selected the ditty of 'Wapping Old Stairs' (a ballad so sweet and touching that surely any English poet might be proud to be the father of it); and he sang this quaint and charming old song in an exceedingly pleasant voice, with flourishes and roulades in the old Incedon manner, which has pretty nearly passed away. The singer gave his heart and soul to the simple ballad, and delivered Molly's gentle appeal so pathetically that even the professional gentlemen hummed and buzzed a sincere applause; and some wags who were inclined to jeer at the beginning of the performance, clinked their glasses and rapped their sticks with quite a respectful enthusiasm. When the song was over, Clive held up his head too; after the shock of the first verse, looked round with surprise and pleasure in his eyes: and we, I need not say, backed our friend, delighted to see him come out of his queer scrape so triumphantly. The colonel bowed and smiled with very pleasant good-nature at our plaudits. It was like Dr. Primrose preaching his sermon in the prison. There was something touching in the *naïveté* and kindness of the placid and simple gentleman.

Great Hoskins, placed on high amid the tuneful choir, was pleased to signify his approbation, and gave his guest's health in his usual dignified manner. "I am much obliged to you, sir," said Mr. Hoskins; "the room ought to be much obliged to you, I drink your 'ealth and song, sir;" and he bowed to the colonel politely over his glass of brandy-and-water, of which he absorbed a little in his customer's honor. "I have not heard that song," he was kind enough to say, "better performed since Mr. Incedon sung it. He was a great singer, sir, and I may say, in the words of our immortal Shakespeare, that, 'take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again.'"

The colonel blushed in his turn, and turning round to his boy with an arch smile, said, "I learnt it from Incedon. I used to slip out from Grey Friars to hear him, Heaven bless me, forty years ago; and I used to be flogged afterward, and serve me right too. Lord! Lord! how the time passes!" He drank off his sherry-and-water, and fell back in his chair: we could see he was thinking about his youth—the golden time, the happy, the bright, the unforgotten. I was myself nearly two-and-twenty years of age at that period, and felt as old as,—ay, older than the colonel.

While he was singing his ballad, there had walked, or rather reeled, into the room, a gentleman in a military frock-coat and duck trousers of dubious hue, with whose name and person some of my readers are perhaps already acquainted. In fact, it was my friend Captain Costigan, in his usual condition at this hour of the night.

Holding on by various tables, the captain had sidled up, without accident to himself or any of the jugs and glasses round about him, to the table where we sat, and had taken his place near the writer, his old acquaintance. He warbled the refrain of the colonel's song, not inharmoniously; and saluted its pathetic conclusion with a subdued hiccough, and a plentiful effusion of tears. "Bedad it is a beautiful song," says he, "and many a time I heard poor Harry Incledon sing it."

"He's a great character," whispered that unlucky King of Corpus to his neighbor the colonel; "was a captain in the army. We call him the General. Captain Costigan, will you take something to drink?"

"Bedad I will," says the captain, "and I'll sing ye a song tu."

And having procured a glass of whisky-and-water from the passing waiter, the poor old man—settling his face into a horrid grin, and leering as he was wont when he gave what he called one of his prime songs—began his music.

The unlucky wretch, who scarcely knew what he was doing or saying, selected one of the most outrageous performances of his *répertoire*, fired off a tipsy howl by way of overture, and away he went. At the end of the second verse the colonel started up, clapping on his hat, seizing his stick, and looking as ferocious as though he had been going to do battle with a Pindaree. "Silence!" he roared out.

"Hear, hear!" cried certain wags at a farther table. "Go on, Costigan," said others.

"Go on!" cries the colonel in his high voice, trembling with anger. "Does any gentleman say 'Go on'? Does any man who has a wife and sisters, or children at home, say 'Go on' to such disgusting ribaldry as this? Do you dare, sir, to call yourself a gentleman, and to say that you hold the king's commission, and to sit down among Christians and men of honor, and defile the ears of young boys with this wicked balderdash!"

"Why do you bring young boys here, old boy!" cries a voice of the malcontents.

"Why? Because I thought I was coming to a society of gentlemen," cried out the indignant Colonel. "Because I never could have believed that Englishmen could meet together and allow a man, and an old man, so to disgrace himself. For shame, you old wretch! Go home to your bed, you hoary old sinner! And for my part, I'm not sorry that my son should see, for once in his life, to what shame and degradation and dishonor, drunkenness and whisky may bring a man. Never mind the change, sir! curse the change!" says the colonel, facing the amazed waiter: "keep it till you see me in this place again; which will be never—by George, never!" And shouldering his stick, and scowling round at the company of scared bacchanalians, the indignant gentleman stalked away, his boy after him.

Clive seemed rather shamefaced; but I fear the rest of the company looked still more foolish.

"*Aussi que diable venait-il faire dans cette galère?*"* says King of Corpus to Jones of Trinity: and Jones gave a shrug of his shoulders—which were smarting, perhaps; for that uplifted cane of the colonel's had somehow fallen on the back of every man in the room.

COLONEL NEWCOME'S DEATH

From 'The Newcomes'

CLIVE, and the boy sometimes with him, used to go daily to Grey Friars, where the colonel still lay ill. After some days the fever which had attacked him left him; but left him so weak and enfeebled that he could only go from his bed to the chair by his fireside. The season was exceedingly bitter; the chamber which he inhabited was warm and spacious: it was considered unadvisable to move him until he had attained greater strength and till warmer weather. The medical men of the House hoped he might rally in spring. My friend Dr. Goodenough came to him; he hoped too, but not with a hopeful face. A chamber, luckily vacant, hard by the colonel's, was assigned to his friends, where we sat when we were too many for him. Besides his customary attendant, he had two dear and watchful nurses, who were almost always with him,—Ethel, and Madame de Florac who had passed many a faithful year by an old man's

*"But what the devil did he come to a place like this for?"

bedside; who would have come, as to a work of religion, to any sick couch,—much more to this one, where he lay for whose life she would once gladly have given her own.

But our colonel, we all were obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old days. He knew us again, and was good to every one round him, as his wont was; especially, when Boy came his old eyes lighted up with simple happiness, and with eager trembling hands he would seek under his bedclothes, or the pockets of his dressing-gown, for toys or cakes, which he had caused to be purchased for his grandson. There was a little laughing, red-cheeked, white-headed gown-boy of the school, to whom the old man had taken a great fancy. One of the symptoms of his returning consciousness and recovery, as we hoped, was his calling for this child, who pleased our friend by his archness and merry ways; and who, to the old gentleman's unflinching delight, used to call him "Codd Colonel." "Tell little F—that Codd Colonel wants to see him;" and the little gown-boy was brought to him: and the colonel would listen to him for hours, and hear all about his lessons and his play; and prattle, almost as childish, about Dr. Raine and his own early school-days. The boys of the school, it must be said, had heard the noble old gentleman's touching history, and had all got to know and love him. They came every day to hear news of him; sent him in books and papers to amuse him; and some benevolent young souls—God's blessing on all honest boys, say I—painted theatrical characters and sent them in to Codd Colonel's grandson. The little fellow was made free of gown-boys, and once came thence to his grandfather in a little gown, which delighted the old man hugely. Boy said he would like to be a little gown-boy; and I make no doubt, when he is old enough, his father will get him that post, and put him under the tuition of my friend Dr. Senior.

So weeks passed away, during which our dear old friend still remained with us. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly; and with his consciousness returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. He would talk French with Madame de Florac; at which time his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his cheek flushed, and he was a youth again,—a youth all love and hope,—a stricken old man, with a beard as white as snow covering the noble careworn face. At such times he called her by her Christian name of Léonore; he

addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady; anon he wandered in his talk, and spoke to her as if they still were young. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure; no anger remained in it; no guile tainted it: only peace and good-will dwelt in it.

Rosey's death had seemed to shock him for a while when the unconscious little boy spoke of it. Before that circumstance, Clive had even forborne to wear mourning, lest the news should agitate his father. The colonel remained silent and was very much disturbed all that day, but he never appeared to comprehend the fact quite; and once or twice afterward asked why she did not come to see him? She was prevented, he supposed—she was prevented, he said, with a look of terror;—he never once otherwise alluded to that unlucky tyrant of his household who had made his last years so unhappy.

The circumstance of Clive's legacy he never understood; but more than once spoke of Barnes to Ethel, and sent his compliments to him, and said he should like to shake him by the hand. Barnes Newcome never once offered to touch that honored hand, though his sister bore her uncle's message to him. They came often from Bryanstone Square; Mrs. Hobson even offered to sit with the colonel, and read to him, and brought him books for his improvement. But her presence disturbed him; he cared not for her books: the two nurses whom he loved faithfully watched him; and my wife and I were admitted to him sometimes, both of whom he honored with regard and recognition. As for F. B., in order to be near his colonel, did not that good fellow take up his lodgings in Cistercian Lane, at the Red Cow? He is one whose errors, let us hope, shall be pardoned, *quia multum amavit*. I am sure he felt ten times more joy at hearing of Clive's legacy than if thousands had been bequeathed to himself. May good health and good fortune speed him!

The days went on; and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fall. One evening the colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits; but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sat by the bed with a very awe-stricken face; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket match with the

St. Peter's boys in the green, and Grey Friars was in and winning. The colonel quite understood about it: he would like to see the game; he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited: Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. *I, curre*, little white-haired gown-boy! Heaven speed you, little friend.

After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command, spoke Hindustanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, "Toujours, toujours!" But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him; the nurse came to us, who were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Florac was there with my wife and Bayham.

At the look in the woman's countenance Madame de Florac started up. "He is very bad; he wanders a great deal," the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterward Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. "He is calling for you again, dear lady," she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling; "and just now he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you." She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room where Clive was at the bed's foot: the old man within it talked on rapidly for a while; then again he would sigh and be still; once more I heard him say hurriedly, "Take care of him when I'm in India;" and then with a heart-rending voice he called out, "Léonore, Léonore!" She was kneeling by his side now. The patient voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "Adsum!" and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

FROM 'THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM'

AT PARIS, hard by the Maine barriers,
 Whoever will choose to repair,
 Midst a dozen of wooden-legged warriors
 May haply fall in with old Pierre.
 On the sunshiny bench of a tavern
 He sits and he prates of old wars,
 And moistens his pipe of tobacco
 With a drink that is named after Mars.

The beer makes his tongue run the quicker,
 And as long as his tap never fails,
 Thus over his favorite liquor
 Old Peter will tell his old tales.
 Says he, "In my life's ninety summers
 Strange changes and chances I've seen,—
 So here's to all gentlemen drummers
 That ever have thumped on a skin.

"Brought up in the art military
 For four generations we are;
 My ancestors drummed for King Harry,
 The Huguenot lad of Navarre.
 And as each man in life has his station
 According as Fortune may fix,
 While Condé was waving the baton,
 My grandsire was trolling the sticks.

"Ah! those were the days for commanders!
 What glories my grandfather won,
 Ere bigots and lackeys and panders
 The fortunes of France had undone!
 In Germany, Flanders, and Holland,—
 What foeman resisted us then?
 No; my grandsire was ever victorious,—
 My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne. . . .

"The princes that day passed before us,
 Our countrymen's glory and hope:
 Monsieur, who was learned in Horace,
 D'Artois, who could dance the tight-rope.
 One night we kept guard for the Queen
 At her Majesty's opera-box,
 While the King, that majestic monarch,
 Sat filing at home at his locks.

"Yes, I drummed for the fair Antoinette,
And so smiling she looked and so tender,
That our officers, privates, and drummers
All vowed they would die to defend her.
But she cared not for us honest fellows,
Who fought and who bled in her wars:
She sneered at our gallant Rochambeau,
And turned Lafayette out of doors.

"Ventrebleu! then I swore a great oath,
No more to such tyrants to kneel;
And so, just to keep up my drumming,
One day I drummed down the Bastille.
Ho, landlord! a stoup of fresh wine:
Come, comrades, a bumper we'll try,
And drink to the year eighty-nine
And the glorious fourth of July!

"Then bravely our cannon it thundered
As onward our patriots bore:
Our enemies were but a hundred,
And we twenty thousand or more.
They carried the news to King Louis;
He heard it as calm as you please,
And like a majestic monarch,
Kept filing his locks and his keys.

"We showed our republican courage:
We stormed and we broke the great gate in,
And we murdered the insolent governor
For daring to keep us a-waiting.
Lambesc and his squadrons stood by;
They never stirred finger or thumb:
The saucy aristocrats trembled
As they heard the republican drum.

"Hurrah! what a storm was a-brewing
The day of our vengeance was come!
Through scenes of what carnage and ruin
Did I beat on the patriot drum!
Let's drink to the famed tenth of August:
At midnight I beat the tattoo,
And woke up the pikemen of Paris
To follow the bold Barbaroux. . .

"You all know the Place de la Concorde?
'Tis hard by the Tuileries wall;
Mid terraces, fountains, and statues,
There rises an obelisk tall.
There rises an obelisk tall,
All garnished and gilded the base is:
'Tis surely the gayest of all
Our beautiful city's gay places.

"Around it are gardens and flowers;
And the Cities of France on their thrones,
Each crowned with his circlet of flowers,
Sits watching this biggest of stones!
I love to go sit in the sun there,
The flowers and fountains to see,
And to think of the deeds that were done there
In the glorious year ninety-three.

"'Twas here stood the Altar of Freedom;
And though neither marble nor gilding
Was used in those days to adorn
Our simple republican building,—
Corbleu! but the MÈRE GUILLotine
Cared little for splendor or show,
So you gave her an axe and a beam,
And a plank and a basket or so.

"Awful, and proud, and erect,
Here sat our republican goddess:
Each morning her table we decked
With dainty aristocrats' bodies.
The people each day flocked around
As she sat at her meat and her wine:
'Twas always the use of our nation
To witness the sovereign dine.

"Young virgins with fair golden tresses,
Old silver-haired prelates and priests,
Dukes, marquises, barons, princesses,
Were splendidly served at her feasts.
Ventrebieu! but we pampered our ogress
With the best that our nation could bring;
And dainty she grew in her progress,
And called for the head of a King!

"She called for the blood of our King,
And straight from his prison we drew him;
And to her with shouting we led him,
And took him, and bound him, and slew him.
'The Monarchs of Europe against me
Have plotted a godless alliance:
I'll fling them the head of King Louis,'
She said, 'as my gage of defiance.'

"I see him, as now for a moment
Away from his jailers he broke;
And stood at the foot of the scaffold,
And lingered, and fain would have spoke.
'Ho, drummer! quick, silence yon Capet,'
Says Santerre, 'with a beat of your drum':
Lustily then did I tap it,
And the son of St. Louis was dumb."

WHAT IS GREATNESS?

From 'The Chronicle of the Drum'

A H, GENTLE, tender lady mine!
The winter wind blows cold and shrill:
Come, fill me one more glass of wine,
And give the silly fools their will.

And what care we for war and wrack,
How kings and heroes rise and fall?
Look yonder,* in his coffin black
There lies the greatest of them all!

To pluck him down, and keep him up,
Died many million human souls;—
'Tis twelve o'clock and time to sup:
Bid Mary heap the fire with coals.

He captured many thousand guns;
He wrote "The Great" before his name;
And dying, only left his sons
The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his,
He died without a rood his own;

* This ballad was written at Paris at the time of the second funeral of Napoleon.

And borrowed from his enemies
 Six foot of ground to lie upon.
 He fought a thousand glorious wars,
 And more than half the world was his;
 And somewhere now, in yonder stars,
 Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.

THE WHITE SQUALL

ON DECK, beneath the awning,
 I dozing lay and yawning;
 It was the gray of dawning,
 Ere yet the sun arose;
 And above the funnel's roaring,
 And the fitful winds' deploring,
 I heard the cabin snoring
 With universal nose.
 I could hear the passengers snorting,
 I envied their disporting —
 Vainly I was courting
 The pleasure of a doze!

So I lay, and wondered why light
 Came not, and watched the twilight,
 And the glimmer of the skylight,
 That shot across the deck,
 And the binnacle pale and steady,
 And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
 And the sparks in fiery eddy
 That whirled from the chimney neck.
 In our jovial floating prison
 There was sleep from fore to mizzen,
 And never a star had risen
 The hazy sky to speck.

Strange company we harbored;
 We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
 Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered —
 Jews black, and brown, and gray:
 With terror it would seize ye,
 And make your souls uneasy,
 To see those Rabbis greasy,
 Who did naught but scratch and pray:

Their dirty children puking—
Their dirty saucepans cooking—
Their dirty fingers hooking
 Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard, Turks and Greeks were—
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were—
Enormous wide their breeks were,
 Their pipes did puff alway;
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
 In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty prattling graces
 Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling,
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave Iberia bowling
 Before the break of day—

When A SQUALL, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding:
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.
Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing;
And fowls and geese did cackle;
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal
To the stokers whose black faces
Peer out of their bed places;

And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling;
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,
As the plunging waters met them
And splashed and overset them:
And they call in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins;
And their marrowbones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.
And the Turkish women for'ard
Were frightened and behorr'd;
And shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children:
The men sang "Allah! Illah!
Mashallah Bismillah!"
As the warring waters doused them,
And splashed them and soused them,
And they called upon the Prophet,
And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury;
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins);
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gaberdine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation.
And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches;
And they crawl from bales and benches
In a hundred thousand stench.

This was the White Squall famous,
Which latterly o'ercame us.

And which all will well remember
On the 28th September;
When a Prussian captain of Lancers
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
Came on the deck astonished,
By that wild squall admonished,
And wondering cried, "Potztausend!
Wie ist der Sturm jetzt brausend!"
And looked at Captain Lewis,
Who calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's tussle.
And oft we've thought thereafter
How he beat the storm to laughter;
For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle;
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gayly he fought her,
And through the hubbub brought her,
And as the tempest caught her,
Cried, "GEORGE! SOME BRANDY-AND-WATER!"

And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea,
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields:
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields.
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case:
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is:
 A sort of soup or broth, or brew,
 Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
 That Greenwich never could outdo;
 Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
 Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace,—
 All these you eat at TERRÉ's tavern,
 In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed a rich and savory stew 'tis;
 And true philosophers, methinks,
 Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
 Should love good victuals and good drink;
 And Cordelier or Benedictine
 Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
 Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
 Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
 Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
 The smiling red-cheeked *caillère* is
 Still opening oysters at the door.
 Is TERRÉ still alive and able?
 I recollect his droll grimace:
 He'd come and smile before your table,
 And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter,—nothing's changed or older.
 "How's Monsieur TERRÉ, waiter, pray?"
 The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder:
 "Monsieur is dead this many a day."—
 "It is the lot of saint and sinner:
 So honest TERRÉ's run his race."—
 "What will Monsieur require for dinner?"—
 "Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer:
 "Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?"—
 "Tell me a good one."—"That I can, sir:
 The Chambertin with yellow seal."
 "So TERRÉ's gone," I say, and sink in
 My old accustomed corner-place:
 "He's done with feasting and with drinking,
 With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustomed corner here is,
The table still is in the nook:
Ah! vanished many a busy year is
This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, *cari luoghi*,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face;
And now, a grizzled, grim old foggy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early days, here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There's poor old Fred in the Gazette;
On James's head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are fitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
There's no one now to share my cup.

* * * * *

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:
Fill up the lonely glass and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is:
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

PEG OF LIMAVADDY

RIDING from Coleraine
(Famed for lovely Kitty),
Came a Cockney bound
Unto Derry city;
Weary was his soul;
Shivering and sad, he
Bumped along the road
Leads to Limavaddy.

Mountains stretched around,—
Gloomy was their tinting;
And the horse's hoofs
Made a dismal clinting;
Wind upon the heath
Howling was and piping,
On the heath and bog,
Black with many a snipe in.
Mid the bogs of black,
Silver pools were flashing,
Crows upon their sides
Pecking were and splashing.
Cockney on the car
Closer folds his plaidy,
Grumbling at the road
Leads to Limavaddy.
Through the crashing woods
Autumn brawled and blustered,
Tossing round about
Leaves the hue of mustard;
Yonder lay Lough Foyle,
Which a storm was whipping,
Covering with the mist
Lake and shores and shipping.
Up and down the hill
(Nothing could be bolder),
Horse went with a raw
Bleeding on his shoulder.
"Where are horses changed?"
Said I to the laddy
Driving on the box:
"Sir, at Limavaddy."

Limavaddy inn's
But a humble bait-house,
Where you may procure
Whisky and potatoes;
Landlord at the door
Gives a smiling welcome
To the shivering wights
Who to this hotel come.
Landlady within
Sits and knits a stocking,
With a wary foot
Baby's cradle rocking.

To the chimney nook
Having found admittance,
There I watch a pup
Playing with two kittens;
(Playing round the fire,
Which of blazing turf is,
Roaring to the pot
Which bubbles with the murphies;)
And the cradled babe
Fond the mother nursed it,
Singing it a song
As she twists the worsted!

Up and down the stair
Two more young-ones patter,—
Twins were never seen
Dirtier or fatter;
Both have mottled legs,
Both have snubby noses,
Both have— Here the host
Kindly interposes:—
"Sure you must be froze
With the sleet and hail, sir:
So will you have some punch,
Or will you have some ale, sir?"

Presently a maid
Enters with the liquor
(Half a pint of ale
Frothing in a beaker).
Gads! I didn't know
What my beating heart meant:

Hebe's self, I thought,
Entered the apartment.
As she came she smiled;
And the smile bewitching,
On my word and honor,
Lighted all the kitchen!
With a curtsy neat
Greeting the new-comer,
Lovely, smiling Peg
Offers me the rummer.

But my trembling hand
Up the beaker tilted,
And the glass of ale
Every drop I spilt it;
Spilt it every drop
(Dames, who read my volumes,
Pardon such a word)
On my what-d'ye-call-'ems!

Witnessing the sight
Of that dire disaster,
Out began to laugh
Misses, maid, and master;
Such a merry peal
'Specially Miss Peg's was,
(As the glass of ale
Trickling down my legs was),
That the joyful sound
Of that mingling laughter
Echoed in my ears
Many a long day after.

Such a silver peal!
In the meadows listening,
You who've heard the bells
Ringing to a christening;
You who ever heard
Caradori pretty,
Smiling like an angel,
Singing 'Giovinetti,'—
Fancy Peggy's laugh,
Sweet and clear and cheerful,
At my pantaloons
With half a pint of beer full!

When the laugh was done,
Peg, the pretty hussy,
Moved about the room
Wonderfully busy:
Now she looks to see
If the kettle keeps hot;
Now she rubs the spoons,
Now she cleans the teapot;
Now she sets the cups
Trimly and secure;
Now she scours a pot:
And so it was I drew her.

Thus it was I drew her
Scouring of a kettle.
(Faith! her blushing cheeks
Reddened on the metal!)

Ah! but 'tis in vain
That I try to sketch it:
The pot perhaps is like,
But Peggy's face is wretched.
No! the best of lead
And of india-rubber
Never could depict
That sweet kettle-scrubber!

See her as she moves:
Scarce the ground she touches,
Airy as a fay,
Graceful as a duchess;
Bare her rounded arm,
Bare her little leg is,—
Vestris never showed
Ankles like to Peggy's.
Braided is her hair,
Soft her look and modest,
Slim her little waist
Comfortably bodiced.

This I do declare:
Happy is the laddy
Who the heart can share
Of Peg of Limavaddy.
Married if she were,
Blest would be the daddy

Of the children fair
 Of Peg of Limavaddy.
 Beauty is not rare
 In the land of Paddy,—
 Fair beyond compare
 Is Peg of Limavaddy.

Citizen or Squire,
 Tory, Whig, or Radical
 would all desire
 Peg of Limavaddy.
 Had I Homer's fire,
 Or that of Serjeant Taddy,
 Meetly I'd admire
 Peg of Limavaddy.
 And till I expire,
 Or till I grow mad, I
 Will sing unto my lyre
 Peg of Limavaddy!

THE SORROWS OF WERTHER

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
 Such as words could never utter:
 Would you know how first he met her?
 She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady;
 And a moral man was Werther,
 And for all the wealth of Indies
 Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
 And his passion boiled and bubbled,
 Till he blew his silly brains out,
 And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
 Borne before her on a shutter,
 Like a well-conducted person,
 Went on cutting bread and butter.

LITTLE BILLEE

AIR — 'Il y avait un petit navire'

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea.
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got as far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we shouldn't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender—
We're old and tough, so let's eat he.

"O Billy! we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top-gallant-mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps. "There's land I see:

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee;
There's the British flag a-riding at anchor
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;
But as for little Bill he made him
The captain of a seventy-three.

FROM 'THE PEN AND THE ALBUM'

G O BACK, my pretty little gilded tome,
 To a fair mistress and a pleasant home,
 Where soft hearts greet us whensoever we come!

Dear, friendly eyes, with constant kindness lit,
 However rude my verse, or poor my wit,
 Or sad or gay my mood,—you welcome it.

Kind lady! till my last of lines is penned,
 My master's love, grief, laughter, at an end,—
 Whene'er I write your name, may I write friend!

Not all are so that were so in past years:
 Voices familiar once, no more he hears;
 Names often writ are blotted out in tears.

So be it: joys will end and tears will dry.—
 Album! my master bids me wish good-by.
 He'll send you to your mistress presently.

And thus with thankful heart he closes you;
 Blessing the happy hour when a friend he knew
 So gentle, and so generous, and so true.

Nor pass the words as idle phrases by;
 Stranger! I never writ a flattery,
 Nor signed the page that registered a lie.

AT THE CHURCH GATE

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
 Yet round about the spot
 Ofttimes I hover:
 And near the sacred gate
 With longing eyes I wait,
 Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
 Above the city's rout,
 And noise and humming:
 They've hushed the minster bell;
 The organ 'gins to swell:
 She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes—she's here—she's past—
May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly:
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through heaven's gate
Angels within it.

THE MAHOGANY-TREE

CHRISTMAS is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,—
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,—
Shelter about
The Mahogany-Tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom:
Night-birds are we;
Here we carouse,
Singing like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.

Life is but short;
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup—
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet:
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite:
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree.

THE END OF THE PLAY

THE play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.

It is an irksome word and task;
And when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

One word ere yet the evening ends;—
Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas-time.
On life's wide scene you too have parts,
That Fate ere long shall bid you play:
Good-night! with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go away!

Good-night!—I'd say, the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive,
Not less nor more as men than boys;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say, how fate may change and shift;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessed be he who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to heaven that willed it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,

That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit:
Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives's wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses or who wins the prize.—
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays)
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days;
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still,—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

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